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A PLEA FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM

By DUNCAN AIKMAN

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"A CAPTAIN OUT OF ETRURIA," HE SAID, LIFTING THE LITTLE FIGURE

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AMERICAN FASCISM

A Plea for American Liberalism

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS nation embraces an increasing number of middle-sized cities, large enough to make metropolitan gestures and to entertain metropolitan pretensions, yet small enough to become infuriated over the same neighborhood matters which stirred the passions of the ancestral Four Corners settlement.

One such community, which I know rather intimately, has recently been through an extended emotional debauch over the question of beating children in the public schools.

The crisis evolved out of curiously inane circumstances. Upon a certain class had been laid the painful task of learning by heart and reciting an effusively tender lyric entitled "October's Bright Blue Weather." One may easily gauge the effect of such verses as

> Oh, sun and skies and flowers of June,
> Count all your boasts together!
> Love loveth best of all the year
> October's bright blue weather!

upon the sensitive natures of urchins fresh from Boy Scout camping expeditions and similarly robust summer adventures. One thirteen-year-old sought to take the measure of the whole public-school system upon this infliction.

Ordered to stay after school to perfect a recitation which broke down completely in the second stanza, he departed for home at the first bell tap. Next morning his excuse was that he had "forgotten." He was charged (perhaps not incorrectly) with lying and was haled before the principal for a whipping.

In this school whippings are not considered efficacious until the victim cries. The grade teacher exhausted her feminine strength and broke a stout stick. Still this victim did not cry until the principal took a hand with a piece of rubber hose and two hundred pounds of masculine muscle. Then he went home with one leg bleeding and both legs significantly covered with welts. Next day the principal was arrested, charged with assault and battery.

The scandal thus became public. A local newspaper attacked the proceedings, both in their poetic and disciplinary

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aspects, with somewhat caustic indignation; and kept it up after the principal had been acquitted under an antiquated state law, framed by a backwoods legislature in an age of universal child-beating, which proclaimed that assault and battery could not be considered as committed upon a pupil so long as his bones were not broken and he was not struck above the waist. The city raged.

But rage was directed almost entirely against those who sought to expose and discourage beatings. The executive body of the Parent-Teachers Council—one of the metropolitan activities—refused to express any interest in the case. Plea that further discussion would give the town harmful publicity won favor; and underground assurances that strong-arm methods were necessary only in the schools of the foreign section, but would not be applied to the children in the exclusive residential districts, won the day. The discovery in the superintendent's guide book for teachers of a moth-eaten rule prohibiting whipping except in the last resort and with the approval of parents was held, it seemed, by the public at large to be an impertinence.

As an interested spectator to the controversy, I found this widespread public partiality for beating hard to understand. I remembered almost twenty-five years ago in my own childhood a similar public agitation of the whipping question in a much similar city, when the responsible citizenry ruled against brutality once for all. I did not fully understand it until one night at the University Club old Herman Jackson, who became a local magnate by the underworld-lawyer route while the town was still westernly primitive, arose to proclaim the New Day.

Under much moral fervor and an argot suggestive of his intimacy with former clients, the sum and substance of the Jackson program was that the youngsters of his generation had been whipped and whipped hard by parents and preceptors, and that this was what had made them the men they were; that those of the present generation were worthless and flagrantly immoral because in their case the rod had been spared; that the way to restore authority to the home, the church, and the prohibition-enforcement squad, and to restrain future generations from voting for "that cock-eyed bolshevist traitor La Follette," was to restore school whipping as a fine art.

Half a dozen leaders of enterprise in the town were in the group. Gravely, but without reservations, they indorsed this curious utterance as a bit of oracular wisdom.

It seems fair to call this mood American Fascism. It is of course more than an informal National Association for the Harder Beating of School Children. That was simply a local manifestation of an impulse which varies in its manifestations as widely as local issues vary.. I certainly do not mean that it is anything like so definite a political philosophy or plan of action as is Italian Fascism. Americans seem thus far to have been touched by nothing more dangerous than the fascist impulse. But—as certain broad and open national manifestations suggest, and even more as one learns from watching the play of the raw, unseasoned, predominantly emotional minds of small-town business and social leaders upon the questions that concern them—it appears to be an impulse shared by millions.

It has provoked no political or economic revolution as yet, and nothing of this sort seems imminent. The occasion for such drastic explosions remains wanting. Nevertheless it is an impulse which, for the time being, seems to be changing the bases of opinion and conduct among leaders of policy in small American communities from liberalism to reaction, from reasonableness to intolerance, from inquiry to abhorrence of knowledge; from humanitarianism to something that is here and there uncomfortably like brutality.

It is the impulse to run away from facts, from the terrific complexities of reality, from drastically critical implications of modern experience and knowledge against the race's handling of its responsibilities — to flee from all this into the refuge of traditional, even long-disused solutions, and of ancient half-discarded fetishes of absolute authority.

It is the impulse which makes certain large and politically powerful religious groups demand that the Republic be saved by legally prohibiting the teaching of scientific discoveries about human origins in the public schools and universities. It is the impulse which drives the Lord's Day Alliance—horrified at signs of changes in the moral code to meet the realistic needs of human psychology—to urge the restoration of blue laws which would make it impossible for men, women, and children to have any amusement on Sunday but church attendance, Bible study, and over-eating.

It is the impulse which explains the Ku Klux Klan, and the astonishing infatuation of persons — a little too sophisticated socially to risk their decorum under such strange oaths and disguises— with the doubtfully unscientific myth of Nordic superiority. It explains the demand of the abysmally ignorant for Catholic disfranchisement on grounds that this will restore the fanciedly superior state of American civilization in the days before Roman Catholics became numerous: days, for instance, when workers could be imprisoned in pestilential jails for organizing to secure wage increases, and when congressmen were elected because they could summon more bullies or give away more whiskey at the polls than their opponents.

It explains the epidemic spread of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs and their increasingly sickly imitative organizations, with their ostentatious rituals of sentimental pledges and patriotism, their boisterous exhibitions of forced good-fellowship, their eternal prattle about—and goody-goody performance of—"service." As one studies the quaintly Pharisaical official organs of these bodies one sees how vividly all these great minds are hag-ridden by a subconscious terror lest the American business man cease to be a slap-on-the-back playboy in his hours of relaxation, fond of dogs and crippled kiddies, and lest intellectualism and bolshevism enter in with doubts of Dr. Frank Crane.

It explains the "clean books" bill with its effort to restore more than Victorian proprieties to literature by a method which Victorian liberalism would have scorned. It explains the even more vicious "patriotic books" movement, which would purge school histories of all realistic analysis of the political issues and the public men of the nation's so-called heroic ages. It explains the denunciation of Senator La Follette as a dangerous revolutionary—"a cock-eyed bolshevik traitor," to quote old Herman again—because he advocated a constitutional amendment that was no doubt almost as unwise as three which are now in the Constitution.

One could go on with the list indefinitely, alternating between the alarming and the absurd for the reader's delectation. The social arbitress of Albuquerque, New Mexico, must have felt the impulse when she commanded her nineteen-year-old daughter never again to approach the town's newspaper club because "real men don't drink tea in the afternoon." Even the progressive pastor of a large Southwestern city, condemned by half the town as a dangerous modernist, must have felt it when he told me that new moral dangers had crept into American life when married couples, out for an evening's motor ride, began the custom of exchanging wives in the seating arrangements.

The boosters in a newly metropolized Texas cow-town must have been under the spell when they posted up a notice challenging anyone to criticize the community on any of its street corners and see if he could do this without suffering personal damage. A curious domestic

manifestation came under my notice in a Western city large enough to have a national publicity fund. A young college graduate of a locally elect family brought home a bride from a normally emancipated circle of "co-eds." Temporarily they lived with the groom's parents. The young husband was working hard on a case that required him to be at his office in the evenings for several weeks. He arranged for his wife to go to a dance under the escort of a college friend. When the news came out the girl's mother-in-law declared she would no longer live in the house with "a woman who brought shame upon the family," and actually left town until the "scandal" should blow over. Quite naturally, the bridegroom resigned a position with good prospects and took his wife to a more congenial metropolis fifteen hundred miles away.

Ludicrous as it is, one can multiply such frictions by tens of thousands and find in them one explanation of how the small city's determination to regulate private conduct is driving the independently minded young people into the metropolises and widening the breach between the small cities and the large.

Almost always, too, the controlling impulse is definitely connected with beating somebody. "I don't ask any school teacher in the land to teach my boy religion, but, God help me, I'll see to it that they don't rob him of his religion either," is a stock line of the Reverend Bob Jones as he goes his way profitably evangelizing fundamentalism through the Southern metropolises. And he never fails to reap loud applause when he rams home his climax with a physical threat: "If it's a man, I'll take off my coat, God help me, and whip him if he tries to make a skeptic out of my boy."

The Ku Klux Klan plied the whip so generously that its name has become a public scandal from New Zealand to Iceland. Rotarians and Kiwanians do not, it is true, use the birch on the unsympathetic. But let it be known in any American city below the half-million mark that a man who can be reached through his business or his social connections entertains publicly a rational and sardonically critical opinion of their boisterous smugness, and he will hear from them by way of quiet boycott and discreet ostracism. Other brands of fundamentalism would invoke at least the threat of beating by making their various forms of fetish worship legally compulsory. When a man stands on his individual rights and refuses to obey a law prohibiting Sunday golf, or the teaching of evolution, or frank accounts of Benjamin Franklin's amours, the State can hit him with a club.

And that is where our home-brewed fascism wishes to consign the citizen who presumes to bring rational intelligence, scientific knowledge, and critical judgment to the solution of those complex common problems—from international politics to the training of public-school pupils in verse elocution—which rather dangerously concern us. Fascism wishes to put him where his first instinct will be—not to think his way out, not to expose the whimsical inconsistencies, the uproarious absurdities of controlling policies and conduct—but only to obey, knowing that open opposition to the herd mind's emotional conclusions may be punished with a blow.

Yet the fascist impulse is thoroughly precedented and easily understood. Consider how it mastered Ed Briscoe.

Ed is what is known as "a good mixer"—which often means that a man has a better than average gift for saying in loud and authoritative tones what the herd mind is thinking. He manages the several-million-dollar estate of his father-in-law, a President-Grant-era capitalist who, by working seventeen hours a day for fifty years without a vacation, died owning stock in almost everything profitable in town. Ed is a director and former president of almost every big business, community improvement, and exclusive social organization in town, and usually the present presi-

dent of at least two or three of them. At inaugurations and retirements he makes it a point to do his full vocal duty.

In 1912 Ed was thirty-eight and a Bull Moose progressive. The crowd of "dynamic"—that was the 1912 word!—young business executives with whom he herded were all for Roosevelt. Even when the Bull Moose lost the election Ed was happily confident that in four years or eight years "the cause" would triumph and the country pass into the possession of aggressive, virile young business men, somewhat sentimentally just to their employees and ardently pursuing human uplift by legislation.

From 1910 to 1914 Ed Briscoe found his world agreeably simple, which was soothing to a mind more adapted to action than to reflection. He never doubted for a moment that he understood it, or that it was good and getting better all the time, or that he understood just how it was getting better.

Then the War. First as a spectacle of action and then as a means of plunging himself into action beyond his wildest dreams, it fascinated Ed and almost suspended his rather meager reflective faculties. He worked enormously in a score of fund-raising activities, but he still had time left to whip up the great American home-town spy-hunt with the credulous gossip he circulated at his clubs and little dinner parties. He had plenty of time to urge that any man who failed to take his hat off to the flag at any time, anywhere, should have "his block knocked off." He spent days and nights getting information, in the banks of which he was a director, about the accounts of persons who, he thought, could be terrorized or boycotted into making larger Liberty Loan subscriptions. He went about preaching publicly the hanging of all pacifists and the suppression of all newspapers and magazines which criticized the war aims of the Allies or tried to discuss conditions in Russia without a denunciatory bias. More privately, he preached the idea that when it was over it would be a good thing to have the army come back and put "traitorous, rapacious labor" in its place.

In those days anybody who politely asked him "why" he felt as he did about such questions was likely to be sneered at, to his face, as a pro-German and to become the villain of the town's next spy myth.

But few asked questions. Mostly the town prized Ed Briscoe for a leader "with guts." He moved among a circle of intimates and satellites who suddenly felt unsure of their world, suddenly felt menaced in all they prized by the obscure terror from Russia which they never even attempted to understand. Their instincts and training disposed them to remedy things by action first, and to let the experts come along with their critical and realistic examinations afterward. So they fell in with Ed Briscoe in his desire—instinctive rather than conscious—to make by force a civilization which they thought they could understand and control. They remembered the Roosevelt strong-arm methods but they sincerely and literally forgot the liberalism for which they had been invoked.

Peace irked them more sorely than war. Labor was more arrogant than ever, and when labor grew a little less arrogant there was business depression connected with obscure, hence detested, roots in Europe. It was all one to the Ed Briscoes, alarmed because communism in Russia refused to succumb in accordance with their mental images of its destruction and continued to threaten (as they thought) their physical comfort, their dominance in their communities. So if labor wore silk shirts and silk stockings to work, that showed its bolshevik spirit. If labor growled about wage reductions—while Ed Briscoe growled about dividend reductions—that showed its bolshevik spirit. It was pleasant to hear that they were settling these matters with clubs and castor oil in Italy. Ed began announcing in Chamber of Com-

merce meetings that "that fellow Mussolini has the Roosevelt touch."

Then there were "those wild young people" to deal with. "Those wild young people" also found their world hard to understand and, instead of trying to understand it, tried rather violently to make a world where they could find their bearings. The trouble with them was that they tried to establish bearings exactly the opposite of those which their elders were trying to establish.

Ed Briscoe was trying to get back to first principles—or what he thought were first principles. He gave one thousand dollars to bring a shouting fundamentalist evangelist to town, not because he personally "fell for that stuff" but because he thought it "would put the fear of God where it was needed." He also told the local cyclops that he couldn't personally consider joining the Ku Klux Klan for business reasons, but to "go to it, you're doing a big patriotic work."

When I last saw him he was devoting his whole energy to Russia. He had just returned from the international convention of his luncheon club, full of a speech the editor of a commercial paper back East had made. Its general tenor was that out of Moscow there had spread all over America the network of a vast international conspiracy to destroy the family, religion, property, all government; that the labor unions and the "liberal intellectuals" of *The New Republic* stripe were in it just as much as our twenty-thousand-odd confessed "criminal syndicalists." Ed got out a copy of the magazine with the speech printed in it and, beaming, read me what he called its "challenging sentence": "You men of this great organization, and others like you, may be standing to-day—*now*—on the last firing line for fundamental American institutions."

Then he went on with that rapid-fire diction he reverts to when he feels his leadership hot upon him: "That isn't all. I met some birds back there who are close to the department of justice. They say the revolution's going to be pulled in 1926. Then, by God, we can give 'em the bayonet where it'll do 'em good.

"Then, do you know what we ought to do next? . . . Well, I'll tell you. . . Get rid of all this democratic bunk and turn this government back into the aristocratic republic it started out to be, and has got to be unless we're going to end where Russia's ended."

I told him I didn't believe it. Ed pounded his desk three times and said, "By God, you'll see."

It was a phrase reminiscent of several Briscoe prophecies about Russian politics.

I submit that the Briscoes are our full-budded fascists ready to break into action at the first favorable moment. Already their grosser forms have flowered a little in the Ku Klux Klan. Meanwhile, realistic observers of American social impulses may as well recognize that the economic and moral leadership in our small towns and cities—the dominant American leadership to-day—is losing interest in the solution of perplexities by critical analysis and reason. Though these perplexities—problems of the relations between capital and labor, of labor's human adjustment to mechanical civilization, of the more intimate and mutually dependent contacts between nations, and between men of different races, religions, and social habits within the same nation—are the most sternly challenging realities of modern life, this leadership yearns to drive perplexities back into the shadows with a club. It may never try it. But solutions are, for the time being, held up and some promising solutions are being undone.

However, as has been said, this situation is thoroughly precedented. A hundred and thirty years ago gentlemen in England were thrown out of traveling

coaches by their fellow passengers for presuming to advocate parliamentary reform while the French Revolution, raging across the channel, supplied mental images of what popular rule, unchecked by rotten boroughs, must lead to. England enjoyed, after the leisurely national manner, an attack of fascism with plenty of beatings and conservative mob violence for good measure, which lasted from 1792 to 1832.

One might prolong such historical comparisons indefinitely. As a recent Phi Beta Kappa orator at Harvard declared, human progress seems to alternate almost rhythmically between acceptance of despotism and insistence upon liberalism. With their characteristic grasp of practical psychology, the Romans of the Republic gave this tendency a quasi-constitutional sanction by permitting resort to the dictatorship in times of public danger or confusion. Their acute realism comprehended that, every once in a while, a popular cry arises out of humanity discouraged and perplexed with the task of conducting its social institutions: "We can't do it. The dictator can."

Such a cry rises to-day out of a discouragement probably more neurotic, but out of a perplexity far more involved than that which Rome suffered while Hannibal's armies dominated Italy. The cry has swept into power "the dictatorship of the proletariat" in Moscow no less than it has swept Mussolini into power in Italy and Primo de Rivera in Spain. To-day it seems to be sweeping the American herd-mind along a parallel if not similar path.

That the majority in this country may not yet be seeking a dictator after the Mussolini pattern—or as certain national industries have sought spectacular supreme regulators on the models of Mr. Hays and Judge Landis—by no means alters the prospects and symptoms of a dictatorship. The Main Street majority seems far more than coyly willing to play dictator itself. And it is being more and more successfully pressed by extreme forces in its own ranks toward making that dictatorship more tyrannous and more dangerous to the individual's freedom to stand apart from the herd if he so chooses.

Nor is there lacking the crisis for liberals merely because there is no present prospect of a fascist army marching on Washington to place the editor of *The American Standard* in the state department with dictatorial powers, while demoting President Coolidge to a vaguely decorative Victor Emmanuelship. It is quite possible that, in the next decade, liberalism and individual liberty must fight their sternest and most brilliant battle in American history —merely to re-establish their right to exist. American fascism will hardly prove less difficult to conquer because it is establishing itself by slow stages, precedent by precedent, locality by locality.

Certainly it will not be seriously checked so long as resistance to it is confined to the essays which the members of sophisticated circles in the metropolises write about it for the edification of one another. The American small town must somehow be brought back to the realization it once consciously cherished — that any tyranny which, short of positive crime, inhibits the individual's free and full expression of himself is a barrier to progress; and to that other realization which it cherished instinctively—that the retreat into absolutist regulation of conduct, speech, and opinion is as much a flight from civic responsibility as it is from the reality of human differences. The small town must be induced to renew the old American faith in individual liberty, or our peculiar national brand of fascism may quite possbile last long enough to destroy nearly all that has contributed to the intellectual vivacity and variety of American life.

SUNLIGHT IN NEW GRANADA

Cartagena de Indias—Queen of the Oceans

BY WILLIAM McFEE

THERE are other ways into the country, as I have told in a different narrative,* yet this is the only royal entrance. It has a useless and deliberate magnificence all its own, the ship approaching a mysterious effulgence of domes and towers, floating as it were upon the waters, caressed by a high cool wind, and backed by the foam of perilous seas enclosing, not a faery land, but a magical city forlorn. So delicate and unreal does it appear in its shining and lacustrine isolation that the great precipice of La Popa, dominating the horizon, compels the uninstructed observer to explore with his glasses the massive buildings that crown the headland and dwarf the grim solidity of the citadel rearing up in the plain of the middle distance. Yet as the ship follows the curving and intricate channel from the Boca Chica, the city is once more ahead of him, and he marvels again as the sunlight illumines that alluring and compact foundation riding the shimmering lagoon, a very exhalation of the waters—Cartagena of the Indies.

And this, your first fine impression, gotten as the ship swims in the eternal placidity of the lagoon, with gray embrasures and ancient fortresses jutting toward you as she turns, is corroborated as time goes on and you permit the exquisite languor of the place to enfold your spirit. Those mighty walls are built of coralline rock, and they emerge from the ocean as though fabricated by the atoll-building insects themselves so many ages ago. They are as distant from the human life they contain to-day as are the rocks from the crabs that haunt their crannies and caverns, and the dusky folk that pass beneath the ponderous arches are but shabby miniatures of those heroic beings from Estremadura who planned and executed old Cartagena, the Queen of the Oceans.

But of that, as they say, anon. Coming in by ship on a Good Friday, as I did, the city conveys a distinct impression that she has no welcome for a stranger within her gates. A tall black fellow ushers one through a dark tunnel through the wall and, baggage on shoulder, leads the way across blinding white squares and hot narrow streets to the Hotel. Cab drivers, it appears, desire to shrive their souls on this day, and transportation is at a low ebb. Once only, as the perspiring traveler passes the building that once was the home of the Inquisition, one of Henry Ford's not very recent creations is filling full of dark beauty, with reckless courage at the wheel, and one wishes there were time to meditate upon that singular juxtaposition of forces. Even while signing one's name in the hotel register—declaring in their appointed columns one's religion and profession and destination after leaving the city; age, nationality, and political aspirations—there is a desire to know what Mr. Ford thinks of the Inquisition and, more delectable still, what the Inquisition would do to Mr. Ford.

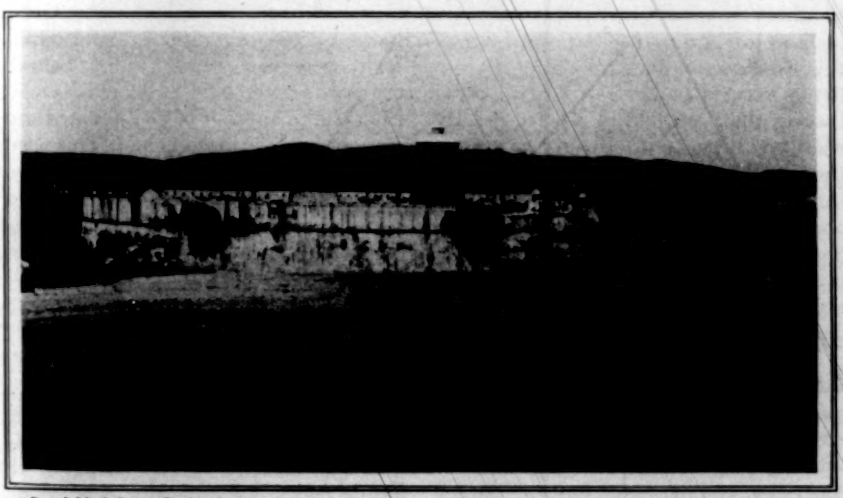
Once inducted into the hospitality of the hotel you begin, if you are of the true breed of the philosophical voyager, to enjoy yourself. For here are all the

*"Revels at Remolino." HARPERS for July, 1923.

ingredients of romance. Beneath a sky of Virgin's blue and gold you discover a city of glamour, whose houses have the irregular architecture of caverns, with roofs of Spanish tiles so massive and so old they resemble some bizarre natural formation. You find a city of streets filled with hot sunshine bisected by streets filled with cool shadow, a city of churches whose dark interiors are a-twinkle with candles and a-rustle with vague movements. Presently it will become a city alive with carriages, whose freshly shriven drivers crack whips and jangle loud bells as they approach a corner, while here and there motor cars swoop upon stray passengers with a raucous snarl of a horn worked beyond Anglo-Saxon endurance. All these, with panniered donkeys and enormous negresses bearing vast baskets on their heads, are to be seen from the balcony of your hotel if you so desire, while across the street rise the huge rose-pink walls of the University.

Within your own domains, moreover—always assuming your claims to be a philosophical traveler—you find much to delight your soul. Chief among these perhaps are the travelers who are not philosophical, of whom one finds a few at all times. Perspiring transients, they are bound upon distant ventures: to oil fields and fruit plantations, to some jungle where the piers of a bridge are rising from the yellow floods rushing toward the Caribbean. Or perhaps they are homeward bound after years in the interior, holding themselves in leash until the ship arrives that is to bear them back to England or America or Holland, as the case may be.

The newcomers are, as a rule, more amusing since they reveal with a naïve candor their hatred of the very essentials of a tropical life. One, described by himself on the hotel register (quite superfluously) as an "Englishman," sits with his blue-serge waistcoat hanging limp over his heavy sodden shirt, and fans himself with his straw hat while he regards with disapproval and despair the romantic roofline overtopped by the belfry of the University. He, a carpenter destined to assist in developing some concessions up a Magdalena tributary, having been lured like other conquistadors by the hope of gold (two hundred a month and all found), is marooned here until the train starts. It is a shock to him to come to a country



Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

GRAY EMBRASURES AND ANCIENT FORTRESSES STILL GUARD THE HARBOR

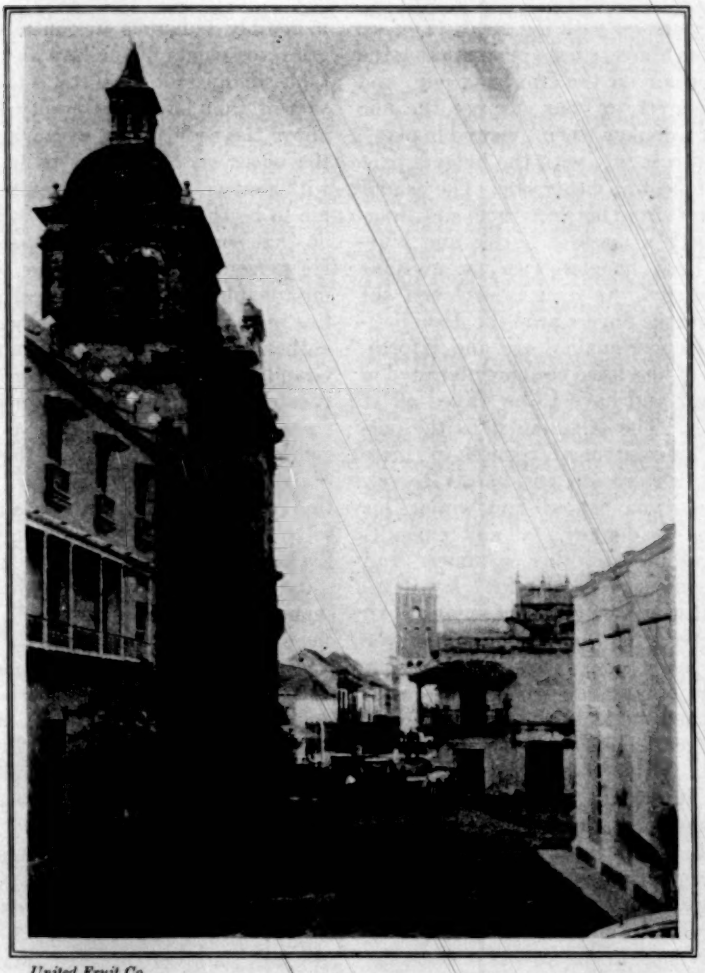
where trains do not start every seven minutes or even every seven hours. "Just fancy!" he breathes, "one train a week!" It is pointed out to him that as the boat goes up only once a week there wouldn't be much use in having a train oftener. Also one alludes to the airplane that will, for a handsome sum, carry him in a few hours—as an eagle carries a captive lamb—to where he wants to go. To this he violently dissents. He has seen enough o' them things in the War. Nasty dangerous affairs at the best of times. Suppose they dropped him now. Where would his wife and kids be then, he'd like to know?

Led back from this horrible thought to the city itself, he, sitting in a rocker on the gallery running around the hotel courtyard, does not think very much of the place. He is frankly and audibly incredulous that any sane person could come here of his own free will and remain. As he says this he is looking at a scene that, if he became suddenly rich, he would pay much money to behold in Southern Europe. The ghosts of the old conquerors are around him, and patrol his miserable rambles upon the ramparts when he tries to kill time while he waits for that weekly train. One is constrained to admit that, out of Kennington, where he is an integral part of the social fabric, this Englishman does not shine. He is a living witness to the great first law of travel: that you find in a place exactly what you bring to it. Beauty has sometimes to become fashionable before she can be seen, and you cannot expect the poorly equipped artisan to see the matchless coloring on old walls or the romance in ancient plazas, even though you dump him down among them and hold him there with nothing to do but look.

You see this vividly when a young lady, whose family live in the hotel, comes by in the pride of her youthful loveliness. She carries her slender body with the vigorous grace of the North American, and her black hair is shingled in the mode of the moment; yet her exquisite amber-tinted features, with their proud dark eyes beneath long lashes, indicate something that our friend calls "foreign." Invited to admire her purely as an æsthetic spectacle, he remarks that she looks like a nigger to him and he is not strong for them at all. He fans himself in his rocker, his collar sagging in the heat and turning blue from the coloring of his tie, while he gazes gloomily into the dazzling sunlight of the courtyard where, beneath a waving palm tree, the servants are raising water from a well.

For him, then, as for so many others who transiently haunt the cavernous hostlery in the Calle Universidad, there are few compensations for so stern an exile. The hotel itself, once the town house of the governor, affords adequate accommodation and provender, and occasional humors that are, of course, available only to the philosophic. There is the old beggar lady, for example, who appears suddenly before the assembled guests as they smoke in the entrance hall and appeals—invariably without success—for alms. She is a remarkable old lady and a spectacle that seems to be confined to Latin regions. She suffers from some disease of the spine that brings her head to the level of her knees, whence it rears up with startling alertness from the top of a stout stick she uses for her crablike progression. Her face is gnarled like a walnut beneath the gray frizzed hair, and her eyes move from one to another of us illumined with a bright birdlike intelligence. This seems to be optimism got out of control, since no one within the memory of the management has ever given her anything. Nor does she comprehend in the slightest degree the fact that while her misfortunes are truly worthy of commiseration, we do not desire to contemplate them, and the impression of a human being scrambling in and out upon us on all fours is distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon temperament.

One is bound to note, in any description of Latin America, the peculiar and awful mutilations which both human beings and animals seem to experience.



United Fruit Co.

CAB DRIVERS DESIRE TO SHRIVE THEIR SOULS ON THIS DAY

Perhaps we have advanced somewhat ourselves in these matters, and monstrosities are no longer permitted to make normal folk wretched. But it is almost supernatural, the amount of lopping and vivisection some poor cat or dog will survive and pursue the fantastic tenor of its way with unabated zeal. There is one in the hotel, a once white cat whose tail has been bisected by some indignant cook with an ax, whose fur has been wrenched in broad patches from her loins, and who has achieved a truly horrible yet nautical aspect by having the left eye reddened in some sanguinary battle. The right eye of course remains green, after the manner of starboard lights, and the animal herself moves furtively among chairs and tables like a pirate craft among an archipelago of fruitful islands, awaiting some unprotected provender.

There is, too, a scene in early morning fascinating to one brought up to believe in germs, and the virtues of enameled refrigerators, and so forth—when the

butcher arrives with the meat. You see him from above, since you are taking the morning air on the front balcony, and you discover to your surprise the fine lines of a donkey when "viewed in plan" as architects say, with the bulging panniers of meat on either side. The vendor dismounts from between them and, dragging forth a mass of purple and blue-green beef, haggles with an invisible major-domo. An arm is stretched out and vigorous fingers prod the flesh, indicating its poor quality, age, and so forth. Clouds of flies have become interested in the affair and have to be waved off at intervals. The salesman slaps the portion in his excitement, reduces the price of it by a *maravedi*, and hands it over. And then you behold him wiping his hands on the donkey's tail and remounting to call upon another customer. And you become a vegetarian for a few days.

But it would be unfair of any hotel to be so interesting that no one would ever want to go outside of it. We can suppose that the philosophic voyager has been approached suddenly and rapidly by one of the gentlemen with whom he has shared a bottle of beer, and who is expecting important and lucrative news from London, or Paris, or Bogotá at any moment. In the meanwhile will he loan him a mere trifle of twenty dollars? This sort of thing will spoil even a philosopher's morning and send him out to seek diversion in the streets or consolation in the churches.

He should, if possible, contemplate the front of the Old Inquisition, since here is a vestige of a spirit not entirely gone from the land even now, and in the center of the square is erected something he will meet with reasonable frequency while in New Granada, and which is the key to the Latin-American problem. This is an equestrian statue of the Liberator, Simón Bolívar, with samples of his rhetoric engraved upon the base. There is an air of magnificent bravado in the outflung arm bearing the cocked hat. The elaborate decoration of epaulettes and lace on the coat strikes the northerner as incredibly ludicrous in contrast to the grim vestments of the lean and indomitable conquistadors. But it is the expression of that lofty and empty forehead above the wide vacant eyes which holds the observer. He seems to be saying, with a shrug, "You see, it is quite easy for me to be the saviour of my country. I do that sort of thing in my spare time." He personifies, on that horse with the improbable tail, the rhetorical proclivities of a race whose comprehension of authentic liberty is as yet uncertain. Grandiose gestures and a reverberating vocabulary are but inadequate supports for responsible government, as certain gentlemen in the history of the United States were quick to discover. To see this symptom of Latin America is not to solve the problem. It is but to indicate the key. Our business is to try to understand. But no nation is civilized that cannot make itself understood. Indeed one may define civilization as the faculty of collective expression. The ideals expressed may be unsympathetic to ours—that is beside the point. But one may begin here, in this small Plaza Simón Bolívar in Cartagena, a contemplation of Latin America. Here the Liberator holds forth his cocked hat in an eternal gesture of fantastic pride. The Holy Inquisition broods upon departed powers. Concessionaires crowd their headquarters into the old buildings on either side, the advance guard of an alien civilization that has pierced the Isthmus and turned Southern California from a somnolent dust heap to the garden of the world. Here you may view the ancient houses with their marvelously picturesque arches and projecting balconies and diversified roof lines, their ocherous walls softened to beauty by time. And at the far corner the Cathedral, where sleeps old Sebastian de Belalcazár, stands in its new adornments of gaily colored cosmetics, like an ancient dame all painted up for a noble function—a glitter of candelabra and gilded altars where tall old priests confess the sins of baby negresses and the donkeys pad silently past us in the

fathomless dust of narrow and waterless roadways.

But there is one feature of this Cartagena Eroica that is inescapable, for all the somber desolation of her streets and the fortresslike embrasures of her silent windows. And that is the clear light beyond. Wherever you stand, looking down *calle* after *calle*, you see at the end the splendid clarity of an empty sky over the invisible sea. It is her crown of light, hers alone among the cities of New Granada to wear. Her rivals are imprisoned in the mountains and her servants sprawl in slovenly reticulations along the banks of the Magdalena. You will remember it with a feeling of exultation when you are gone home—that lovely radiance far up beyond the heavy Spanish roofs and Moorish towers. And when you are there, standing wistfully at some dim intersection, you will follow it until you come out by dingy paths and noisome cabins alive with naked black babies whose dark shining abdomens protrude in innocent convexity from the doorways. From these you emerge upon a grass-grown ramp of mighty flagstones leading up to the battlements of the most Christian King.

And here, if you have an eye for color and carry within you a fructifying imagination, you may sit by ancient gun ports and dream of those imperial days. They, the days and the men who lived them, are worth a dream. They were extraordinarily foolish and futile from our sophisticated modern standpoint, yet they are worth a dream. For an age like ours with a leaning toward magnitude, a structure so enormous, so enduring, and so costly should have an irresistible lure. One can hardly blame the tough freebooters from Port Royal if they conjectured almost incredible treasure within such ramparts. One can imagine them easily enough, standing off a couple of leagues to windward and taking long luscious looks through their telescopes at the rising tiers of masonry. There must have been many a reckless attempt to beach and land among those black reefs

YOU COME UPON STREETS ALIVE WITH BLACK BABIES

in spite of the risks, or why should the wall have run along the seaward flank? So one can see, in imagination, some such foray and its consequent disaster as the guns boomed and the boats split among the breakers and got stove in, or perhaps managed to pull out hampered by frantic men clinging to their riven bulwarks. And for days afterward the watchmen clanking along the wall would see some of their late enemies among the rocks, face downward in the water, held by their rusting corselets where they had plunged, while the fish and other things were busy at their appointed tasks.

> On their ribs the limpet sticks,
> And in their hearts the scrawl shall play.

The difficulty for the watchmen, however, was that those "*Anglais mécréants*," as the poet Heredia calls them, never knew when they had enough. It would be a fascinating task for an actuary of genius to take Esquemeling's narrative, estimate the prime cost of barratry, and balance it against the resulting *moidores*. Here is the fundamental basis of the pirate's claim to be a romantic figure—what he did never did pay. Nor, had Drake and his English miscreants been the mere holdup gang some would have us believe, would they have gone back again and again to the Spanish Main, embracing their grim vocation with such dark ardor.

United Fruit Co.

THE GREAT SUN GATE WHERE THE HIRED COACHES CLUSTER

You can feel the nerves of this mystery of the true romance as you stand on the huge walls of Cartagena de Indias. The sea on the black rocks below achieves a dirgelike quality as it creams and gurgles and draws stealthily back with a sigh of momentary frustration. You lean over and ponder the problem of the incalculable spirit of man. You comprehend, if you are fortunate, in a kind of vivid revelation that this great mass of masonry was not simply a safe-deposit vault for looted gold but an outer bulwark of a civilization that was being attacked on every hand by those tough taciturn sea rovers from Tilbury and Plymouth and all the Channel ports. Step down that round-topped sally-port and follow the tunnel till you come out upon yonder projecting and flanking watchtower. Here was danger, and it might happen that this place would be carried by assault, yet with the drawbridge up the defenders were safe. There is a cunning curve in that tunnel and a dozen men could hold back an army. You can see, though, the care and desperate thought that went into the designing of the place. To the young gentleman from Toledo or Burgos or Valladolid who had got into trouble with his family and shipped to the Indies (quite possibly a good swordsman and better Catholic) and who was

told off to stand a watch in this circular stone cubbyhole with its narrow slots—to him "the meteor flag of England" was more than a mere line of poetry not yet written. It was the bane of his life. It stood for everything he hated and loathed and feared. It was the hereditary enemy of his native culture and the foe of his ideals. From that horrible island in the northern mists—where men toiled and moiled in sodden rain and the muck of melting snows—there came a steady stream of ferocious ruffians, impudent infidels, who seemed possessed of devils so long as their thick boots trod a deck or their great hairy arms pulled an oar. He regarded those earringed and tattooed sailors as a young clergyman might regard the followers of the Mad Mullah in the Sudan. To him, coming from the sunlight of old Granada—let us suppose from Murcia or even old Cartagena—to the sunlight of New Granada, there was something fabulous and infernal in these dour and implacable corsairs forever coming across the Caribbean. He needed no other inspiration than the knowledge that they came not only for gold but for the exquisite joy of smashing what was to them an alien civilization. Perhaps, though, it was not knowledge but feeling it in his heart and bones as he peered out through the slot in the stonework, watching the horizon with an occasional satisfied glance at the ribs of an English longboat on the slimy green rocks below.

And they love to call it the unconquered city, Cartagena Eroica! There is even a Calle Eroica, though the inhabitants of that respectable thoroughfare do not aspire to heroism in these days. It may be doubted whether they recall, or ever knew of, the perfidious Drake and his exploits on the other side of the city. That terrible commander is in his hammock now—

> Slung between the round shot,
> in Nombre Dios Bay

in the gulf to the westward, and he and all his old-time animosities are forgotten by the Calle Eroica. Even Time is thrown back in disorder from these tremendous walls of Cartagena, whose mortar is so hard it stands out in sharp ridges from the eroded brickwork, and whose outer rinds are reinforced with barnacles as with armor. And you may find, much to

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

A VERY EXHALATION OF THE WATERS—CARTAGENA OF THE INDIES

your astonishment, that the old place is unconquerable in a more subtle sense than Sir Francis gave himself an opportunity to discover. When he finally got into Cartagena behind his roaring pikemen, much more rapidly than anyone can enter in these days of customs examinations and departmental *cédulas*, he remained only six weeks and took away a hundred and ten thousand ducats. This, you will be drily assured by concessionaires, is not to be duplicated to-day. You may remain six years and have far less to carry back to your home country. Cynical gentlemen who have failed to connect with profitable enterprises will assert that Sir Francis took it all, and there are no ducats left for the modern English financial pirate to take. Those with better fortune remain, with their wives, and capitulate to the languorous life of Cartagena. And if they ask you in to tea it is worth while to go, for there is a tradition of hospitality in the land and the stranger within these ponderous gates is made much of.

And to us who come perhaps from cities like New York or Chicago, the spaciousness, after tiny apartments very high in the air and very high in rent, is like a fairy story come true. You find yourself as you ascend the vast cool stairway to the gallery surrounding the patio, calculating how much a month all this would cost on Park Avenue. To the great, high-windowed, balconied chambers you can find nothing to say. You become aware once more of that feeling which it is worth the price of travel to find—that you have reached the frontiers of another civilization. You feel as a medieval Jew might when, on leaving his ghetto, he waits awhile in the halls of some indigent grandee. The modern furnishings appear strangely diminished in such lordly accommodations. In the large aviary that will fill the space between two columns on the gallery, toulpians and parrakeets shrill and chatter, presided over by a macaw of brilliant plumage and with a formidable beak that a long and entirely useless life has not taught him is poorly adapted as a means of locomotion. The furniture, which on account of the heavy duty is probably of native manufacture (of mahogany or *comino*, a kind of hard bass), has a gimcrack appearance; for though Colombia possesses magnificent woods and highly skilled craftsmen, the tariff-protected factories turn out work of a most appalling badness. The designs are debased variations of Spanish styles, and a wardrobe with ill-fitting doors will affright the purchaser with a mass of chrysanthemums and pomegranates, carved in wood, perched upon one corner. The austere beauty of straight lines is not in favor, and tortured chairs and cabinets stand around in agony, a strange and disturbing contrast to the polychromatic loveliness of the tiles that form the floor. Here you stumble, if the jest be permitted, upon an authentic Iberian talent transplanted to New Granada, one that goes with the palms of the patio and hot sunlight which pours down outside. The designs, for all that, are familiar since they are the traditional conventions of the tile-maker's art and have been assiduously copied by astute linoleum manufacturers in North America. You can relish the illusion of an illusion (your bedroom floor seems to be covered with oilcloth rather than baked earth) until you drop your watch on it.

But those whom you find in these cavernous *casas* in the Calle Eroica or along the Calle Universitad, while they are courteous to visitors and generally have an automobile from Detroit that seems gigantic in the narrow street—to whirl and bump you in all directions, darting up the new road to La Popa headland or through the *faubourgs* behind the old fort of San Lazaro—are at the same time shorn of romance: for they are administradors and their wives, managers and independent exploiters of some northern specialty. For them adventure has been displaced by security; their means afford them the power to bring down much that is affected at home, and their lives are stretches of tropical existence broken

Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.

THE DUSKY FOLK ARE BUT SHABBY MINIATURES OF THE HEROIC FOUNDERS

by comfortable trips to New York or London.

For us who desire to peep into the affairs of penitent and penurious expatriates there are smaller but more alluring *ménages* nearer the great gate with the yellow clock-tower atop, where the hired coaches cluster and seem more interested in conversation than in fares. If you go northward through a narrow street from there you will emerge upon another plaza whose eastern side is bounded by a two-story arcaded block of buildings whose upper floors are let out in microscopic apartments. In one of these it may be your fortune to discover, as did I some years ago, a romantic pair of young Americans "fighting for existence" as the husband grimly phrased it, "and for the love of it" as his helpmeet as grimly elucidated for my benefit. They come and they go, such couples, and the sinister aspects of tropic life are reflected in their fugitive careers.

It used to be said in the Club Cartagena, which is a magnificent edifice with an imposing and glittering ballroom (without any balls) just up the street, that the Ponsonbys achieved housekeeping on the irreducible minimum. The captain of the *Popayán*, who brought them down, was responsible while in the Club for describing their interior as consisting of "a table, a chair, a bed, a mosquito-bar, an ice-box, and a cocktail-shaker." To tell the truth, there was not room for much more since they had a cat (who of course complicated matters with kittens almost at once). Ponsonby had been a flier in France, and during his four years there (three in the French Army) he had come down in his plane in more ways than a mortal man can imagine, generally damaging both himself and his machine. He was small, alert, humorous, and warm hearted, and his attitude toward his blond little wife—who had been a show girl in New York—was a blend of passion and ferocity with a dash of stupidity, he being a man unused to woman's ways. It was the captain of the *Popayán* who told us the story of Pon-

sonby taking his wife to some place in Colón, a place with a name like "Chateau Thierry" or "Belleau Wood" or "The Great Push," and dancing with her there among all the girls from Valparaiso to Port Limón. There was a fight, of course—somebody had the temerity to look at her, and Ponsonby wouldn't allow that at all. As the captain told him afterward, "If you will fly with crows you must expect to be shot at." The trouble was that Ponsonby spoke not only French but Spanish, and with infuriating fluency; while she, a show girl, "had a few words of English" as she put it pathetically to us one night in the Club. She would cry on his settee, the captain said, every time the *Popayán* was in Cartagena and beg him to tell her about New York until she couldn't bear it and asked him to stop.

But it was pleasant, in between Ponsonby's gusts of jealousy, to sit in the tiny front room looking out on the moonlit square—for the *Popayán* was there on the seventeenth of the month when the moon was full—and helping with the limes for the *Daiquiri* or *Tom Collins*. At such times they had amusing episodes of their life to recount, though some of them must have had their painful moments to experience. As when he took her marketing to teach her the language, asserting it must be learned by ear and by speaking real sentences, and then broke into furious reproaches because she spoke to the man who was trying to sell them some fish. "I know I was only a show girl," she muttered to the good captain one evening, "and ignorant at that, but I draw the line at vamping a fishmonger." And then, so the captain of the *Popayán* remarked, she went on in her rich husky contralto voice, so seductive in a small blond thing like her: "He says you learn it all by ear. 'Oh,' I says, 'you do, do you?' And how did he learn so much by ear? That's what I'd like to know. He didn't do it by being bawled out every five minutes." This of course was followed by a boo-hoo of the usual proportions, with choking requests to be sent home or she'd die in this terrible place. Nobody, the captain said, could tell with the Ponsonbys how much was grief and how much was gin. She'd get over it and sing for us—a hoarse, sweet, vulgar little voice—while Ponsonby sat and scowled at the moonlight. He was a clerk on the pier for an importing firm for, like most war babies, he had missed the years of steady training for a profession. And he was as popular among the Colombian officials and citizens as a rattlesnake with the cholera. The simile comes from the captain, of course, who liked them both but saw with his own eyes what went on. This way of Ponsonby's of treating the Colombians as though they were dirt made life difficult for her, since those same Colombians are extraordinarily hospitable and courteous among themselves and are sensitive to such an attitude. Moreover, they are all inter-connected by marriage, and a snap at a uniformed guard will be retailed in great houses not long after. So Mrs. Ponsonby wept a good deal and didn't get on very fast with her Spanish. "How can I learn to talk that stuff when he has no patience and I'm going to have a baby?" was the sort of question the good captain was expected to answer at times. Yet she cheered up and told him once of something that happened the first night they were there from the *Popayán*. You have to see them for yourselves, those two; he the hard-bitten, testy, and reckless little birdman from France, and she almost with the very air of Forty-Sixth Street still in her lungs, lying down on the tight canvas mattress beneath the mosquito-bar. And then, as they dozed around midnight, the police changed guard in the square and blew their usual blast on their piercing tin horns to show the world they were vigilant and at hand.

"Scared!" whispered she in that attractive husky drawl. "Scared isn't the word. I was up in no time at all and I says to him, 'Get up, dear. The house is pinched!'" The Captain was always very much amused at this. Nothing, he said, would convince her that such romantic

lodgings could be respectable, and the sudden shrilling of that unaccustomed bugle had reacted according to rule.

Ponsonby's obsession was that he was being hampered by a girl who would not catch on to Latin-American life. He had grandiose dreams of going "into the interior" and doing something imposing, he didn't quite know what. If she had "caught on" and spoken to anyone under ninety he would have gone into one of his black rages that made one want to kill him. He would say things, too, that would have been hideous if they hadn't been so silly and so obviously the result of an overwrought mind.

It was on an evening like this, with the *Popayán* to sail in the morning, that they had been fighting when the news came he was to go up to Bogotá where his firm had an office. His opinion of himself of course went higher than Bogotá. It went above the Andes, though anybody could see it was because the Cartagena end couldn't stand it any more. Ponsonby didn't look at it that way. He was the superman. Certainly he could be hard and cruel to his woman. But this evening, with this news and the baby coming and the perfect night, for a while they were happy. I happened to blunder on some good circumstantial evidence of it. Up there on the great wall that was flooded with that dangerous moonlight—which after all is only reflected sunlight—they came slowly, unaware of the innocent stranger who meditated in the shadow of a *gabion*. There are some who say romance ends with marriage, but it may be doubted whether this is true. For these poor waifs of the world life held something more than sugary sentiment. Their embraces were but the prelude to battle. Who shall say they were not fit and worthy pioneers to go into that remote region, since they had for each other something of that harsh passion that outlasts the flimsy fancies of softer lovers. Even there on the old wall of Cartagena, rather than holding her to him he seemed about to take her up and fling her over the parapet. This was illusion. For they walked on, hand in hand, until they came round to where they could see the *Popayán*—the dear old *Popayán* on whose broad decks they had danced and lain in chairs while the ship had carried them from the bright lights of Broadway to the sunlight of New Granada. And now they were going on, to see what lay behind the ranges, far up the yellow waters of the Magdalena. They were taking their own Nordic culture with them, of course, just as the Spaniards took theirs when they fought through the jungle filled with poisoned arrows and as Sir Francis Drake did when he singed the King of Spain's beard. Perhaps some day we shall find them in some street of Bogotá or Medellín, happy in their own way, with their queer passionate lives the wonder of the placid Colombian ladies. We shall see them at a balcony, with the baby (who will startle us with its linguistic facility) and we shall go up and be invited to help with the lemons. All this is implicit in that embrace on the wall of old Cartagena in the moonlight. It is symbolical of their race, who will always be faring forth into that great empty land to see what they can find beyond the ranges.

A CAPTAIN OUT OF ETRURIA

Awarded a Second Prize in the Third Harper Short-Story Contest

BY A. R. LEACH

LUCY ANDERSON, as Lucy Anderson, with no eulogies or criticism attached to her name, proved at the time of this story that she, thirty-six years old, was not always perched aloft in the ivory tower of her art. She had been living in Europe since the War, moving freely in that agreeable society of compatriots and their foreign acquaintance which is so much envied by readers of the Paris *Herald*.

Miss Anderson, however, was not as these. She was painting, surreptitiously as it were. She had a small but sufficient income which, in francs, went a considerable distance beyond its capacity in dollars, and she had her banker uncle as a refuge and a background.

She worked constantly wherever she was, because she never looked into a face without seeing the problem it held for her—without wishing to take what struck her consciousness as its salient feature, and translate it, bring it into a harmony which would vibrate into the consciousness of humanity. She created (as the critics have taught us in these last few years) by the stroke of a brush, by the juxtaposition of colors, a sensation, an outthrust statement which a poet puts into meter, a musician into harmonies.

As Miss Anderson had no conversation about art, had never even learned its patter, she was not taken seriously even by her friends. She talked about anything, making herself so generally agreeable that there are old ladies of both sexes still hanging about who insist, with dark hints, that she employed some "real artist" who painted "those pictures," or at least "finished" them. "There was that portrait of Mrs. Burt, the one she behaved over so badly. Mrs. Burt, just out of good nature, and of course expecting she would give her the sketch or whatever it was, sat for days being painted; and when she saw the result it was a perfect daub. The loveliest frame ever fashioned couldn't have made it possible to hang on a wall. Mrs. Burt said she wouldn't have taken the thing home; and Lucy Anderson had the impertinence to sell it!—if you please, to the French government!"

But these were the days when Lucy was still a dear nice girl, Robert Anderson's niece and one of Paris' social fluxes. It was the season she painted the old woman shearing her dog on the river bank, the gray light on the Seine making sinister the cutting shears, the rebellious dog, and the cruel old woman. It was the first picture the critics were to see and gloat over, but the time had not arrived for opening the storehouse of wonders she had ready for them; and it is doubtful if it would have come in her lifetime had it not been for that autumn in Italy when her road turned.

It was at tea time in the garden of the largest hotel in Geneva, after the horse chestnuts had dropped their bloom in Paris, that Miss Anderson personally encountered Mrs. James T. Clevering and her pretty, slim daughter. When Miss Anderson saw them they were sitting at a table in the center of the chattering crowd, making a great show of talk and

amusement, which did not disguise the fact that they were entirely alone. Miss Anderson, who took a very sane and human interest in gossip, of which she heard a great deal, had seen the Cleverings in Paris and had heard more than she had seen. The Cleverings had been very well advertised by the two little newspapers printed in English which exist for that purpose, and at the time Emelie Clevering was presented to the English Court, her dress (with the name of the Parisian maker) had been described and photographed and she had been placed in the gallery of international publicity. After that, gossip said, the mother and daughter had been bewildered. The presentation had been arranged for them long before, as long before as the time when Mr. Clevering had so generously contributed to a presidential campaign.

The pair first came into Miss Anderson's vision one day at the Pré Catalan when the band played and motors drew up to discharge the notables and those who came to look at them. The sweet Paris air was vibrating with the American music, the flash and color and small talk of a holiday gathering, when the Cleverings came in: happy in the company of a dark lady and one of the dyed-haired Grand Dukes who have made a profession of escape.

Kind Americans looked at the group with consternation. "Look at the poor things," Miss Anderson's hostess said over her cup. "Lucy, you haven't anything to do, why don't you write a social Baedeker? How can they know that they are in notorious society? They say that after the girl was presented they sat in their hotel and expected the Queen to ask them to dinner. I am not at all certain they did not invite her."

"Who are they anyway?" old Mrs. Varick asked, after everything had been laboriously repeated into her trumpet. Mrs. Black shook her head as though it were too dreadful to repeat. In reality, she told Lucy, the Cleverings were ordinary simple rich people who were said to be deadly dull. Miss Anderson thought that that might not be an insuperable barrier to association with royalty, but like a good many other thoughts whose edge might have cut the delicate frosting of her niceness, it was unexpressed.

"The girl," she said, "is rather a type." But that remark met with the inattention given to all conventional remarks.

Lucy Anderson began to make a picture of Emelie—the fresh-faced, blank-eyed young creature, so certainly unsophisticated in spite of her truly amazing clothes, her saucy hat, her knowing shoes. These were so plainly mere decorations laid on from the outside without any reference to the inner structure of taste. She was a ready-made problem for the artist.

"The second generation: the first has climbed out of its environment exactly as an earthworm climbs, and the second has no instinct to fit. It squirms. I must get her on canvas some day."

As the days went on and she saw more of the mother and daughter, she began to visualize them as distracted travelers caught in one of those old-fashioned mazes which the practical humor of an earlier time planted in gardens. The pavilion where the society they coveted disported itself with music and laughter was somewhere at the end of one of those paths, but when they rushed at the next turning—or rather the mother rushed, passive daughter in hand—they always found themselves in another blind alley.

When, on that idle afternoon in Geneva, Lucy Anderson saw them again she could not know that they were recovering from one of these false turnings, against whose blocking hedge they had flung themselves with such momentum that its thorns had left them smarting. The first days of their stay in London they had met an American citizen at the American Embassy, where he had come to pay his respects to the representative of the country under

whose protection he lived while he roamed the world with the free conscience of a man who had done his whole duty to his country by fighting for her. Mrs. Clevering, misled by the sweetness of his manner, had confided in him as a compatriot and a brother. He had been charm itself; too charming, in his facile dexterous ease, for Mrs. Clevering's comprehension.

Emelie had basked in his gentle questionings. It had been a matter of angry puzzlement on the mother's part that men did not "flock" about Emelie. They had come abroad expecting to be beset, warned against the titled adventurer who would try to marry a beauty and an heiress, but they had had to make no rebuffs. So when Bertram Lossing had given them an hour of delight (the light talk, the gay assumption that they, too, were part of all this rushing to and fro, this steady brilliance in the midst of furious activity which was the London season) they felt that for this they had come to London.

Lossing was innocent of any wish to impress them. His thirty-eight years had only perfected his face, and every one of them had laid a softer patina on his manners. Poor little Emelie, unaccustomed to anything that he represented, turned him into one of the heroes who live in the mists of a young girl's fancy.

When they parted Mrs. Clevering took a card from the gold case with the diamond monogram that she habitually carried in her hand and gave it to him; and while he held it delicately and put it away carefully, she effusively begged him to come to tea. "We have our own parlor at the Ritz," she told him, "and we have tea every day at five o'clock." When he did not come they speculated over it, and Emelie was certain it was on account of an accident. If they had known his address they would have sent him a more formal invitation or, as Emelie felt sure that he was ill, possibly they would have sent flowers.

Then, when an opportunity came, they asked about him at the Embassy and were a little excited to learn that he more than fulfilled their dreams. He had a great villa on Lake Como which he called home, where he entertained his many friends. Everything added to their satisfaction in him. He would "do." And then they had gone to Paris and met his sister-in-law at—of all places—their jeweler's shop. Mrs. Clevering, over the counter where each was buying lavishly, hesitatingly mentioned to the rather spectacular lady beside her that she had accidentally heard her name spoken, and that they knew her brother-in-law. "We met him in London at our Embassy," Mrs. Clevering said in the assured voice of one who offers a perfect reference. Mrs. Digby-Lossing turned and looked at her speculatively.

"Oh! Bertram," carelessly, "he goes all over the shop." They walked to the edge of the Avenue de L'Opéra together where the two smart motors stood. Mrs. Digby-Lossing, tall, dark, flashing, drawing all eyes, hesitated a moment and then, "Since you are friends of my brother-in-law, my *dear* brother-in-law" (any note of sarcasm was lost on the Cleverings) "why not come to Paillard's to tea with me?" They had gone, and the next day the jeweler found occasion to call at their hotel on some ostensible errand concerning settings, and took the opportunity to tell them that Mrs. Digby-Lossing had been too conspicuous a figure in Paris before a young war-sick fool had married her.

The Parisian tradesman who had heard of the tea at Paillard's felt that he could not have his shop come into bad social repute, but he shrugged his shoulders over the density of his wealthy customers. He had mentioned that Mr. Bernard Lossing was a favorite in France, particularly in the old legitimist families. Mrs. Clevering had said laughingly that she "didn't quite know what a legitimist was, but it sounded exclusive."

Then the Cleverings turned their bewildered backs on that path and were pacing between the rows in Geneva when Miss Anderson went by and smiled. Mrs. Clevering had no idea who Lucy Anderson might be (as that social arbiter, the Paris *Herald*, never mentioned her name), but she had seen her many times between the columns of the pavilion at the end of their social labyrinth, and when she walked by their table, smiling and hesitating, her gentle distinction so flattering, Mrs. Clevering—not quite as readily as she would have done in May, her cordial instincts a little hampered by experience—with some of the shrinking of the burnt child rose and greeted her.

Miss Anderson, with the boldness of the hunter who means to run down his prey without any reference to the game laws, murmured many politenesses and hoped that they were enjoying Geneva, although everybody seemed to find it a dull season.

"I suppose you came down with Mrs. Colmar" (mentioning the name of the wife of an American Secretary in Paris); "I have not seen you since the day of her reception," she added. Miss Anderson did not mention that she had not seen her that day but had heard one of those vociferous ladies, who pay their social way by giving amusing caricatures of all the people not present at the time, describe their costumes and entrance and exit at the patriotic gathering.

Presently she was sitting at the Cleverings' abundant table, making herself as agreeable as she knew how, and that was very agreeable indeed—bowing to her friends as they went by, and altogether giving the Cleverings the comfortable feeling of shelter from the cold world. That night at dinner in one of the villas near by, Bertram Lossing sat beside Miss Anderson—and then and there began one of those episodes which later was to add to the world's store of masterpieces.

Lucy and Lossing had met several times, but never had the cement of a mutual interest held them together for even a moment. To-night, after the two courses whose passing each felt it necessary to devote to the other side, they turned toward each other with animation. Lossing's high-nosed keen face was full of interest as he looked into Lucy's long, bright-brown eyes which shone like lamps behind the solidly carven olive features.

"I saw you having tea with some of our compatriots to-day," he said.

"I enjoyed meeting them very much," Miss Anderson replied.

"I am very sure you did," he said quickly. He would have been equally sympathetic to the vociferous chronicler of the doings of the Cleverings, but he found Miss Anderson's attitude more to his taste.

"I met them in London one afternoon when we were both calling at the Embassy." He made no attempt to keep the light note of amusement out of his voice. "I have never forgotten them."

"You should visit America some time," Miss Anderson said blandly, and put her fork into the *langouste mousse* on her plate with the interest of one who is in the years when food is food, after youth scorns and before age rejects.

Mr. Lossing smiled. He knew how to meet that remark. "I have been there," he said, "but—the 'Dollar Princesses,' as I believe they call them—were not so prominent as they appear to be now."

"To tell the truth, they are not so prominent in America as they are in Europe. But these people are not prominent, or rather important, anywhere—yet."

"Why 'yet'? Do they interest you so much?"

"The girl—enormously."

"Shall you take her about with you?"

"I am about to ask that privilege."

The impatient old French general on the other side of Miss Anderson claimed her again and they were getting into the salad when Lossing was able to go on. He began as though there had been no interval:

"Why, may I be pardoned for asking?"

Miss Anderson hesitated. She knew that if Lossing had ever heard that she painted portraits, or anything else, the fact had certainly not been impressed on his consciousness as a matter of consequence. He, with his intimate little collection of early Italian art—where every bit was a treasure at whose mention even dealers lowered their voices—would hardly remember an amateur, and it amused her to play with his state of mind and her own.

"I find her a stimulus," she said. "She gives me great thoughts."

"A stimulus? In what direction, pray?"

"Art," said Miss Anderson.

Lossing half turned on his chair in his real astonishment. "She—I had no idea that she knew anything about art. They—I am sorry to say that I was so obtuse. I like to think . . ." He hesitated.

"You like to think," Miss Anderson said, "that you are so accustomed to being let past the portals, as one might say, that you believe that you can inventory one's mental furnishings at the first glance and make up your mind whether it is worth while to come again."

Lossing looked at her helplessly and then smiled his incomparable smile: "At any rate, it is not often that I find a companion on my explorations," he said. "It is delightful to hear of secret rooms."

"I doubt if you talked to the girl at all." Lucy knew that if he had, he was amusing himself entirely after her fashion.

"I am certain I did not. The remarkable mother talked to me. She told me that her father was the first Judge of the County Court somewhere."

"A most respectable ancestry," Miss Anderson said gravely, and they both smiled.

Later, when they spoke again in the drawing-room that overlooked the lake where little boats with gay lanterns on their bows were still passing, Lossing said:

"I think I was bewildered by the young lady's remarkably beautiful costume. She was—she reminded me—perhaps she did not remind me then, but she does now as I recall her—of a little white villa lost in very ornamental grounds. There were so many parterres to admire, so many jeweled fountains playing that perhaps I never reached the living apartments at all."

Miss Anderson's long eyes were lighted. "Exactly," she said.

When she reached home that night she put herself into the voluminous red robe diapered in gold, which Fortuny had made for her in Venice the year before, that satisfied the gorgeousness she repressed daily. She opened the glass doors to her balcony which her French maid had so carefully closed against the night air of the lake, and sat for a long time looking across the water toward the place where Mont Blanc sometimes lifts her icy shoulder through the clear air; and she was filled with a vast content. It is the most delightful of experiences to find a companion who travels your road and sees what you see, and a rare one when he sees as much as Lucy Anderson sees.

The next afternoon when Miss Anderson returned from her walk she found the foreign-looking bit of pasteboard on which Mr. Bertram Lossing's name was engraved. She was half glad and half sorry. At thirty-six one has grown to distrust the vision of the night. She threw the card into the china bowl by her door and went about making the composition for the portrait of Emelie Clevering that was possessing her thoughts.

Evidently Lossing had no intention of losing what he had found, for the next day brought an invitation to dine with him; and she discovered, when she arrived at the villa he was sharing with a friend on whose account he had come to Geneva, that the company was, in

a manner, assembled about her own personality.

"I almost invited your friends—only . . ."

"Her mother doesn't talk as much as she did earlier in the season, I am told," Lucy said, and Lossing gazed at her with the fascinated delight we give to a mind reader.

The portrait was not so easy to arrive at as Miss Anderson had expected. Taken about by Miss Anderson in the easy summer groups—the tennis-playing, dancing, passing crowd—the Cleverings began to have "a really good time"; and there was no propitious moment for a suggestion of painting Emelie's portrait.

Lossing and Miss Anderson were building a friendship as a coral island is made, by infinitesimal particles, and as it put its branches ever nearer the surface there came to at least one of them a fear of an unknown thing. If it were true that they were making each other into a habit—weaving that unbreakable tie, a dependent congeniality—Lucy at least knew that neither would remain as before. The precious individuality which each cherished would change by a process as subtle as the structural changes of chemistry to become, in a way, a part of the other. And while Lucy revolted, struggled against the change, she feared to look too closely at Lossing lest she should find him in the same struggle against what was, after all, to their sort a variety of personal death. And then a chance hand touched the kaleidoscope of their days and whirled the bits into a new pattern.

The old Duchessa of Valadino wrote to Lucy and asked her to take her apartment in Florence for three autumn months. The Duchessa had, she wrote her "dear young friend," two or three servants, her cockatoos, and her tapestries, as well as the plants she hoped to keep through the winter; and it was very expensive to pay for the care of all of these. Would Lucy come and live in the apartment and pay the bills while she went visiting? Nobody had any money now except Americans.

Miss Anderson went to see the Cleverings and asked if she could have Emelie for the autumn. She was careful to tell Mrs. Clevering that the apartment on the Lung' Arno was a Duchessa's apartment, and she said nothing at all about a portrait.

So, after Emelie had dutifully looked at Juliet's tomb in Verona, and added her visiting card to the heap of yellowing pasteboard that lies where the guides tell you the Flower of Verona fell to dust, and fed the pigeons and bought twisted glass in Venice, and forgotten all about the Titians in her naïve appreciation of Favai's gondolas silhouetted against moonlit palaces—October saw them established in the great old apartment with its balconies and stone floors where the Duchessa, her hands in thick woolen gloves, sniffingly drank *tisane* on winter afternoons. And then Miss Anderson put out the iron hand and began to work on the canvas to which all this was the preliminary. She had put Bertram Lossing back in the last corner of her consciousness. "There are a number of things there that I have forgotten," she told herself, with the naïveté of twenty.

The portrait "went" beautifully. It had been in the artist's mind so long that her facile hands put it on canvas as one writes a line that has been singing itself in one's ears with every cadence echoing true. That Emelie thought it nonsense and was more than sulky over taking the time from teas and lace shops, the more-or-less modern antiques, and the more-or-less perfect pearls of the Ponte Vecchio was no drawback to Miss Anderson's work. In some subtle way, all of that went into the inconsequent nothingness of the fresh-colored transparent little face with the fair hair above it, in its setting of garments for whose inspiration designers had sacked galleries. The picture was a series of beautiful harmonies, accented, broken into

by the incongruities, the discords. Lucy Anderson was a great painter, as we all know now.

There came a stage in Miss Anderson's pictures where she let the sitter go. The last touches, the sweep of her own personality that she left on her canvases she put in bit by bit as the feeling for them came to her. The thing at which she looked was her motif, her theme. That they seldom saw their finished portraits was one reason why the sitters left them in her hands so lightly.

And now Emelie was generously given her reward in a perfect riot of little pleasures which she could understand. She was really sweet and gentle when she was happy, and her fondness for Miss Anderson sometimes gave that translator of life the feeling that a vivisector must have when a doomed puppy licks his hand.

It was the day when Miss Anderson —from Emelie's point of view—gave up a bad job and turned a failure to the wall, that Bertram Lossing arrived in Florence as a guest in a villa on a hill. He was one of a very sophisticated company of English who had come together to comfort a very beautiful lady who was in deep mourning for an exalted friend whose name was never mentioned.

But the instant Lucy Anderson met Lossing, on the Lung' Arno one windy day when the afterglow was sending its first sheets of red gold over the river, she knew why he had come. And that thing she had hidden and bade herself forget burst its locks and walked blithely out into the open. She knew, and knowing she drew a long sigh of vast content. She even forgot her picture for a little while.

Lossing walked home with her and, halfway, led her on to one of the bridges where they stopped and looked up toward the hills, soft against the glory in the sky. The wind was dying with the setting sun and the rush of the water sang its scale over and over, while Lossing smiled at her as ingenuously as though they were twenty.

There had been few times in Lucy Anderson's life when the sense of humor entirely deserted her, and now with the flush of pleasure on her face she recalled in spite of herself that it had been at least a dozen years since any man had paid her the compliment of following her from one city to another. The last one had been a ridiculous widower whom she had likened to a bawling, skirt-catching child who had lost his nurse, and was deceived by her kind hesitations as to whether or not she could attempt a subject that would have delighted Franz Hals.

Recalling this, she had something of a thrill in realizing that she could never think of painting Lossing. He satisfied her supremely as he was.

"And I hear that you have little Miss Clevering with you."

"Yes, I have." She wondered how soon she could tell him why. She was going to rid herself of the girl presently, and she had a warm delight in the certainty that here was someone she could take past her reception room to the utmost confines of her domain. It would be one of her great moments when she could show him the portrait which was so perfectly the white dwelling place of a little incoherent spirit lost in its surroundings.

"I have thought many times of what you told me of the girl, and I am glad that she is here. It will interest me very much to see what you have found in her."

"I am certain it will interest you." Miss Anderson's long eyes gleamed. The wind had only added to her trimness, her fine dark face was looking its best, and she was glad of it; but beyond the moment she saw him coming back to her, after his explorations into the barren place that was Emelie's mind, to express his bewilderment. She saw herself dramatically—every woman makes a theatrical heroine of herself at times (whatever may die, that never does while she has strength for bare living)—showing him the all-explaining portrait.

Drawn by R. M. Crosby

LOSSING TOOK THE CUP AND WENT ON LISTENING TO EMELIE

How much of it would be a feline triumph over a younger, prettier woman, and how much a delight in Lossing's nearness to herself, Miss Anderson's conscience was not morbid enough to ask.

She rejoiced single-hearted over the precious friend who could understand. She knew, because it is the gift of genius to know, what her work represented. She knew that when she was ready to send it forth finished, the criticism of authority would be the criticism she herself gave it; but here was one who had given her the assurance that he saw her point of departure.

She took him home to tea in the Duchessa's long-windowed salon. They found Emelie, exquisite as always, rather sulkily awaiting tea and cross that no one had come. She resented the tea guests being so entirely Miss Anderson's friends. She had been "in things" long enough to begin to make claims.

The girl's slender young figure was silhouetted half against the long pink-and-green striped curtains which the Duchessa was wont to show as the hangings of the room in which her great-grandfather had strangled her great-grandmother, her pale embroidered crêpe frock very effective against the background of yellow river and striped silk. She turned at their entrance, and to Miss Anderson's surprise she flushed a brilliant rose when she saw Lossing and her face was tremulous with embarrassed smiles.

Lossing took her hand—not a very small nor delicate hand—with all the gentle reassuring charm in which he was so perfect, and sat down to talk to her while Miss Anderson busied herself with the Duchessa's heavy cups behind the branched candlesticks of the tea table.

"If you are able to support this—*tazza*—" she said to Lossing as she handed him the lumpy piece of imitation Capo da Monte with which the Duchessa had replaced her priceless treasures, serenely certain that "the Americans" would never know the difference. Lossing took the cup with a vague smile and went on listening to Emelie's halting recital of the joys of Florence.

"And the Pitti and Uffizi? I suppose you visit them every day."

"Not every day—" Emelie hesitated. "Some of the pictures are lovely, but some I find dreadful."

"So do I."

"Some I could look at forever."

Miss Anderson held her own cup poised to hear Emelie's oft-repeated views on "the baby," as she called the holy child of Raphael's depicting, and the "splendid" copy she was having made. Unfortunately at that moment a group of English girls came in and Emelie's art views waited.

They saw Lossing every day after this. The grief of the beautiful lady appeared to be assuaged in bridge and the winning of large sums, and Mr. Lossing left his friends to their fate and went quite happily about in the easy Florentine autumn society which was then at its high tide.

"I am beginning to see where you find the spring of inspiration in your young friend," he said one day. Lucy waited, with the anticipation with which she met all his beginnings.

"You may remember that one of those ladies who fled the plague in the year 1348 to make themselves 'innocently merry' in the meadows over yonder was named Emilia."

Lucy Anderson laughed.

"I cannot think of our Emelie providing Boccaccio with one of his tales."

"Why not? Boccaccio provided the tale. All he asked was the object on which to hang it. 'Our Emelie,' as you call her, would look in perfect keeping in a pearl net and a brocade robe, sitting on the green grass with that company. She might even have the gown now."

And Lucy Anderson gave one of her rare flushes. She felt that it was not necessary to show him that portrait; in some way he understood.

"There is some trace of the belated paganism of that time in her face," he continued, playing with the fancy.

"Remember the Judge," Lucy laughed.

"It is really an unawakened look," he went on.

"The sleeping beauty you mean, waiting to be awakened."

"Perhaps."

"Do awaken her!" Lucy happily jeered. "It should be interesting to hear her awakening cries."

Emelie had not talked to Lossing as much as he had hoped. As she realized him as a figure in the world around them, a world which filled her with respect, whose thinness she was incapable of seeing, her awe of him grew. She was much more impressed by his fluent Italian and French than by anything he could say in English: indeed, her lack of comprehension was almost as complete in one language as the other.

Her decorative, or decorated stillness grew complete, and there crept into the blank face a shadow—a shadow which Miss Anderson failed to see, a shadow that she would have doubtless refused to see because it would have meant the ruin of the glowing picture in the stone room behind her bedroom.

And the days moved on to their climax, as days are always moving to end something. Life carries a serial story for every one of us, and what we see as we go by is only the beginnings and the endings of her old, old plots tricked out in new accouterments.

One day at a Florentine house where the walls of the reception room were lively with old prints, Miss Anderson and Lossing, going over them, found a little old eighteenth-century print of the fair at Impruneta. The date hidden among the scrolls on the margin was that of the next day.

"I wonder if they still hold that festival," Lossing said.

Their host, so long tired of prints that he looked at them only as milestones on his journey into knowledge of Italian things, put up a languid glass to the yellowing old sheet where gentlemen in full coats and wigs elegantly composed themselves in a *piazza* before a little church. In his heart he thought Miss Anderson must be a very stupid woman when Lossing talked to her about the subject of a print. But he knew Tuscany.

"Impruneta is exactly like that now, and the little church still has its Della Robbia—and the peasants still have the fair—yes."

Miss Anderson was about to ask if there existed any reason for looking at the Della Robbia on the fair day, when Mrs. Dunallen, the Scotch woman who missed nothing—least of all any possibility of an "excursion"—had gathered the very young of the company by what Miss Anderson called her war-cry, and with Emelie wistfully in the midst of the questioning they found themselves committed to the fair at Impruneta.

Lucy Anderson never forgot that golden October morning. She put it away in the dark room from which Lossing had broken his way, but it has never lost its detail nor its vivid surfaces.

They took an old-fashioned barouche with two strong horses for the hill climbing, driven by a young Italian with the face of a Roman senator above the stiff collar of a livery left behind by some traveling milord of a long-past day. His gravity lent it a dignity which made it seem a new fashion instead of an old one. Emelie, in the smartest of tight Parisian walking costumes and a close hat, sat beside Miss Anderson; while facing them, Lossing talked gay nonsense.

They went up the hills and down the dales of Tuscany, beyond the line of the ancient walls; past the dusty green olive orchards where the old trees, like quarrelsome humans, split and writhed away from what had once been their common heart; past the smoky fields where great cream-colored oxen took their stately way unconscious of the inadequate plow that dragged behind them; through vineyards whose red and russet vines were losing the last of their grapes under

the brown fingers of boys and girls clothed in the soft colors that use had given what was once their garish holiday dress.

To Lucy Anderson, exquisitely tuned to every impression, they rode through the land of romance—her romance. She was tender in her happiness. She was tender to poor little Emelie sitting quiet under her cuplike hat. She forgot that impressions were things to be recorded. The essence of the day was color, sun, glancing light, an atmosphere, a setting for life that she herself was living. She was drinking her wine, not pressing it into casks to be put away in storehouses.

They were the last to reach the village of Impruneta, and when they came down the hill to the *piazza* they were met by the indignant people from the forward carriages exclaiming over the horrors of the most sordid of ugly peasant fairs: a thing of cheap jacks, ready-made clothing to disfigure the peasants, chickens and calves, and not even a decent glass of wine or a place to drink it. The restaurants were foul. There was nothing to do but look at the Della Robbia, and there were "dozens better in Florence," and then go back somewhere for food, Mrs. Dunallen angrily told them.

They were surrounded when they left the carriage and it was only Miss Anderson who saw that Emelie was hanging back.

"I think that I shall not try to cross that crowded place," she said; "my head aches. I think I shall sit in the carriage until you come back."

"I am sorry," Miss Anderson said, and told the driver to wait. She crossed the square—tall, strong, dominant as she had never been in her life before, but as she would always be in the future. The earth force which had been drawn up through her blood and nerves had awakened to life that strong thing on which the spirit lives, and while she lives it will live with her.

Emelie looked at them going away with a hurt self-pity. She felt miserably unhappy. How did people learn all the things they talked about? How could they read all the dull books after they had spent years and years learning the languages in which they were written? What made the difference between the thing they laughed at and the thing they discussed with enthusiasm? She would have felt as though she were still in that maze if she had been capable of visualizing the maze.

"He is just kind to me. He just talks to me"—"He" covering her horizon. "I shall go back to mother, I guess," she thought miserably.

A vagrant memory possessed her mind. Back there in the United States when they were planning their "trip," that "trip" which had spun out in their vision as a vista of following delights, her mother had said that they must buy a "souvenir" of every place they visited. She luxuriated now in the misery of buying a reminder of what she felt was the most miserable day of her life.

Down beside the carriage sat a brown old woman eating roasted chestnuts from a withered claw of a hand. On the ground were set out some pieces of coarse pottery, and dotted here and there among them were rude little pottery figures of men on horseback, the horses with square stiff legs.

Emelie knew how to ask the cost of things in three languages; and now she lifted the nearest of the little figures with her timid "*Quanto costa?*"

The old woman rose hastily with floods of talk, gathering up bowls and plates and trying to press them into the girl's arms, running a horny finger round the rude decoration, ringing the bottoms with a snapping of thumbs. Emelie backed away, repeating her one question. Finally she bought one of the tiny horsemen for the lira which was twenty times its price. With it held tightly in her suede palm she climbed into the barouche and sat for the half hour Miss Anderson and Lossing gave to the church.

Lucy Anderson had passed many a miracle-working madonna and she was

almost self-conscious as she put a piece of money into the box and lighted a candle in the dull little Impruneta church. She formulated no prayer. She was giving thanks that she had no prayer. Life was full of satisfactions.

They drifted back to the carriages, and Emelie, missed for the first time, listened to polite regrets with a droop to her pretty pink mouth that was too pathetic for the self-pity it expressed. She sat silent, looking blankly, unseeing over the visions of old arranged beauty that ages had created.

They stopped at a wayside garden inn and ate *frittura* and half-dried figs while vine leaves fluttered into their plates. Lossing sat beside Emelie, and when she set the rude little figure of the horseman on the checked cloth, he took it in his fingers and turned it round in the sun. "What is this?"

"I—bought it in the square," she said, flushing. "It is nothing; I thought—"

"A captain out of Etruria," he said and ran his forefinger down the curve that made a swagger in the tiny back, just as the peasant woman had marked the coarse green daubs on her plate.

"What is it?" Mrs. Dunallen asked crossly. "Do you mean to say that there was something of value in that place after all?"

"That depends upon what you call valuable," Lossing said. "Miss Clevering appears to have the eye to see the characteristic thing while we are wasting our time on the banal. These little figures have doubtless been sold at that fair ever since it was a fair. The helmet of the captain is Etruscan. See the gallant poise of him! The mold has probably been recast a hundred times, and it is a poor thing now: but he rode out of Etruria."

The respect on all their faces was balm to the sore spirit of the girl. Tears came into her eyes and she held her face shaded under the cup hat so that they might not be seen. The trained conscience that would suggest a denial of taste or knowledge in buying the figure, which would tell that it was an accident, was as far from the girl's comprehension as the taste with which they were crediting her. In that at least she was surely pagan. But then, Nature is pagan.

They rode home in the blue smoke of the late afternoon, and the afterglow was again on the bland slow river, darkness coming furtively in the shadows of the palaces and churches, lurking like some storied forgotten thing in the narrow streets as they left their carriage.

The Duchessa's butler begged Miss Anderson to come into the recesses of the apartment where the telephone was in hiding, to answer an insistent call, and Lossing went up the stone stairs with Emelie. They turned into the great bare salon: dusky, smelling of the years. The girl took her close hat from her head with petulant twists and threw it on a couch. In the light from outside Lossing saw the tears on her white cheeks. He doesn't know—although he thinks he does; and she doesn't know, because all life is a mystery to her, as it must be to anything that Nature moves by instincts in primal ways—*why* or *how*—but there was a murmur, "My poor child!" and Emelie was sighing long sobbing sighs against Lossing's tweed coat.

Miss Anderson found them—and at the sight of her tall figure, her face white in the gloom, Emelie ran away leaving Lossing to explain. What he astonishingly said was, "How good you have been to us!"

He thanked her again, holding her strong hand. It was she, he told her, who had shown him the crystal depths of Emelie's beautiful nature. He had been blind at first. He had looked at her again, and then had confidently followed the sweet attractiveness of the dear girl when he saw that "my friend," as he called Miss Anderson with some emotion, had chosen Emelie to live with her, to be her constant companion.

How beautiful, how wonderful Emelie was! How unerring her feeling, her taste! He held out the figure of the

Etruscan captain as proof of the last: "I shall keep it all my life."

The cut went so deep that it momentarily severed Lucy Anderson's sense of humor. It may be that it never rose again in its former brilliant strength. She had no inclination to twist her lip in the faintest smile, although she saw the situation in all its sharp contrasts. We are continually giving Nature credit for a sense of humor, because the devil has given it to us to divert us from our purposes and compensate us for their loss. Nature goes to the end of her road and cares not at all for the vehicle which carries her there.

Lucy did not jeer at herself then; that came later. Now she said, with sympathy, the word that fixed Lossing in supreme masculine satisfaction. She knew that he never would know, what all his world would smile over, that here was an old formula working: a man of thirty-eight who had become as simple as any Adam under the glance of a young pretty girl who had fallen in love with him. That she was stupid and incredible to his world was a mere detail.

It was Nature's everyday trick that is ever presented with new scenery.

That night after the apartment was still, like a Renaissance conspirator in her red-and-gold gown Miss Anderson took a branched silver candlestick from the Duchessa's dressing table and went as one reluctant into the stone room where Emelie's portrait stood on its easel. The picture was a brilliant thing. It was her child; not her only child but her youngest child. Into it was painted more than poor trifling Emelie in her trappings—more than she, its creator, had in herself: it was a work of art.

Lucy Anderson looked at her work for a long time.

And gradually, as delicately, as inevitably as a chemical reaction it worked its magic. The vibrations that had shaken her, that had brought her here carrying the banal purpose of a hurt woman who had the immemorial impulse of sacrifice, died. The pulse of creation throbbed unobstructed through her at last. She tapped the pool of understanding.

The strong right hand of the artist went against her mouth and then into the air with a high gesture.

"God! It is good!" she said.

FORGOTTEN SPRINGS

BY ALICE CORBIN

SPRING digs furrows in the mind
Like those the farmer cleaves
In soft and willing earth,
Turning this year's leaves
Underneath the soil,
And springs long buried rise,
Exhaling memories
To unremembering skies.

FEMINISM'S AWKWARD AGE

BY ELIZABETH BREUER

IT is astounding to look back and reflect that only eight years ago women went on hunger strikes, families were parted, windows broken, pictures slashed, the whole world of women was ablaze with revolt and rebellion, and even received actual wounds in battle. That battle was won. In this country feminism, as an organized movement of women in great active groups, is over. But in its place is rising a feminism which is a point of view. This point of view expresses itself not so much in sex-consciousness as in the personal self-consciousness of women who are trying to straddle two horses and ride them both to a victorious finish. One of these is the Job—through which woman can express herself as an individual in a world of masculine standards; the other is her love life, which she cannot leave behind if she is to be happy as a woman.

The woman who attempts complete fulfillment in both aspects of her life is a feminist. In endeavoring to do two full-sized jobs at once she sacrifices ease in achievement. I have never met one who was really and truly contented as some old-fashioned mother-women I know are contented. Too many who have jobs wish they were wives, and if they are wives wish they had jobs. If they love without convention they pine for marriage. If they are married they feel they might have accomplished more in the wild waste lands of irresponsible emotions. So it goes, in varying degrees of regret. What, then, is the matter with us?

The matter is that we are at a stage of self-consciousness which makes everything in life difficult, just as individuals reach the awkward age. We do not move easily. We are assertive, angular. We get in everybody's way. We are either too sad or too happy. We are, whether we realize it or not, part of the woman's movement of to-day—a movement which has passed its adolescence, passed the unthinking hurrahs of its first youth, and now is tackling the problems of maturity. This is the feminism of to-day in America of to-day and of this generation.

Talk to a man—or an editor—about feminism and immediately an expression of boredom comes over his face. "Can't you get over your inferiority complex? I thought all that ended when you got the vote." It did seem ended a few years ago when one surveyed the wreckage of feminist organizations and the gropings of women's-rights leaders. While conceding the interest of vast women's organizations in cultural and civic affairs, one felt the preoccupation to be that of bystanders. I almost agreed with the ungenerous critics who denounced woman suffrage as a failure in actual performance, and yet my heart belonged with the women whose earnest, devoted, and sometimes heartbreaking efforts to enlarge the horizons of women, in the face of the apathy of the women themselves, I had so often seen in the course of my work.

Bitter and nervous in a reaction from the war for votes, no one remembers the slowness of the movements which affect race conduct. We forget that any development, any change in human customs that is basic spreads its growth over centuries. We forget that people and movements and sexes are least themselves when they are self-conscious. One sees the self-consciousness, the awk-

wardness, the failure, and does not realize that these are only symptoms of an aliveness underneath.

Only a few years have passed since feminists as groups disintegrated. There was the fascinating and extremely shrewd suffrage general who said, "I'm through. I'm going home now to teach my little girl French and to get a gloss on my nails and hair again." There was the breaking up of the ultra-feminist club. One heard its able and masculine-minded leader praise a young woman who waited on her husband's uncertain habits instead of asserting her rights.

Another leading feminist wrote an editorial article questioning the value of the suffrage victory and stating that the acquisition of souls was the next step forward. One brave figure in a house on Capitol Hill saw that women still get the worst of everything in the legal code and in the industrial world. Girls who had been extremists left their dramatic roles in street processions, jails, etc., and went their simple human ways as wives and writers and interior decorators and actresses and reformers and press agents. They wanted no more drama of causes capitalized, and saw their future simple, direct, and untroubled.

"The old war horse told me we were 'the torchbearers of the future'," one of them said, laughing. The girls around the table laughed with her. Torchbearers of what, and where? They had done their bit. Elsie, for instance, who refused to hand down the sacred flame, wanted fame as a writer and love and a home and children. She married, but children have not come yet, and her intellectual instincts are continually, and for the most part unconsciously, being starved by their—to her—necessary subordination to her husband's interests. She has married into a family which is a permanent institution instead of a temporary group of people held together by love—a family which counts its present temper in terms of the habits of three and six generations back; but into a family and a milieu which is unique in the reality of its crabbed maturity and individualized character.

"They are a Forsyte Saga," she says, "but I don't dare write about them." It is a worn truism that an artist is fed chiefly by his daily experience and contacts. Yet Elsie must deny the artistic validity of her own life because she puts—she must put—her home and her husband and her emotional happiness first. The reality and strength and wit and tears that are in her are pushed to one side. It is only a mediocre tragedy, you will say—one book more or less. But also one soul more or less. The whole world is no greater than that—one soul blossoming or one soul withering. She must choose and divide herself; and it is because many women, everywhere, must choose and divide themselves that her story has importance. Indeed, it is from this division that feminism has taken on new life and a new direction, and that it is again a subject engrossing the minds of intelligent and sensitive women.

This new thinking on women has to do with the true inwardness of woman. It has to do with the functioning of the whole of her, not of any special part. It takes in the realm of her whole conduct, psychic as well as material, and when the woman who is troubled in her own life by a confusion of purposes, resolves it, her solution takes on the outlines of a personal religion—if religion be the complete awareness of one's relation to all of life and harmony with one's inmost truth.

Conservatives and modernists agree that this is the essential problem of women to-day, and their tragedy. To Madame Lombroso, whose deductions in *The Soul of Woman* are so viciously assailed by feminists, "Woman's Altrocentrism creates tragic conditions in her life. As she makes other living creatures the center of her emotions, and as their interests are necessarily different from hers, woman is perpetually placed in the peculiarly difficult position of always having to choose between her emotions

and her interests." From the opposite camp she is met by the observations of Doctor Beatrice Hinkle, the psychoanalyst. Her book, *The Recreating of the Individual*, has stimulated thinking women everywhere. In it she says, "How often is the modern wife sick with an illness for which she cannot account, possessed with all sorts of neurotic symptoms, or filled with an inexplicable dissatisfaction distressing alike to herself and her husband. . . . From my own experience I can state that the important psychological problem of woman affecting her health and well-being is not that of her biological sexual health and its functioning, but the need for an adequate development of her individual possibilities, the bringing forth from herself, without the sacrifice of her feminine and material development, of those masculine functions of independent thought and feeling in the service of herself as a human individual."

Doctor Hinkle quotes a letter from a gifted young woman, written after a year of marriage, to illustrate the many-sided problem of modern wives:

"What men expect from women is appalling! And no idea in John's mind that it is anything extraordinary. The care and the love he expects, no matter what he does. If he is sulky or sick he can act as he pleases. If he doesn't feel like loving me he needn't. But I must always be there. . . . I am not filled with resentment so much as with amazement. So that is what a woman's love means. Self-sacrifice! Maternity! Why wasn't my work as important as John's? Why did I always have to be the one to sacrifice? . . . I see no way for me but to accept the responsibility of independence. Where shall I have the strength for it? It is doing two things; trying to make a home and love a deepening, enriching experience, and at the same time carrying something that has nothing to do with anybody but me—my art. I am like Paul, smitten down with revelation, and yet not like Paul, because I want both God and the devil, and Paul was at least able to be single-minded."

For one woman to undertake so much spiritual responsibility is unjust. Yet it is the sort of thing which is undertaken by women every day. This girl will deny her maternal instinct since she feels she must save something from the destruction of her personality. She compromises. She will love John and maintain his home, but she divorces herself from the care and love of children and so gains a certain amount of time and freedom to do her own work. That she is only cutting herself off from her richest fulfillment doesn't occur to her.

There is a beautiful girl I know who has a husband, a home, and a fine baby; and who, instead of sitting at home and basking in her happiness, struggles with cooking recipes as sub-editor of a magazine. "Why should I struggle with pots and pans when in one week I can make enough to keep a better cook a whole month?" The feminist formula hasn't worked out so well for her. Before she married she had studied to be a concert pianist. Marriage somehow put an end to that. The poignancy, the imperious necessity for self-expression somehow tones down in the mild warmth of the happy domestic hearth. Her job doesn't give her the necessary stimulus so she takes it out in being psychoanalyzed, and resigns herself to her half-world of tempered happiness and regret.

Then there is the girl, highly successful in her profession, with a beautiful apartment, and owing nothing to anybody, who confesses an intense longing for a "home." She is one of thousands of professional women who are willing to lead lonely lives rather than make a compromise with the spirit within them. How many times did you hear in your youth, "She didn't love him, but she married for a home"? Attractive enough, the modern girl denies herself the human warmth she could so easily gain by playing some of the old, dishonest female tricks. But her com-

pensation is a rarer form of happiness—the happiness of an incomplete poet.

The woman who is a complete artist also has this dualism of her nature to face. We went into the Grand Duc in Paris one night last summer to hear Buddy play his drums. The only other persons in the tiny fashionable cabaret were a woman—manifestly aristocratic, with real emeralds and real pearls against her carefully prepared skin—accompanied by two handsome men: dominant and bored and English, splendid in the large spaces of their evening black-and-white. A negress, magnificent in her orange-brown skin and her abundant sensuous body, ablaze with animalism, arose and sang a too coarsely questionable song, and danced—danced a denial of everything civilized, a denial of everything the jeweled lady of station and her forbears stood for. Yet she sat there, in high-keyed and much-voiced animation and appreciation to keep up, in the eyes of the men, with the veiled creature. I spoke about it to one of my companions, a young and arrogant poet. He looked over with contempt at the British lady's loveliness. "X or Y could do her act much better. They've got more beauty, breeding, pride. But they're too spirited and intelligent to spend a lifetime petting one stupid man." The women he mentioned—one a poet, the other a writer of exquisite prose, well-known on both sides the Atlantic—have both paid dearly for their integrity; and whenever a woman does so she becomes as they are: tender toward all women and conscious of the high price women pay for a soul.

Many professors and Dominant Males think that submerging women in their maternity is the only answer to this restlessness and sex-consciousness. It is not possible for a woman to have children in numbers patriarchal enough to stifle completely her hunger to be a person in her own right. It is not that she has not enough mother love in her. Modern economic conditions make it impossible. And her husband would not be complaisant to such a procedure. "I want a child," said a newly wed girl, "but Walter says we cannot lower our living standards any further."

I have a friend who could very well sit in classic friezes as Maternity enthroned. She is the mother of five children. She cooks their food, gives them lessons in French, Dalcroze eurythmics, and every other modern cultural food which they cannot get at the country school. Yet she has her inner hungers, and though she has made her choice—a lusty troop of children and a husband she adores—she wants her own life too. She was a garden architect before her marriage, and I found her the other day typewriting a gardening article, giving the bottle to the latest arrival, and nursing an intermediate young lady who had broken her collar-bone in too vigorous play.

Most married young women—and men—will not accept this kind of responsibility. We will not have the responsibility of working with our own hands at mending stockings, at bathing babies. We will not bear the responsibility of poverty buoyantly, gaily, as our mothers did. We work all day at some stuffy job to pay the hire of some ignorant, unsympathetic nurse for our babies. And as there is no reality in the thousand-and-one jobs which we do—as they are hardly ever jobs that teach us more about life, that make us more brave, that bring us into any contact with the raw sources of vitality—we devitalize ourselves in the name of a higher freedom! We are poorer human beings, often, for all our exercise of freedom. I think it was George Moore who once asked Æ if the poverty of his family did not bear heavily on his conscience. "I give them as much of a chance as I had," the great Irishman answered. No man, or woman, dare do more when the daring means that he must vitiate his spiritual essence.

Women, in winning respect for themselves as individuals, will stop trying to live through the lives of the people

they love. As they grow stronger they will have more respect for the personalities of others and will stop trying to manage the lives of their children.

But, objects the Typical Male, carrying through the whole of this self-expressionistic program makes women too strong. And strong women make men weak. Well, a little weakness (or a little acknowledgment of the weakness in them) will not hurt the masculine contingent. History is choked with the victories of men beset by doubt and sin and weakness. It is only the conquerors, the Napoleons, who are stupid and who in the end see themselves and their works destroyed.

If a man has a job that is bad for him; if he is doing his work under conditions that are galling—isn't it vastly better that he be free to take another chance because his wife can carry the family along on her earnings? And if he should fail utterly and be an idler is he any more negative than the woman who idles and lies her way through life? Sometimes, at that, the wife has much more to give society than the husband. The only true morality is fruitfulness.

The problems of to-day's feminism approach more nearly the problems of artists than they do those of the average man conquering and working in material realms. The average man is not concerned with his soul, nor is he suffering from soul-sickness. His problem, by and large, is concerned with making better and more matches than any other man; with having a bigger and better car and a bigger and better home and family than his neighbor. It is not from the man who does the world's practical jobs, to-day or in the past, that the artist or the poet or the religious martyr has received sympathy and help. It has always been from rather weak men, and from women, that the radiance of understanding has come. Behind every great man there stands a shadowy figure—some woman who saw, beyond and against all reason, the spiritual power of the man who drew his energies from her love. Women understand artists—not necessarily their art—because they, like artists, are absolute creators: creators of flesh and blood, carriers of the divine spirit. Every creator who wishes to approach perfection has a Hound of Heaven dogging his footsteps. The artist (who, with rare exception, must struggle to attain this clarity of the soul) is prepared to sacrifice material things because material things are not essential to his success. But a woman must work her success through human beings, as well as through a pure spirit, and her transition and adaptation to her task is heartbreaking.

She longs for a home, a husband, and children. She longs to give herself completely to her chosen work. She is a human being and has the right; more, it is her duty to society to develop herself in all her capacities. Too often she cannot have both her love life and her career. She shrinks from choosing her career and going on alone. There are enough women who are lonely through inescapable circumstance. But if she takes on the burden of a sensitive and pure relation to her inner forces, she must go where they lead—alone. Every woman who has been of value to the world has had to find her way for herself and establish her own realities. There are no signposts for her. She must put them up for other women. As she does this she makes a change in the conduct of women, and it is a change for the better. It is a change from accepted acquiescences and sometimes slaveries, which are hoary with the praises of men, into a clear and a controlled freedom that pays for what it gets.

She is not really a new woman, fundamentally. Earning her living for the most part, unwilling to take life except on the most absolute terms of honesty, she is simply the old woman come out into the open world. A woman cannot change her morals overnight just because she stands on her own feet financially; but financial independence enables

her to do the things she thinks right, even if she has to fly in the face of conventional manners to do it. Her basic morals spring out of her interests and her emotions; they come with her into life. If she is an honest, sensitive person —and strong—she pays for what she takes out of the world: pays in service to the individuals she loves, pays in her work through the exercise of a vision broadened by experience, compassion, and knowledge.

The feminist who thinks of herself as a conscious factor in this changing process of customs and conduct will make mistakes, sometimes frightful ones. But the error that is done through love and through honesty is not an error in the end. It is a path explored. It is enriching to all human life because it is a finding the way to the truth.

I know of one such feminist who wanted to be self-sufficing to such an extent that she had a child without the blessings of church or state and refused, on principle, to let the father take any responsibility toward his child. She has a small income so that it was possible to carry through her "experiment" with none of the terror of the poor girls who are daily turned out of public institutions, with no home, no work, and the hate of society to make their life a living hell. Indeed, she moved in an aura of sympathy and praise from her friends. She had taken no risks. It did not occur to her, evidently, that to have a child without an acknowledged and permanent obligation to its father is satisfying her ego at a sacrifice of the rights and feelings of the father and the child. Some day, being honest, circumstances will bring her to realize that her child is paying for her present excess of individuality. Who shall say to what an extent a father shapes his young? Who shall say to what extent he is necessary in the psychic development of his child? If psycho-analysis is proof positive, this girl may be storing up a lot of trouble for her young. He may pay all his life for her sense of freedom and power through a distorted and perverted psyche. As her child grows older she will realize that he cannot be used as ammunition in a war.

It is not that children in themselves are an end. Any woman who has sunk herself in her children, if she strips herself of her emotional attitudes and answers from the depths of her heart, knows that at the last they elude her. At last they elude her love and her anxiety. At last they leave her and go their strange ways and she is left, lonely, her vicarious fulfillment snatched from her when she needed it most. So that in the life of every woman—she who despises the feminist idea—there comes a time when she mourns the loss of her individuality. One such was a grand old woman who with courage only and love had come to a strange land, reared her children, and served their children in turn—helping the young into the world, nursing them through childhood, burying the dead; old and feeble she became, but serving, serving always. Her dearest son died and a granddaughter, poor herself, asked whether she should take care of the orphaned little half-sisters. "My daughter, take no more burdens on your shoulders than you must. Children bring their own fate into the world with them. Somehow life will take care of them." A profound nihilism out of this unending well of love—a soul confronted by itself, alone at last, alone and wearied, knowing that the flesh has its own urgencies and will survive.

No one is self-conscious without being solemn. We may be feminists, but consciously our job is just the job of trying to be human beings. We are not pioneers. Life and a modern industrial world has pushed women on to where we can with comparative economic safety maintain attitudes of social or anti-social conduct which women would not have dared a generation or two ago. Our spiritual and æsthetic content is no greater than was our grandmothers' for their day. The machine age, by

needing us to feed it, has given women the chance to express themselves.

The little tradition-bedeviled farmer's wife on my road bobs her hair and writes her little poems, wishing she were as modern as the young people who dash up and down the road. But if she could listen to them she would hear the same old talk of ensnaring the man. So the young feminist who thinks she is finding new modes of conduct is only keeping abreast of her times. As such she is more significant, more a part of the real life about her than was a real rebel like George Sand. She smoked cigars because she liked cigars; yet there are thousands of women who with a singular sameness of taste have ventured only as far as the cigarette—we won't talk of the pipe. She wore men's trousers because that seemed a logical expression for her rebellion. She explored the whole range of a woman's emotions without fear and against an amazed world, because that was her protest against the degraded emotional condition of the women of her class in marriage. In her necessity to be an individual she broke out from the most traditional society in the world. She was a pioneer, and pioneers are always aristocratic. She belonged to that group (few and rare and precious) which in every generation, besieged by the hate and the indifference and the fear of the entrenched multitudes, rejects the banal, sees new truths, feels new beauties, and somehow lives past prejudice and persecution to be honored by the generations which follow.

Yet even such a tradition-breaker and artist found her complete happiness when, through with her youth of trial and error and achievement, she sank back into the age-old institution of family life. Staying up all night to dress a doll for her grandchild was a bliss. She busied herself with a thousand little domestic happenings: with flowers and births and sickness and other human things. And with all this womanly ripeness she sang her little song because she must (so she wrote Flaubert) caring little whether the world would stop to listen, so happy, so content was she at last.

We women too shall drop our awkwardness and learn to sing our little songs in easy robust mood—singing because we must, not caring whether the world listens or not—and we too shall bathe in the love and service of our families.

Feminism is no answer to life. It is no answer to the struggle of doubt and faith that we must go through to find, for each of us, an individual answer. Feminism is an attitude of courage, a positive attitude—an attitude of going forward.

No sensitive woman who wishes to live to the full the possibilities of her nature will admit the defeat to which Madame Lombroso resigns women. For Madame Lombroso, the anti-feminist, there is only one way out: and that is going backward, admitting inferiority and accepting it, hugging old traditions and making the most of them. It is giving too much honor to the past and too little honor to ourselves. We too have something to give to life. We too may, nay must, make our contribution to the sum of rich experience which is all that civilization is. We cannot cripple ourselves at the outset by admitting, or even imagining, that the difficulties are insurmountable. They are not insurmountable and every honest woman who takes her life in her hands and determines to use it bravely and sacredly, to love and to love abundantly, to serve and to serve abundantly, and to do her own work in the world to the limit of her powers—that woman has done a great deed. For herself and for those she loves and for the women to come she has made life a more free, a more noble thing.

Not in retreat is there an answer for the soul-sickness which troubles intelligent women to-day, but in an advance—carrying the pack of love on erect shoulders, past feminism, past sex-consciousness, and out into the open valleys and pitfalls and mountains of plain human maturity.

PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI

A Monarch Who Aided America—and Why

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT still hangs faintly in the air, the last, unfinished melody of the French monarchy. Thin and remote, it seems to drift among the trees at Trianon. Yet sometimes, before it wavers and dies away, one may catch it, like a band of violins busy with a brisk *rigaudon* of Philidor or some solemn concert piece of Pergolesi. Other ages return upon us with a fuller note. Rome was a gust of trumpets across Europe; and the Church may live again in the slow thunder of an organ in a distant aisle. Islam returns in a wailing minor and a strange, regular throb of little drums. The lost empires of the East are found again in a sound of temple bells or a wild clamor of gongs. But of that time the note which still hangs upon the air is a faint throb of busy violins.

The King was a little dull. Perhaps the dwellers in eventful periods seem always a little dull to their sage posterity. Lamentably deficient in perspective, they are in many cases quite disgracefully unaware of their own times. But it is so easy, when one has the wisdom to be born a century later, to appraise the significance of facts. They seem to fall in line, to range themselves processionally, to move off smartly at the word of command towards an inevitable destination. Those insistent drums, one feels, must surely have assailed intelligent ears; that bright banner, which led in the long column of marching circumstance, can hardly have escaped the dull contemporary eye. But to the crowds, which watched them pass, they were a disorderly and divergent throng. It filled the scene; it formed, and shifted, and melted, and formed again; and the air was full of the vague murmur of its movement. There was just (as there always is) a passing welter of events, lacking all symmetry, untuned to any dominant note, and totally unproductive of judicious reflections. This agreeable turmoil is all that contemporaries observe of grave historical events. It may, perhaps, excuse their dulness. Even ourselves, bewildered travelers in an overcrowded train of consequence, may stand one day in need of such posthumous indulgence. But, undeniably, the King was a little dull.

He was never sprightly. To Mr. Walpole, although reminded by him of a Duke, he seemed "an *imbécile* both in mind and body." The great nose jutted from a mild, lethargic face; his lips were set in the fixed smile of ceremony; and he was unhandy in his movements. He had stared, a weak-eyed boy, at the bright, bedizened world where his tall grandfather sat with a surprising Countess, who juggled with oranges at table. Once (but the child can hardly have been present) she threw her powder over the King and called him *Jean Farine*. The waning century was in its third quarter now; and the long round of public scenes—the shuffling crowds at Levée, the Guards, the *cordons bleus*, the staring faces, the whispering at a *lit de justice*—went slowly on in the failing sunshine. They prompted him: and he made the movements of a Dauphin, with solemn airs

MARIE ANTOINETTE

"Glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy."

(A reproduction from an old mezzotint)

at mass and stiff bows for foreign gentlemen who came to Court. They prompted him again: and he stumbled through a wedding in the tall, gleaming chapel at Versailles with a fair girl beside him, who smiled and turned her head. There was a touch of thunder in the air; and when they were back again in the Château, the storm broke. The scene, the long unmeaning scene changed slowly round him. Soon he was standing with his brothers at the foot of a stair, while the King, in a stifling room beyond, muttered repentance to a Cardinal. The old man wavered and failed, and rallied, and failed again. There was a long silence in the great room. A candle was snuffed at a window, and the waiting riders spurred out into France with word that the King was dead. Then he was King himself. More faces stared; there was an ecstasy

of etiquette; and the vague eyes and the unchanging smile looked down from a throne. Sometimes he nearly seemed at ease, when his Queen went riding in the Bois, and he kissed her soundly in a cheering crowd. His air was almost royal as he stood, crowned and in ermine, amongst the candles in the great nave of Reims, whilst a tall girl beside him wept for joy and weariness, and guns and carillons and singing birds proclaimed him. But mostly he went a little heavily with slow, uncertain movements. He seemed to lumber through a world of pirouettes; and in an age of general urbanity he had a rustic air. A fine Italian gentleman found his rusticity almost Iroquois. He seemed *selvaggio*, even *rozzo* to the fastidious observer from Naples. One might almost say that he was born and bred under the sky—*nato ed educato in un bosco*—that he had learned his breeding in a wood.

In a wood, but a quite other wood, his lady lived. It lay, in a most elegant disorder, beyond the straight walks of the Château. That interminable perspective drove, like a knife, towards the two poplars in the west; the trim borders parted neatly as it swept by; and solemn alleys disclosed respectful statuary down grave, rectangular vistas. Somewhere beyond, a decorous avenue ended in a tiny palace of white stone. Built, years before, for Pompadour (and paid for, by a delicious subterfuge, under the solemn rubric of Foreign Affairs), it still kept something of her grace. Its slim pillars seemed to have all the elegance which had held a tired man for twenty years; and in the shapely windows there was, perhaps, a memory of her fine eyes. Beyond it the little paths wandered uncertainly among the trees. They were disposed in the English mode, with rocks and waterfalls in calculated disarray. Plantations out of line, streams that perpetually curved under little bridges, a temple, and a ruin or so composed an odd, delightful blend of the *ton grec* with the *ton chinois*. And there, among the trees, the Queen lived, *petite reine de vingt ans* in her *Petit Vienne* as they called it. Mr. Burke had seen her—"it is now sixteen or seventeen years since"—and his great spectacles still gleamed at the recollection. He saw her "just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy." Mr. Walpole could recall a figure "in silver, scattered over with *laurier-roses*" seen at a *bal-paré*, where "it was impossible to see anything but the Queen. Hebes and Floras, and Helens and Graces are street-walkers to her." But that had been at Versailles. Her true life, like Louis' breeding, was in her wood—*in un bosco*—at Trianon.

M. de Caraman, that accomplished soldier, had planned it. The polite world (other than tax-payers) found it perfect. The Prince de Ligne, stern critic of horticulture, failed to detect a single fault except in a solitary parterre, which offended him by its *air un peu trop ruban;* but he adored the grotto. A lyric Abbé recited some charming couplets on the subject; and a young gentleman contributed to the *Almanach des Muses* for 1780 an elegy (subsequently reprinted in his *Amours*) which did equal credit to his sensibility and his botanical knowledge. Even the King was pleased. Stout, nervous, a little sleepy, he was rarely at ease in company. He preferred the easy contacts of the hunting-field to the grave ritual of his palaces. But he was often at Trianon. Versailles was a *corvée*, where one sat in ceremonial attitudes or wandered, for a blameless distraction, in the high attics to watch the men and horses moving like flies in the great court below. But one could go down to Trianon on a bright morning for breakfast with a smiling, high-colored lady; sit half the day at ease in her garden, reading a book in the shade of

a tall tree; sup with her, play a hand of cards, and drive back to the Château through the cool darkness.

It seemed to lie remote from the busy actual world, where M. Turgot made his economies and M. de Vergennes had his policies—those unending policies which were to regild the fading glories of Versailles. That exquisitely frowning rock, which only learned to frown correctly after fourteen models had passed the royal eye; the artless recesses of the grotto, seven times rehearsed by patient architects; the quiet pools; the stream; the little bridges; those adorable sphinxes, sedately couchant round a marble octagon, smiling eight different smiles and wearing their charming plaits in eight differing modes—one of them (how like a sphinx) *à l'égyptienne* —these made a world separated by exquisite distances from reality. It was a pleasant, summer world, where the light fell slanting through tall trees, while far guns boomed across the Chesapeake and woke strange echoes in French minds. Queens played at dairymaids in becoming hats, or exchanged lambs with duchesses as pledges of village friendship. Gentlemen walked at ease *en frac;* or fluted in bushes on fine nights, disguised as Roman shepherds, whilst the lifting note of hautboys played by two elegant satyrs kept time from an adjacent hedgerow, and a bright blaze behind the little temple outlined the god on his pedestal and gleamed in the dark lake. Sometimes (for even the actresses were unreal at Trianon) a royal lady took the lighted stage in a tiny playhouse of blue silk; to simper through the operatic virtues of *Perrette;* to present *Agathe*, the chaste laundress, ironing linen; to embroider cuffs for a stage valet, the coy offering of a stage *soubrette*. Once her sovereign, smiling in his seat and staring through the myopic haze, ventured upon a hiss. The indignant actress checked her song, swept him a curtsey and, bold as brass, retorted, "*Monsieur, si vous n'êtes pas content des artistes, allez à la porte et on*

THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 6, 1789, AT THE PALACE

"When Paris marched on Versailles and stood outside the palace and roared and waited."

(From the painting by Baader.)

vous rendra votre argent." She took her pleasure with eager hands, as that official knew who, harrassed for a trifle of furniture, once wrote to a colleague, "*Vous connaissez notre maîtresse: elle aime bien à jouir promptement.*" Swiftly indeed she took her pleasure under the trees. For the leaves were falling at Trianon.

Sometimes reality intruded upon them. Once, when the reign was barely a year old, it came surging in through the iron gates below the Château. It flooded the great courtyard, and in the spring sunshine of 1775 it roared for bread below the palace windows. The solemn windows stared as it thundered against the bolted doors; and the busts in the *Cour de Marbre* looked down with their blind, marble eyes. But the great palace stood silent in the sunshine. The bayonets were somewhere out of sight; and, by the King's order, there was no musketry. Then, as the Guards began to muster, he stood in one of the tall windows and spoke from a balcony. But his words died on the uproar; and as he turned away, the boy (he was just twenty) shed tears. It was a wild and testing day, and the world seemed so difficult. He faced it with heavy, tearful eyes; and as the great crowd rolled off towards Paris with the noise and movement of a refluent wave, he moved slowly about the palace.

But reality did not always visit them in such crowded and tumultuous forms. Once it was introduced in a plain suit, wearing the delicious incognito of "Count Falkenstein." He came, imperially, from Schönbrunn to see a royal sister at Versailles, and the sensibility of poets was moved to rapture by the devoted pair:

> *Dis avec moi, ma Glycère,*
> *Rien n'est si bon que le frère,*
> *Rien n'est si beau que la sœur.*

His conversation was, in the main, improving. Joseph was always a little trying. But when he spoke from the double pulpit of an elder brother and a blameless Emperor, he rose to strange heights of good advice. He alluded, in a steady flow, to the vice of extravagance, the impropriety of games of chance, and the undesirability of bad companions. He spoke, with profound emotion, of family life; nor did the prevailing mode of hairdressing pass unnoticed by his stern eye. In vain they tried distractions—Italian opera, a dinner among the trees at Trianon, a ballet, and the *Comédie Française* in a diverting piece. But actors, *corps de ballet*, cooks, and singers plied him in vain; and the relentless stream of good advice flowed on. He even found time (for Joseph was an indomitable sightseer, who was to visit in a crowded lifetime almost all his own dominions) for a few helpful words upon the sights of Paris, of which the King of France was lamentably ignorant. "*Vous possédez le plus bel édifice de l'Europe,*" observed the informing visitor. His patient brother-in-law inquired a little dully, "*Lequel?*" "*Les Invalides,*" was the firm reply, spoken (one feels) with assurance and a slight German accent. Louis had heard so. Shocked by his languor, Joseph pressed him further. Had the King, then, not visited this jewel of his crown? "*Ma foi non,*" said the stout young man. "*Ni moi,* cried his cheerful Queen, "*non plus.*" Her brother turned upon her the unvarying smile of brothers: "*Ah!*" he said, "*pour vous, ma sœur, je n'en suis pas étonné, vous avez tant d'affaires.*" And so, in a cloud of good advice, he departed.

Late in the same year (it was 1777) a more vivid reality came to Court. For the sloop *Reprisal* had made an abominable passage of thirty days from the Delaware; and Doctor Franklin was knocking at the exquisite doors, behind which French policy lurked in the busy mind of M. de Vergennes. The Count was most obliging. For that accomplished man had already reached an intelligent conviction that "Wise and happy will that nation be which will be the first

LOUIS XVI IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB
(Reproduced from an Old Print)

to adapt its policy to the new circumstances of the age, and to consent to see in its colonies nothing more than allied provinces and no longer subject States of the motherland." It was, perhaps, unfortunate that this enlightened view was reached too late for application to any colonies of France; because, since the last war, there were none. But it was sound philosophy; and was not philosophy *à la mode*? It might even serve a loftier end, since England, with an incurable lack of philosophy, still had colonies; and the grand experiment of liberty might well be tried *in corpore vili*. There are few more touching spectacles in history than the degree to which hostility to England reconciles foreign statesmen to the noblest causes. No quest can be too high, no crusade too quixotic, if only its prosecution conduces to the discomfiture of England. Her victims groan unheard for generations until an enterprising rival inclines a sympathetic ear. For the cry of Ireland, the complaint of Egypt, the low call of India have always made a peculiar appeal to her enemies. The Thirteen Colonies were not unfavorably placed, since M. de Vergennes was already proclaiming that *le moment est venu de venger les puissances maritimes de la suprématie insolente de l'Angleterre*. Such a view was not unpromising for the Colonies. His grasp of the major issue of taxation was uncertain; and perhaps the finer feelings of one who had observed without undue distress the First Partition of Poland might be a trifle blunted. But he felt no doubt of his country's attitude to England: *Il faut la faire rentrer dans l'ordre des puissances tributaires où elle a réduit la France, lui ravir l'empire qu'elle prétend exercer dans les quatre parties du monde, avec autant d'orgueil que d'injustice*. That was a conviction, by the clear light of which a man might take his way through the mazes of American policy. Nice questions of taxation, the awkward problem of belligerent recognition, points of blockade and prize, could all be solved by a simple craving for *revanche*. That it had little reference to the heroic colonists was immaterial. Their cause would serve to thrill the *salons*, to flush

young ladies at Versailles with thoughts of liberty, to ship young gentlemen overseas—*braves comme leurs épées, pleins de courage, de talents, et de zèle pour notre cause*—in defence of the mysterious sanctity of representative institutions. But French statesmanship had other thoughts behind the pale gilt tracery of its exquisite doors, where the lyre, the tripod, and the sphinx replaced the Loves and bouquets of a more frivolous time. Under Louis XV it had laughed a little wrily at defeat. But under Louis XVI it remembered bitterly the long war with Mr. Pitt, the sunken fleets and the lost colonies. A second war might revive commerce and win new sugar islands. It might, above all, break England and regild the lilies. Had not Choiseul foreseen it, when he wrote twelve years before, *La révolution d'Amérique remettra l'Angleterre dans l'état de faiblesse où elle ne sera plus à craindre en Europe?* To miss that simple path would have required less than a man, less than a Frenchman; and when M. de Vergennes followed it, it brought him straight to the American alliance.

His royal master was advised of the course of French policy. He stared with heavy eyes at a long memorial by Vergennes, and he heard Turgot object at Council. But Turgot always objected, and Vergennes was full of reasons. So his country drifted into the last war of the French monarchy, while Doctor Franklin sat writing in his room at Passy, and persons of fashion cultivated the republican virtues, and Versailles watched the smoke curl slowly above the royal workshop or heard the faint echo of the King's hunting horns. His ministers, after a year of gun-running, grasped at the new alliance. There were long talks at Mr. Deane's in Paris, hasty copyings and recopyings at Passy; and at last, on a Friday, the treaties were signed. *Les insurgens* were promoted to alliance with the Most Christian King. Then Doctor Franklin had his audience, dressed in his best. He wore no powder on his head, plain silver buckles, white stockings, and a dark suit; and Madame Campan was enraptured by this *costume d'un cultivateur américain*. Unsuited, perhaps, for agriculture, it was yet in exquisite contrast with Versailles. Simplicity had been preserved, without disrespect. The fur cap—that "martin fur cap among the powdered heads of Paris"—was laid aside. But when they saw the gray hair of the sage, it was felt that the new Republic had appeared in character. Royalty murmured two formal sentences "with manly sincerity"; and the dazzled embassy withdrew. That night the Queen at cards desired Doctor Franklin to stand near by her, "and as often as the game did not require her immediate attention, she took occasion to speak to him in very obliging terms." So reality came to Court in the early spring of 1778.

It came again to Versailles in the years that followed, seeking to pay the price of Doctor Franklin's treaty and M. de Vergennes' crusade, which France could ill afford. Once it walked in procession over wet pavements on a May morning in 1789, when the States General went down to their first meeting and Bishop Talleyrand limped in canonicals behind the bulk of M. de Mirabeau. Once again it streamed, under umbrellas, into a tennis court and took an oath. But it came for the last time on a dull October day, when Paris marched on Versailles and stood outside the palace and roared and waited. Somewhere beyond Meudon there was the crack of fowling-pieces in the woods, where the King was shooting. But the Queen was among the fading autumn flowers at Trianon. There was a pale gleam of sunshine; and she sat among the fallen leaves beside her grotto. Then a scared boy brought her a letter. She read, and turned for the last time towards the white house among the trees, where the leaves had fallen. She had a mind to run down the long walk to the Château; but she waited for the carriage and they drove to the palace. The King returned from

shooting; and as the light faded, the crowd still surged in the rain beyond the railings. That night they tried to sleep. La Fayette marched in at midnight and placed his sentries. But Paris swept in at dawn. There was a little killing in the palace, as she ran half dressed through the great empty rooms to sanctuary with the King. Then, as the slow day came up, the place was cleared; and she stood with La Fayette on a great balcony above the *Cour de Marbre*. The square was packed with faces, and the busts in their niches looked down with blind marble eyes. The whole courtyard was thundering at her; someone pointed a musket; but La Fayette took her hand and knelt to her on the balcony. The clouds drifted above the palace; and after noon, as the rain shut down on the short autumn day, they drove through the din down the long road to Paris. The guns, the pikes, the cries, the faces seemed to run all the way from the great square before the palace to the reeling city. For the King had left Versailles, left Trianon, left his woods and gardens and all the grace of gilt and candles. Before nightfall they were in the shadow of Paris. It screamed, thrust torches in their faces to look, and thundered round them like a sea in flood. But behind them at Versailles, in the silence and the darkness of the *Cour de Marbre*, the busts still looked down with their blind marble eyes.

The coach jolted down the long street towards the packed and roaring square. He read his prayers in the closed carriage; and as the tall, shuttered houses slid past the window, he thought —he must have thought—of a woman; of a tall girl with gleaming hair; of a smiling Queen among the trees at Trianon; of a haggard woman, who waited still in a tall tower with narrow windows. For he had loved her in his heavy, fumbling way; and as the coach jolted on, his love was ending. He drove down the long street between the silent houses, still reading in his corner; and the soldiers stood to watch the coach go by. They fingered their muskets or sat their horses in the cold morning; and the pale flame of burning matches flickered beside the guns as the coach rumbled past. There was no other sound. The lonely carriage checked in the great square. But he read on in his corner; for the prayers in his hand were the prayers for the dying. When they were finished he stepped out; and the day struck cold as he stood for a moment at the foot of a ladder. An unceasing thunder of drums troubled his ears; and he said, a little sharply, "*Taisez-vous.*" Then he stripped his coat and they bound him. He spoke a sentence; and as the drums broke out again he looked out across the staring faces towards the square palace and the palace garden and the pale winter sky. Perhaps he made as if to speak again. Perhaps he was silent to the end. He knew now, as he saw the tall machine, that he had lost her. If any cry rose in him it was the formal, sweet lament which had wailed so often through the busy violins at Trianon. *J'ai perdu*—he was on the reeking planks now, above the crowd—*j'ai perdu mon Eurydice*. So she was lost; and he, at last, was silent; and still the violins come wailing down the wind in the last, unfinished melody of the French monarchy.

MEMOIR OF A LAUNDRY SLIP

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

ONE midsummer morning several years ago I was standing in the midst of a long line of fellow unfortunates, aviator prisoners of war in Germany, waiting to be examined by the captain in charge of that branch of service at the prison camp at Karlsruhe in Baden. We were ushered, one by one, into a large bare room where we removed our clothing, placing on a table in front of the captain such small articles as we chanced to have in our pockets. A *Feldwebel* then examined the clothing, garment by garment, and when satisfied that nothing had been concealed there he surveyed with painstaking and rather embarrassing thoroughness our naked bodies. This was the fourth search for contraband we had undergone in as many weeks, but Captain B— of the British Royal Air Force had still a compass, almost microscopic in size, and Lieutenant E— of the U. S. Air Service had thus far kept possession of a map on oiled silk, of the Swiss and Dutch frontiers, by attaching it with adhesive tape to the bottom of his foot. When my turn came I waited with confidence and as much dignity as my naked condition would permit while the captain took note of the contents of a small cloth-bound pocket book.

"What is this?" he said, regarding me severely. He held up a fragment of note-book paper, bearing, as nearly as I can remember, the following inscription:

4 chemises	*1*	*fr.*
6 paires de chausettes	*.60*	
2 paires de pyjamas	*1*	*fr.*
10 cols militaires	*1*	*fr.*
	3.60	*fr.*

Pour acquit—Mme. Bernard

"It is a laundry slip," I replied.

"Who is Madame Bernard?"

"She is a laundress in France."

He turned the paper over in his fingers, smelled of it, held it against the light.

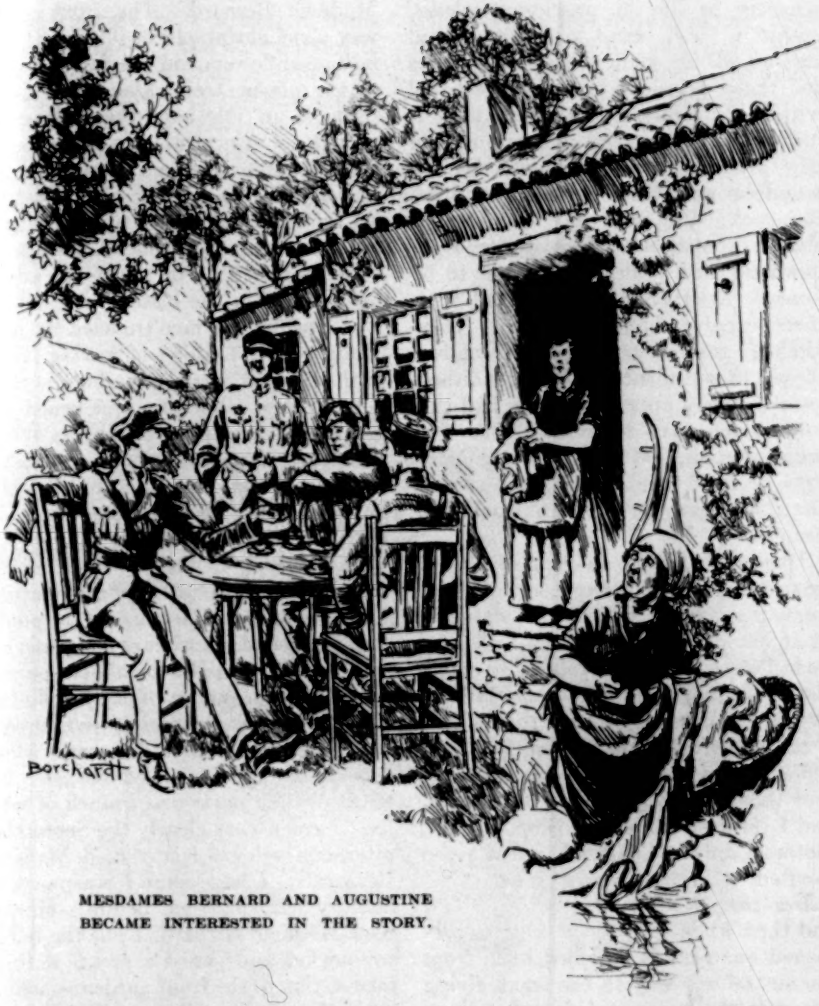
"Is it your custom," he said at length, "to save old laundry slips?"

"No," I replied, "but I hope—"

"Then why have you kept this one?"

Had there been time I believe that I might have quieted the suspicions of this very suspicious *Hauptmann*, but there were many prisoners yet to be examined and such explanation as I was able to give at the moment was not satisfactory. The laundry slip with its supposedly cabalistic inscription was confiscated and, for anything I know to the contrary, it may be filed away at this moment in the archives at the German War Office. I sincerely regretted the loss of it. Perhaps some more sympathetic auditor will permit me, even at this late date, to explain why.

In France, on the Aisne front not many miles from the town of Soissons, there is, or was in 1917, a stone farmhouse which stood on the bank of a small river. From the doorway of the house, shaded by an ancient poplar tree, one had a charming view of a little valley, inclosed and sheltered by low green hills, and of an unimportant country road which seemed to leave it reluctantly, mounting the slope to the eastward. Sometimes, sitting at the table in the front garden, one could hear high overhead the whimper of passing shells, and their far-off detonations would rattle the dishes on the table and cause a slight stir among the leaves of



MESDAMES BERNARD AND AUGUSTINE BECAME INTERESTED IN THE STORY.

the ancient poplar tree. At night the reflected glow of trench rockets could be seen along the northern horizon; and at all hours of the day and night the air vibrated with the drone of aëroplane motors of the patrols going to and from their flying fields on the plains beyond. But all of this seemed to belong to another world. The little valley lay inviolate in the midst of desolation and the farm, which was called La Ferme de la Petite Vallée, had a special peace of its own—a sunny quietness which all the bellowing mouths of war seemed powerless to disturb.

Madame Bernard lived here with her sister, Mademoiselle Augustine. Madame Bernard's husband and son were at the front. Mademoiselle Augustine shared with her the labors of the household. They were both of middle age, quiet, cheerful, hard-working women with ample bosoms, broad shoulders, and stout red arms. They wore their hair done up in tight knots on top of their heads. They seemed to find their chief

pleasure in life in providing *salades, omelett s,* fresh bread and butter, and *café au lait* for soldiers, and their prices for these priceless luxuries were well within the limits of a soldier's modest income. They washed clothes, too: one day Madame Bernard would be the laundress and Mademoiselle Augustine the cook; the next day they would change occupations. They worked from dawn till dusk and seemed never to be weary. Whatever they touched with their capable hands thrived. Their kitchen garden provided an endless supply of succulent red beets, radishes, lettuce, mealy potatoes. They had two cows which gave more milk than five ordinary cows; and their hens laid larger eggs, more of them, and more regularly than any other hens in northern France.

During the early autumn of 1917 I was attached for a time to a French pursuit squadron which was stationed at an aërodrome not far from La Ferme de la Petite Valée. Patrols going out to the lines often assembled over Madame Bernard's house. As I write these words I can see vividly the diminutive Spad biplanes of my squadron drawn up before the hangars, ready for the sortie; and I can hear above the deep throb of motors Captain Chardon's voice as he shouted, "*Rendez-vous à deux milles metres chez Madame Bernard!*" Now and then when pressed for time we delivered our parcels of soiled linen from the air, on our way to the front, flying low over the house and dropping them into the garden. Once, I remember, Lieutenant Villiers, as the result of a wager, attempted to deliver his laundry from a height of ten thousand feet; but the parcel was insecurely fastened and burst open in the air. Socks, handkerchiefs, shirts, pajamas were distributed all along the Aisne sector. Not a garment or the fragment of a garment was ever recovered.

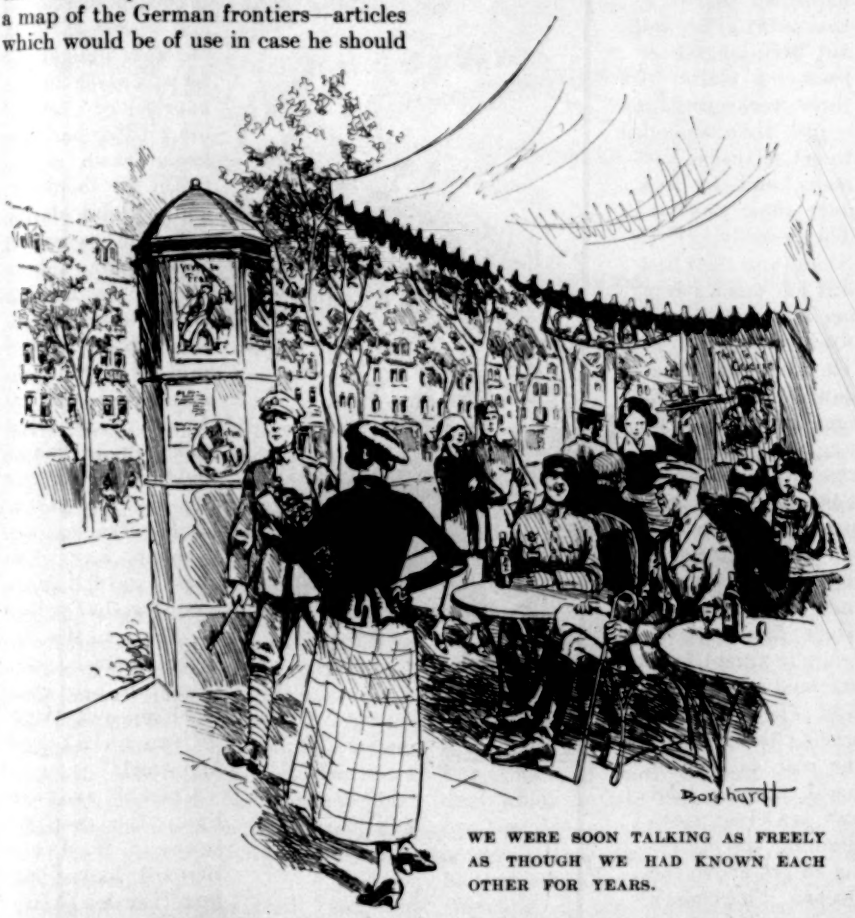
When the front was quiet and we had only the customary two patrols per day to perform, we carried our parcels to Madame Bernard. The front garden was a delightful place, filled with old-fashioned flowers and the dappled shade of the poplar tree. One could dream through an idle hour there pleasantly enough. Cocks crowed in the barnyard and butterflies fluttered through the afternoon sunshine. One could all but forget the reality of war in that quiet spot, but most aviators, I believe, liked better to remember it. For theirs was adventure unique in the history of mankind. Never before had men traveled the fields of air, to say nothing of having fought in them: that was a splendid assurance —it kindled thought, quickened the blood. Always from the depths of consciousness came a monotonous jubilant song, like that of a bird hidden in a green wood: "There is something new under the sun!"

At any hour of the day one could be sure to find a group of off-duty airmen sitting around the table under the poplar tree, men of all branches of aërial service: day bombers, night bombers, pursuit pilots, reconnaissance pilots, air photographers, machine gunners — discussing their adventures in a language which was becoming specialized to meet the needs of their particular branch of service. I recall very clearly the September afternoon when I last visited Madame Bernard's. I had come for a parcel of laundry left the week before. Having paid Madame Bernard, I put the bill in my pocket and joined a group of three men sitting in the front garden, smoking their pipes in lazy silence. There was a Canadian reconnaissance pilot, a French lieutenant—member of a famous *escadrille de chasse*—and an American attached to a British pursuit group. We were all good friends, having met there at least three times before. The Canadian had lost his right leg below the knee in the infantry in the early days of the War. It had been replaced by an artificial limb and, finding that this would not discommode him greatly, he had asked and been granted permission to transfer to the Air Service as a

machine gunner in a squadron flying two-seater planes. We were curious to know how this artificial limb was attached. He showed us the mechanism, and with particular pride a little secret compartment in the stump which contained a compass, a small steel saw, and a map of the German frontiers—articles which would be of use in case he should

telling twenty-five years from now, when they've had time for meditation upon their war-time experience! Tall ones? Wow!" with a gesture expressing the limitless possibilities of expansion.

The Canadian took his pipe from his mouth.



WE WERE SOON TALKING AS FREELY AS THOUGH WE HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS.

one day be taken prisoner. We examined this with interest, then fell silent again. Overhead the planes of Spad 76 were assembling before going out to the lines, the faint hum of the motors seeming to accentuate rather than disturb the stillness of the little valley. We watched them idly for a time and presently the American said, apropos of nothing:

"Think of the yarns airmen will be

"Time for meditation?" he said. "There's no need for it. How are you to improve upon stories of aërial experience? The bare fact of most of them is better than any possible or impossible fiction could be."

There was another interval of silence. At length the American said, "Well, let's have it. What's this big yarn that can't be improved?" And the Canadian

with the artificial leg, having aroused the expected interest, began:

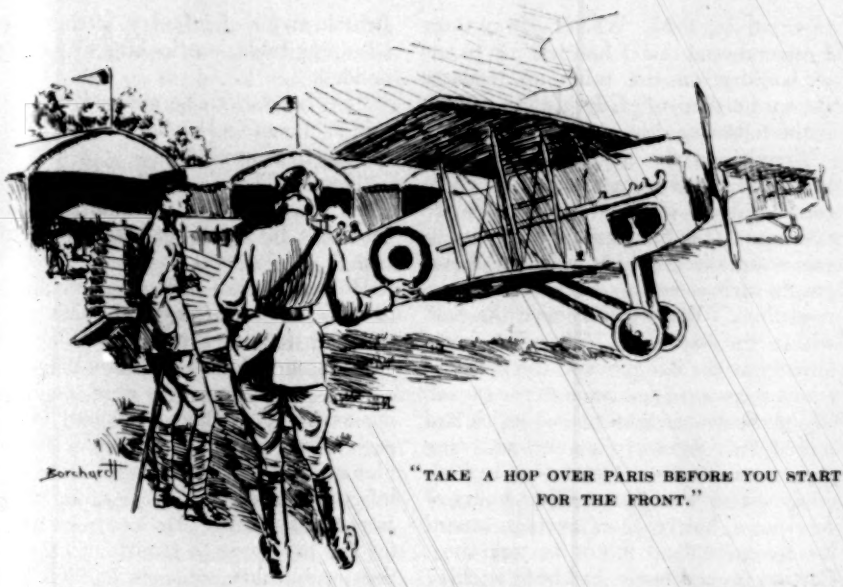
"Have any of you ever come across our Third Day-Bombing squadron? You may know the insigne—a rattlesnake with his fangs in the neck of a German eagle. Well, what I'm about to tell you happened to two of that outfit. They had not been long at the front—a matter of three weeks perhaps—just time enough to get settled in barracks and to look over their sector. They were flying D-H Nines, and their first real job was a morning raid to the railroad yards at Metz. They left the field at dawn, dropped their eggs, and were on the way home when they ran into a swarm of Fokkers. What happened is neither here nor there, except as it concerned the two men I'm speaking of. They found themselves in a tight hole, hemmed in on every side. The gunner was serving his Vickers to the rear as best he could, and his pilot was making steep climbing turns, trying to get above the Boches. Fine chance of doing that in a crowd of single-seaters! He soon saw that it was useless. Then what did he do but shove his stick clean forward and dive with full gas! He was so rattled he hadn't thought to shut down his engine or to warn his gunner; and as it happened his flying partner wasn't strapped in. The tail, coming up with a jerk like that, pushed him right out of the cockpit. He held to the handles of his gun and the strain jerked them loose from the rail. The next minute the gunner found himself three miles high with nothing between him and France but so much air.

"Now the pilot didn't know that he had lost his gunner. The possibility had not crossed his mind. He was too busy making himself small and scarce to think of what might be happening to the poor devil behind him. He had his head drawn in between his shoulders, and without daring to turn it, was rolling his eyes from side to side on the lookout for the tracer bullets of the Boches. Not seeing any, he remembered to throttle down, and then pulled up in line of flight. Just as he did this his plane gave a lurch, nosed up in a peculiar way, lost speed, and fell off on a wing so that he had to dive into the slip before he could look behind to see what had happened. What do you think *had* happened?"

THE FRENCH PILOT WAS ATTIRED IN PAJAMAS AND BEDROOM SLIPPERS

Cries of protest broke the deep silence. Madame Bernard looked up from her washing board on the river bank, and Mademoiselle Augustine hurried to the doorway with a plate and a dishcloth in her hand. The Canadian smoked impassively but there was a ghostly twinkle in his eyes.

"It's a fact!" he said. "I had this from a pilot who had it from a sergeant mechanician of the Third Squadron. That gunner had landed a-straddle of the fusilage after a fall of three thousand



"TAKE A HOP OVER PARIS BEFORE YOU START FOR THE FRONT."

feet. He got a grip on the edge of the cockpit and pulled himself in. The plane is still tucked away in the corner of a hangar at their squadron headquarters. The C. O. indented for a new bus but they didn't take the dent out of the old one. It's as deep as half a hogshead; and when they tell the story to visitors, the gunner—who is still in service—gets astride of the fusilage just as he landed—it fits him like a saddle—and the C. O. says, '*Voilà!*' triumphantly. There you are. Of course, take it or leave it as you like. But what I'm getting at is that the stories we'll be telling at reunions twenty-five years from now won't need any frills—no place to tack 'em on."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the American, reflectively. "It seems to me that something might be added even to this yarn. You say that the pilot didn't know he had lost his gunner. But you might make him a little more curious to learn what had become of the Germans behind him. Well, looking back he finds to his amazement that instead of Boches, his flying partner is hurtling over and over in the air above him. Then you must say—and you will be saying it in a few years' time, and believing it too—'Now this particular pilot was one of the best in the service as well as the worst practical joker unhung. What do you suppose he did? He dived in front of his gunner for three thousand feet, teasing him into thinking he was going to let him splash, then ducked under and gathered him in only fifty feet from the ground!'"

The French lieutenant, who had listened with great interest to this narrative, then proceeded to relate an incident which he said was even stranger, less credible. Unfortunately I was to hear only the beginning of his story. He had no more than started when a plane, traveling at top speed, passed over Madame Bernard's house so close that the wind from the propeller fanned our faces and showered the table with leaves from the poplar tree. The pilot made a steep bank and returned, looking down at us over the side of the car and waving his arm vigorously as he passed. It was a plane from my own squadron. Evidently I was wanted, so having said a hasty good-by I hurried up the road

to the flying field. When halfway there I remembered that I had left my parcel of laundry on the table in Madame Bernard's garden. I decided to call for it the following day.

Arriving at the aërodrome I learned that orders had been received for three escort patrols of three planes each, to accompany the machines of a reconnaissance squadron which was to photograph various sectors back of the German lines. We were to leave the field within the half-hour. The pilots were already at the hangars and the mechanicians were getting the motors started. My plane was an ancient one which had served two former pilots before being passed on to me. The motor had already given more than eighty hours of service—a better than average record for an aëroplane motor in war time. Cartier, my mechanic, had been working over it since early morning; at last he gave up in despair. Throwing out his hands with that expressive Gallic gesture, "*C'est impossible!*" he said, "*Voilà tout!*" Folding his arms he turned his back on it. Captain Chardon was superintending the departure of the patrols. "Now then! Off you go!" he said to me. Of a sudden he slapped his hand to his forehead. "But I remember! This is that ancient *coucou!*" "*Oui! mon capitaine!*" said Cartier. "*Vous avez bien raison! Il a dejà fait son devoir, ce coucou-çi. Il peux plus.*" "Well, it's time you had a new one," said the captain, turning to me. "You can't go on this patrol, that's certain." He looked at his watch. "There's just time for you to catch the four o'clock train for Paris. Hurry up! And tomorrow go to Le Bourget and fly back as soon as you can with a new Spad."

Three hours later I was in Paris. I had my coffee that evening in front of a café on the Boulevard des Capucines. While sitting there watching the passing crowds I fell to thinking of the story the Canadian machine gunner had told that afternoon. Then I noticed that a British major of infantry, sitting at an adjoining table, was looking at me. He nodded.

"I'd be glad to be amused, too," he said. "I confess I've been watching you smiling to yourself."

"Jove! That *is* a tall one!" he said, when I had told him the story. "But I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were true."

He was a man well along in middle life, with a youthfulness of spirit and a capacity for interest in anything and everything which made him a delightful chance companion. We were soon talking as freely as though we had known each other for years. He was in the regular army, he told me, and had been an infantryman since the beginning of his career as a soldier. He had been trying for the past year to transfer to the Air Service but his petitions had all been refused because of his age.

"You airmen have the best of it in this War," he said. "Yours is the only branch of service with an element of romance in it, and a soldier needs that—it is the only reason for his being a soldier in so far as he has any choice in the matter. Let me tell you of an incident which happened about three months ago. It was not particularly romantic, I suppose, but it seemed so to me after sitting in mud holes waiting to be killed these past three years.

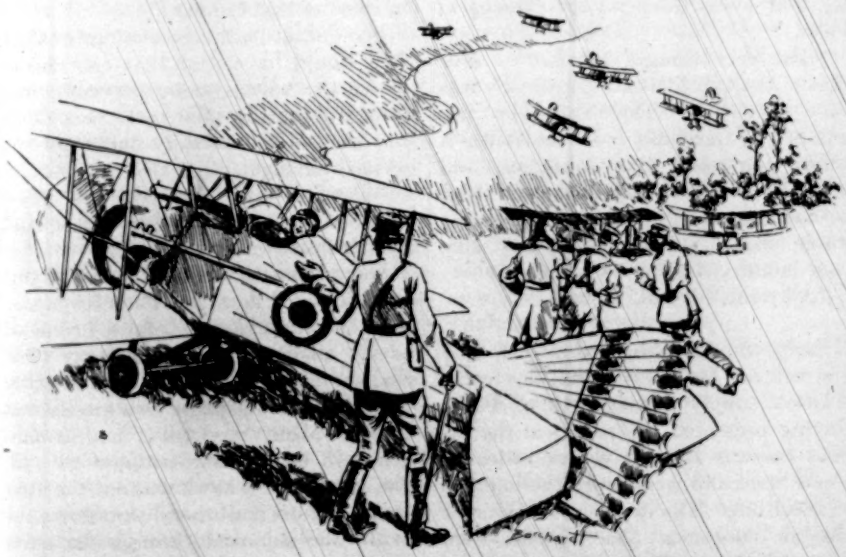
"My regiment was on the Somme at the time, with very little to do except to hunt for fleas, read old letters from home, and wonder when the War would end. One morning, a little after dawn, we witnessed a splendid battle over our sector—two planes going at it hammer and tongs about half a mile above us. They were as game as possible, those two pilots. First one had the advantage, then the other. I was watching them through my glasses. I had never before seen such skillful maneuvering for position. The fight must have lasted about ten minutes and it ended right over our trench. The German lost. His plane crashed in No Man's Land not one

hundred yards from where I was sitting. The victor was a Frenchman. He had landed near the Boche. I was surprised and worried at this, thinking that he might not have known where he was. The German infantry turned machine guns on him at once. I saw him jump out of his plane and disappear in the grass, and was beginning to think he had been killed when we heard him hail us from beyond the wire. I sent a sergeant out through a sap to show him the way in. He had not been hurt but had been forced to land, the German pilot having shot his motor full of holes with his last burst of fire.

"He had on only a pair of pajamas, with bedroom slippers on his feet—it was fearfully hot weather just then. I can't tell you how odd he looked in that costume in a front-line trench. He had crawled out of bed to go on early patrol and had not bothered to dress, expecting to be back at his aërodrome in time for coffee.

"Well, he didn't get back then or later. I had written an order on our Brigade Headquarters requesting that a car be placed at his disposal to take him to his flying field, thirty miles away. And just then the Germans opposite us decided to make an attack. We had been expecting it for several days and it came before the ink was dry on the order I had written. It opened with a fairly heavy bombardment: we had a hell of a time while that was on and lost a good many men. Then the infantry came over—it was one of those local shows along a half-mile of front and lasted about two hours. This Frenchman was as good a soldier on the ground as he was in the air. I told him to lie low in my dugout but he wouldn't hear of it. He lobbed Mills bombs over with the best of them and was killed while doing it—shot through the head. He was a fine young man, a soldier in the best sense, and he could not have wished a better end. We buried him just as he was, in his pajamas—the slippers had been lost in the excitement of the battle. I still have the order on our Brigade Headquarters I'd written for him.

"You know," he added after a brief silence, "I've never kept a diary, but for many years now I've saved trifles of various sorts to remind me of certain



"ALLEZ! EN ROUTE!" SAID CAPTAIN DU PONT. "YOU'RE DUE AT BELFORT."

events. It's surprising what vivid reminders they are, too. That service order, now: some day (years hence, perhaps) I'll run across it and remember that young French aviator, down to the letters of the monogram on the breast pocket of his pajama coat—and I shall be able to recall the events of that morning a thousand times more vividly than I could if I had set down the record of it in a notebook. I shall remember this meeting, too, and the story you've told me, and the flavor of this very good sherry. My system is vastly better than Pelman's—let me urge you to try it. What, for example, have you to bring back twenty years from now the memory of this evening? You've just told me that you have come to Paris to fly back with a new plane. You are not likely, of course, to forget so happy an event as that; but the color and texture, so to speak, of this evening you will forget without something to bring it all back to you."

"Well," I replied, "I have a laundry slip."

I told him then of La Ferme de la Petite Vallée and how I'd gone there for my laundry that afternoon, little thinking that I was to spend the evening in Paris.

"The very thing!" he said. "Save that! And this little adventure of yours isn't over yet. There may be any number of incidents connected with it before you rejoin your squadron; and you'll be certain to forget many of them without some visible reminder of the whole sequence. By all means save your laundry slip!"

"All right," I said, "I will."

Early the following morning I took a street car for Le Bourget, the great aviation supply depot north of Paris. Having presented my papers at the various bureaus I was given an order for a new Spad and went on to the hangars to select one. The depot at Le Bourget was an enormous one. There were scores of hangars filled with hundreds of planes ready for service at the front. In the Spad Division I met a young test pilot whose business it was to try out new machines as they came from the factories.

"*Ah, mon vieux!*" he said, "I've just the bus for you! I tried it out not half an hour ago."

"What is it?" I asked. "A one hundred and eighty?"

"Yes, and the engine built by the Hispano-Suiza people themselves. It's not one of those botchy contract jobs out of a war-time factory. Come on! You can see for yourself."

At that time Spad pursuit planes with motors of two-hundred and two-hundred-and-ten horse power were being built but they were still in the experimental stage and not at all reliable. The one hundred and eighties, on the other hand, were splendid motors and a Spad plane equipped with one could out-maneuver, out-climb, and out-fly the best German combat plane of that period.

"You are making no mistake," my companion said, "in choosing a Spad one-eighty. As for this particular one"—he kissed the tips of his fingers—"she's a marvel! Look! There she is in front of that hangar."

She did, in truth, seem a living thing. One would have said that the chocks under the wheels alone prevented her from leaving the solid earth, so lightly was she poised, so ready and eager she seemed for flight.

"Try her out!" said the test pilot. "Take a hop over Paris before you start for the front."

Having plenty of time I acted on this suggestion. I flew over Paris for nearly an hour, surveying it from a height of twelve thousand feet, and never from that morning have I been able to think of a Spad pursuit plane as a mechanical thing. Mine, assuredly, had intelligence—a soul, I am tempted to add. She soared like a hawk without the least seeming effort and when I shut down the motor she skimmed through the fields of air singing softly to herself without

a false note. I was reluctant to come down to earth even for a moment but I wanted to disburden myself of a little of the debt of gratitude which I felt was owing to the *receptionaire* pilot. Landing at Le Bourget I taxied up to the hangar, where I found him busy with another plane.

"Well, how does she do? Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Vastly more than that," I replied. "I'm very grateful to you."

"Oh, don't speak of it. She's a fine little ship—as nearly perfect as they make them in these days. But you'd better fill your tank, hadn't you? You've been gone about an hour."

We chatted for another five minutes while mechanicians replenished the gasoline. Gasoline! What a name for the priceless ichor which flows through the heart of an aëroplane motor! And motor! What a name for the tenement housing the soaring spirit of a plane! And plane!—but the circle is as vicious as the names inclosing it.

Leaving Le Bourget I followed a northeasterly course along the railroad line that runs from Paris to Soissons. I had been flying only a few minutes when the aërodrome at Le Plessis Belleville came within view. To all pilots in the French Air Service this village was known as "G. D. E."—an abbreviation for *Groupe des Divisions d'Entrainment.* It was the depot for new pilots, as the one at Le Bourget was for new planes. Newly fledged birdmen were sent here to await assignment to squadrons at the front, and while waiting they perfected themselves in machine gunnery, acrobacy, group flying, and combat tactics. I descended for a closer view of that familiar spot. The air was alive with planes: Spads, Nieuports, A-R's, R-Elevens, Letords, Voisins, Sopwiths, Salmsons, Breguets. I saw the usual group of aviators in front of the commandant's office, eagerly scanning the assignment lists on the bulletin boards.

It was a quarter to ten when I landed at our aërodrome on the Aisne sector. Several off-duty pilots were loafing at the hangars, Lieutenant Villiers among them.

"Hello!" he said, "what are you doing back here? Oh! I remember; you've been to Le Bourget, haven't you? How's the new bus?"

I gave him a brief account of the flying qualities of my new Spad.

"A good thing," he said, "you'll have a chance to test her out before evening. Your outfit has gone, you know."

"Gone! Gone where?"

"Down to the Swiss border, I think. They were detached from the group for special duty of some sort. Oh! by the way, here's a parcel of laundry belonging to you—at least Madame Bernard said it was yours. You left it on the table in her front garden."

Just then Captain Du Pont came up.

"You're back, are you? Well, off you go again! You're to follow your squadron to Chaux, near Belfort. The others left at dawn this morning."

"What are we to do there?" I asked.

"I don't know. Break your journey at Toul and go on right after lunch."

The mechanics and the rest of the squadron's non-flying personnel had left in motor trucks the night before, taking our belongings with them. I had nothing to carry but my parcel of laundry which I placed on the seat under me. Just before I left the field the planes of a daylight bombing squadron were returning from a morning raid. They had been attacked on the way home and the machine gunner of one of the planes killed. He was hanging, arms down, over the side of his cockpit as his pilot taxied across the field.

"*Allez! En route!*" said Captain Du Pont. "This doesn't concern you—he's dead, poor chap! You're due at Belfort."

I stopped for gasoline at a flying field near Toul and had lunch with the pilots of a reconnaissance squadron there. They had recently captured intact a German reconnaissance plane which

they were using to good advantage in their work. The two men assigned to it had had many interesting and tranquil adventures far back of the enemy lines. They had landed spies and made observations without being molested thus far. Their only danger lay in crossing the French lines, when they were attacked by their own anti-aircraft batteries, and once they had barely missed being shot down by a patrol of French Spads. In order to lessen this danger, tricolor *cocardes* had been made on strips of cloth and these were attached to rollers operated by strings from the observer's seat, so that he could cover or uncover the German crosses at will. The rollers were very ingeniously concealed and could not be detected unless one made a very careful examination of the plane. The talk at mess that day was of a hazardous visit to be made in this machine to an enemy flying field near Metz. The pilot and his observer, both Alsatian Frenchmen who spoke German fluently, were to land at the enemy aërodrome for gasoline and information.

At one-thirty I was again on my way to Chaux. My engine ran beautifully. I climbed to seventeen thousand feet, far above a mass of cloud blowing up from the southwest, which at length cut off all view of the earth. During this lonely flight I witnessed a battle which began and ended with the suddenness that usually marks an aërial combat. The two planes were widely separated when I first saw them, more than a mile below me, and considerably to the left of the course I was following. Whether hostile or friendly, or both, it was impossible to determine at that distance: so I descended for a better view. They closed in swiftly and before I had covered half the distance one of them burst into flame—a conflagration which looked no larger than the flame of a match. Both planes vanished at once. Only a film of oily smoke, soiling the purity of the cloud bank, marked the scene of the encounter. Emerging within view of the earth I saw the conquered plane burning fiercely on the ground, the flames throwing a crude light in the gloom of a deep ravine where it had fallen. King Arthur's last weird battle in mist was not more weird than this nor of such swift and terrible decisiveness.

Late that afternoon I rejoined my squadron at Chaux. For two days we patrolled a sector of front which seemed as peaceful as a country churchyard after Verdun and the Aisne sector. On the evening of the second day, while we were at supper, Captain Chardon read us the following extract from the orders of the day:

"The General commanding the Nth Division wishes to thank the pilots of the squadron Spad X for the aërial protection they have offered His Majesty the King of Italy during his visit to the French lines of this sector."

"So that's what we have been doing?" said Sergeant Du Marmier. "Where are we off to next, I wonder?"

It was a purely rhetorical question and called for no reply. The events of to-morrow were glamorously veiled.

But in those days, whether veiled or not, adventures were often glamourous enough. There was glamour in the air one breathed, fragrant with the never-to-be-forgotten odors of a flying field; in the noonday hush when, from afar, ruffling the silence like catspaws darkening the surface of quiet water, came the throb of motors of returning patrols and the distant mutter of gunfire—a world away from the green fields where we waited and yet within a quarter of an hour of swift flight. Indeed, the most prosaic of errands had its glamorous possibilities: that is why I regret the loss of my laundry slip. It was the only visible reminder I had of the time when, setting out to bring home my washing from Madame Bernard's, I proceeded by route of the air to the extremity of a far-flung battle line where I did what I could, in a small way, to protect the King of Italy.

THE BIG DRUM

BY WILLIAM GERHARDI

THE brass band played "*Im Köpfle zwei Augle*," and it seemed to her that the souls of these men were like notes of this music, crying for something—elusive, for something in vain. To blare forth one's love on a brass trumpet! An earnest of one's high endeavor fallen short through the inadequate matter of brass; but withal in these abortive notes one felt the presence of the heights the instrument would reach, alas, if it but could!

It touched her to the heart. She would have liked her Otto to play the trumpet instead of the big drum. It seemed more romantic. Otto was not a bit romantic. He was a soldier all right, but he looked more like a man who had started life as a shoemaker's apprentice, had grown old, and was still a shoemaker's apprentice. The band played well—a compact, synthetic body—but Otto was a forlorn figure who watched the proceedings with sustained and patient interest and was suffered by them, every now and then, to raise his drumstick and to give a solitary, judicious "*Bang!*" And he—a tall gaunt man—seemed as though he were ashamed of his small part. And as she watched him she felt a pang of pity for herself: wedded to him, she would be forgotten—while life, indifferent, strode by; and no one in the world would care whether she had her share of happiness before she died. And the music brought this out acutely, as if along the hard stone-paved indifference of life it dragged, dragged on excruciatingly its living, bleeding soul. It spoke of loneliness, of laughter, of the pathos, pity, and futility of life.

She watched them. The bayonets at their side. The military badges of rank. The hard discipline. And the music seemed to say, "Stop! What are you doing? Why are you doing this?" And thoughts flowed into her mind. Of soldiers dreaming on a Sunday afternoon. A fierce old corporal, of whom everyone was afraid, talking to her of children and of daisies. Soldiers who too had dreams in long waves—of what? she did not know—but not this. And the men who stood up and blew the brass trumpets seemed to say, and the shining brass trumpets themselves seemed to say: "We were not born for the army; we were born for something better—though heaven only knows what it is!"

That was so. Undeniably so. Yet she wished it were otherwise. It helped to make allowances for Otto. Whatever else he lacked, it made her think at least he had a soul. But to be wedded for life to the big drum! She did not fancy the idea. It didn't seem a proper career. But Otto showed no sign of *wanting* to "get on"—even in the orchestra. The most exasperating thing about it all was that Otto showed no sign of even *trying!* She had asked him if he would not, in time, "move on" and take over—say, the double bass. He did not seem to think it either feasible or necessary. Or *necessary!* He had been with the big drum for twelve years. "It's a good drum," he had said. And that was all.

There was no . . . "go" in him. That was it—no *go*. It was no use denying it. As she watched him—gaunt and spectacled—she wished Otto were more of a man and less of an old maid. The conductor, a boozer with a fat red face full of pimples, was a gallant—every inch a man. He had the elasticity and suppleness and military alertness of the

continental military man. She could not tell his rank from the stripes on his sleeves, but thought he must be a major. His heels were high and tipped with india rubber, and so were straight and smart; but his trousers lacked the foot-strap to keep them in position—poor dilapidated Austrian Army! how low it had sunk!—nevertheless they were tight and narrow and showed off the major's calves to advantage. He wore a *pince-nez*, but a rimless kind, through which gazed a pair of not altogether innocent eyes. But a man, and a leader of men—while Otto had no rubber on his heels. His heels looked eaten away. He wore a pair of spectacles through which he peered from afar at his neighbor's music stand, and at the appointed time—not one tenth of a second too late or too early—down came the drumstick with the long-awaited "*Bang!*" So incidental, so contemptible was Otto's part that in addition to handling the drum he had to turn the pages for the man who played the cymbals. It seemed to her humiliating. It was very wrong that Otto had no music stand of his own.

He smiled shyly and she turned away, annoyed. The little *modiste* walked on, meeting the stream of people who promenaded the path surrounding the band-stand—a man on high heels, three girls with a pinched look, a famous Tyrolese basso with a long ruddy beard, a *jeune premier* with whiskers and hair like a wig, whose look appeared to imply: "Here am I." Innsbruck looked morose that Sunday morning and the military band in the park executed music which was tattered, gross, a little common—yet compelling, even like the daily fare of life. Oh, why were there no heroes? Of course she would have loved to be dominated. That's what men were for. She was a womanly woman. From Vienna. Exalted, brimming over with life. These men of the Tyrol! And as for Otto? Why, she could have only waved her hand!

She began to wonder whether she had not really better break it off with him. If men would but realize how little was required from them. Only an outward gesture of romance: a touch sufficed, the rest would be supplied by woman's powerful imagination. Not even so much. A mere abstention from the cruder forms of clumsiness, a surface effort to conceal one's feeblest worst. A mere semblance of mastery, a glimpse of a will. In short, anything at all that would provide the least excuse for loving him as she so wished to do. A minute she stood, thinking—"A minimum. Hardly as much." There passed along the man on high heels, the three girls with the pinched look, the Tyrolese basso with the long ruddy beard, the *jeune premier* with whiskers and hair like a wig, whose look seemed to say, "Here am I"; then again the man on high heels, the three girls with the pinched look, the Tyrolese singer, and again the *jeune premier* whose look implied "Here am I." They walked round and round as if the park were a cage and there was nothing to do but walk round—with heads bent, lifeless, sullenly resolute. And again there came along the man on high heels. "The minimum of a minimum. . . ."

The music resumed. She consulted her program. "Item 7. Potpourri from the operette *Die Fledermaus* by Johann Strauss." She returned to the stand, prepared to give her fiancé another chance. Otto's part, as before, was contemptible—more contemptible than before. He was inactive. He smiled shyly. She colored. And, looking at him, she knew. She knew it was no use, her love could not bridge the chasm. He was despised by the rest of the band. A stick-in-the-mud. Not a man. A poor fish. Not for her. . . .

The *potpourri*, as if suddenly turning the corner, broke out into a resounding march and behold, the big drum now led the way. *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* Cleanly he whacked, never once missing the chance; and the man with the cymbals, as if one heart and brain operated their limbs, clashed the cymbals in astounding unison—the big drum pound-

ing away, pounding away without cease or respite. And the trumpeters smiled as who might say, "Good old big drum! You have come into your own at last!" *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* The big drum had got loud and excited. And all the people standing around looked as though a great joy had come into their lives; and if they had not been a little shy of one another they would have set out and marched in step with the music, taken up *any* cause and, if only because the music implied that all men were brothers, gone forth if need be and butchered another body of brothers—to the tearing, gladdening strains of the march. (Since it is not known from what rational cause men could have marched to the War.) And if in the park of the neighboring town there were just such a band with just such a drum which played this same music, the people of the neighboring town would have marched to this music and exterminated this town. The conductor—like a driver who, having urged his horse over the hill, leans back and leaves the rest to the horse—conceded the enterprise to the drummer, as if the hard intricate work were now over and he was taking it easy: his *baton* moved perfunctorily in the wake of the drum; he looked round and acknowledged the greetings of friends with gay informal salutes of the left hand, his bland smile freely admitting to all that it was no longer himself but the drum which led them to victory. Or rather, the hard fight had already been won and these, behold, were the happy results! *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* Strangers passed smiles of intimate recognition, old men nodded reminiscently, small boys gazed with rapt eyes, women looked sweet and bright-eyed, ready to oblige with a kiss; while the big drum, conscious of his splendid initiative, pounded away without cease or respite.

"Wonderful! Beautiful!" said the public surrounding them. And thought: "Noise is a good thing."

The band had described the first circle and was repeating it with added gusto and deliberation. The drum and the cymbals were pounding, pounding their due through the wholly inadequate blaring of brass. But these did not mind: "Every dog has his day"—and they followed the lead of the drum. He led them. He—Otto! Her Otto was leading them. God! Merciful Virgin! What had she done to deserve such happiness? Otto! . . . And she had doubted him, thought there was no "go" in him. No *go!* She burned red with shame at the mere thought of it. He was *all* "go." And didn't he make *them* go, too, the whole lot of them? How he led them! Puffing, the sweat streaming down their purple faces, they blazed away till their cheeks seemed ready to burst, but Otto out-drummed them—annihilated their efforts. He—Otto! O, God! Watching him, people could hardly keep still. But that none of them stirred and all of them wanted to, added piquancy to the illusion of motion. They stood rooted—while the drum carried on for them: *Bang! bang! bang! bang!*

"Marvellous!" sighed the public around them.

Her Otto—cock of the walk! She could scarcely believe her eyes. Standing in front of the crowd, only a few paces from his side and raising herself on her toes ever so gently in rhythm with the music, so that by the very tininess of her movements she seemed to be sending added impetus into the band—as if indeed she were pressing with her little feet some invisible pump—she scanned his face with tenderness, in dumb adoration. And Otto at the drum must have felt it for, at this turn, he put new life into his thundering whacks: *Bang! bang! bang! bang!* he toiled and the conductor, as if divining what was afoot, at that moment accelerated the pace of the march.

"Bravo, bravo!" said the people surrounding them.

There was no doubt about it. This was Art. The unerring precision. The wonderful touch. *Otto!* . . . Otto, as never before, whacked the big drum—

whacked it in excitement, in a frenzy, in transcending exaltation. Thundering *bangs!* And now she knew—what she couldn't have dreamed—she knew it by his face. Otto was a hero! A leader of men! Something fluttered in her breast as though a bird had flown in, ready to fly out.

"Now it's all over," thought the people, "and we are going home to lunch." And everyone smiled and felt very happy and gay. A sort of prolonged accelerated thundering of the big drum, and then one tremendous *Bang!*

The thing was over. The conductor raised a bent hand to the peak of his cap, acknowledging the applause. The bird in her fluttered more wildly than ever. She wanted to cry out but her throat would not obey. She clutched at her heaving breast with trembling fingers. "My love," she thought. "My king! My captain! My lord! My padishah!"

THE MOTHER AT THE TELESCOPE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I SAW the moons of Jupiter!
The cloth for tea was just laid on,
And toasting of the cheese begun,
When out of doors I sensed a stir
And one child calling "Wait for her!
O mother, come and see this star,
Brought down as close as lanterns are!
And round, like Earth! we knew they were;
But think! to see a rounded star!
And rounded stars look much more far!"
Apron and all, I ran to share
My boy's great moment. What a night!
Frost, a new moon, sweet biting air,
And through the telescope, I swear,
A fragile berry filled with light!
I saw it with these very eyes;
With such nearsighted eyes as these,
That had been watching bits of cheese,
I saw the drop of light that swung
Its four faint sailing moons among!
(The moons looked only half the size
Of scales of minnows.) "And that star
Has me transported twice as far
As Jupiter from Earth," I said;
For in my veins and in my head
Great joy and wonder blazed and shone
To think what I had gazed upon—
Moons of a planet in the skies
Seen with these kitchen-gazing eyes!

DRAGON MUSIC AND GHOSTS

Legends of the Carolina Beaches

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

THE road that we were traveling an hour before dawn on a morning in May passes through a country abounding in foxes and ghosts. Lest the reader take fright, the ghosts are not dangerous, and you need not see them unless you so desire. We saw none along the way because we were thinking about other things, but we did see a fox, just for an instant, in the glare of the automobile headlight, at a place where thick swampy woods border the road. It made a good beginning for the day and we felt that our queer quest—which, however, had nothing to do with foxes—was going to be crowned with success.

It is said that there are seven thousand kinds of lunacy. Ours is the kind that will get you out of bed at 3.30 o'clock A.M., and send you fourteen miles out into the woods to hear dragons bellow. A certain negro had put the notion in our heads. He lives close by the shore of a beautiful lagoon in the Low Country of South Carolina, and he asserted that never before had he listened to such alligator-concerts as those which had awakened him each morning for several mornings past. There were more 'gators and bigger 'gators in the lagoon, he said, than had ever been known there before, and, judging from the noise that they made in the early mornings, they seemed to consider themselves owners of the place. We had heard alligators boom their long-drawn mournful melodies in the old rice-field backwaters and along the Low Country rivers and creeks, but we had never listened to such a chorus as this man described. It seemed worth while to hear this dragon music.

We had all but lost hope of hearing it, however, when, just at the beginning of dawn, we pushed and poled the little bateau, which we found at the lagoon's edge, through the thick aquatic growths along the shore out into the open water. If the dragons were going to sing, it was time for them to start singing. They are queer creatures, these big saurians. Why they should lift up their doleful voices along the rivers and backwaters on one spring morning and remain mum the next I do not know, but such is their exasperating habit. Apparently this was one of their silent days; but if we could not hear them we could reasonably expect to see them, and we paddled on.

As yet it was too dark to see what moved on the surface of the water—too dark to see anything except the tall columns of mist drifting down the lagoon, vague gigantic shapes taking on all sorts of fantastic likenesses in the dim light. Dawn and dusk are the best times in the old plantation country, for it is a country full of old wistful memories and wraiths out of the past. Four miles or so to the northwest of us, where we floated amid the dawn mists, was the site of Crowfield Hall, an estate of the Middletons, one of the great families of the Province. When Eliza Lucas visited Crowfield, about 1742, she wrote to a friend in England that new beauties discovered themselves on every hand—a "spacious walk a thousand feet long," a lawn "ornamented in a Serpentine manner with Flowers. . . a large square boling green, sunk a little below the level of the rest of the garden," a lake "with a mount rising out of the middle" and upon it "a roman temple."

There were great days at Crowfield then. To-day the woods have swallowed the place, and nothing is left to tell the story. The old house has gone but near the eastern shore of the lagoon the parish church of "St. James, Goose Creek," where the people of Crowfield and all the neighboring plantations worshiped, still stands amid ancient discolored tombs. In the rectory of this church, according to tradition, "Mad Archie" Campbell of Scotland won his maddest bet. At a ball in Charleston, then held by the British, Captain Campbell staked his Arab war horse against fifty pounds that within three days he would win the proud Tory beauty, Paulina Phelps. He took her driving in his gig, a wild drive at breakneck speed over rough woods roads and wilderness trails, and so frantic was his love-making that when he lifted her from the gig at the rectory of St. James in the forest, the girl was almost in a faint. Parson Ellington was no more able than she to resist the crack-brained, masterful young Scotchman. The minister mumbled something, but when a pistol was leveled at his head he thought it best to do as he was ordered —and "Mad Archie's" precious Arabian was safe.

THE SNAKEBIRD OR WATER TURKEY IS AN UNCANNY CREATURE

This is the stuff—these old memories and legends—of which the ghosts of the Low Country are made: ghosts which the mind conjures up out of the adventurous and romantic past. Most of them come from the old plantations, like Crowfield, Wantoot, Medway, Rice Hope, Hampton, Wappaoolah, Tomotley, Mepkin, Wadboo, Pimlico, and Parnassus, and from forgotten battlefields hidden in the great tracts of woods which cover most of this region. Near the lagoon there is one such battlefield. There Captain Chicken—what a name for a hero!—met the Indians drunk with blood after a frightful massacre near the Santee, fought them to a standstill, and saved the town. There must have been phantoms from that battlefield in the drifting mist columns that morning, and we might have seen some of them had not the strangest feathered inhabitant of the lagoon put an end to our ghost hunting.

We saw the big bird, as the light grew stronger, circling above tall pines that came down to the edge of the water. Up there night was over, day had come, and we had a fine view of *Anhinga anhinga*, the snakebird, as he swung round and round above the trees, flapping his wings at intervals, then sailing like a hawk. "Water turkeys" the Low Country woodsmen call the Anhingas, a fairly good descriptive title, since they are lovers of lagoons and backwaters and since their fanlike tails give them somewhat the appearance of the wild turkey in flight. But the name is too commonplace for so uncanny a creature.

Anhinga is the Spirit of the Swamp —an evil spirit, one is apt to think, as one studies the black pterodactyl-like being perched in some tall dead tree rising out of the water, his somber wings half spread after the manner of a vulture, his incredibly long and snake-like neck thrusting this way and that as he watches with sharp little eyes all that goes on around him.

Nearly always, it seems to me, I have seen the Anhinga in places memorable for their tragic associations. Perhaps this superstition arose out of my earliest experiences with the bird. One spring morning many years ago I was paddling for the first time along the upper reaches of a long, narrow lagoon. Dense, dark forest hemmed the place in, and many trees stood well out in the water, which was very high, and the surface of which was dotted with thickets of willow through which we steered a tortuous course. It had been a fairly adventurous morning. The thickets were alive with birds. Ringing out above the crazy laughter and doleful moaning of scores of gallinules, the spring music of hundreds of songsters filled our ears and the bright colors of nonpareils, summer tanagers, orchard orioles, and prothonotary warblers flashed in the sun. Rounding a clump of willows we had come upon a wood duck and her brood of little ones swimming on the still water—a rare and beautiful sight; and once, paddling as silently as we could, we came almost within a boat length of a big alligator — apparently sleeping, half submerged—in the seclusion of a little willow-bordered grotto of the lagoon. Down he went with a heave and surge of the dark water; and we were still chuckling over the unseemly haste of his disappearance when, glancing up, I saw circling in the air a strange long-necked bird which I knew at once was none other than Anhinga the snakebird, until that moment a half-mythical being in my mind, as unreal as Archæopteryx or the toothed Hesperornis. Thrilled by the sight, we headed the punt for the bank, intent on exploring the woods along the shore above which the weird fowl was soaring.

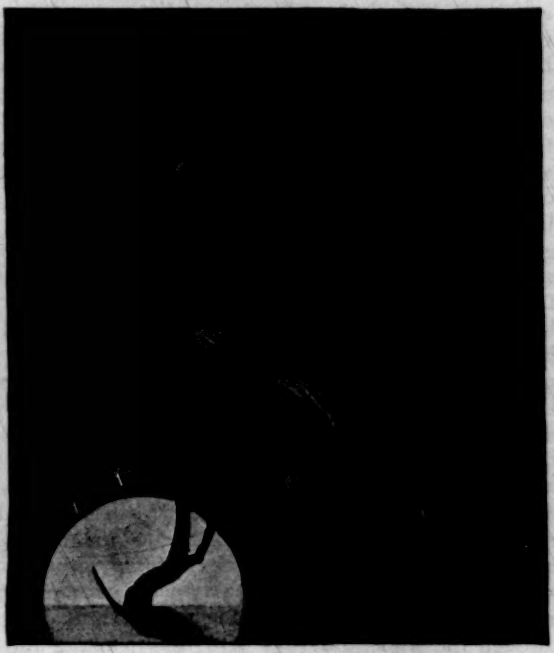
It was a fruitless search. We found no Anhinga rookery either in the trees or in the willows at the water's edge. But in the woods we came upon the

ALLIGATORS IN THE BACKWATERS OF THE LAGOON

ruins of what had once been a fine old plantation manor—a brick house of stately design and spacious proportions—of which only four tall weathered pillars and some jagged sections of wall remained. There are many such ruins, in various stages of decay, in this region: tragic reminders of the Low Country's wars and of its Golden Days, which its last great war ended—the days when the old planters lived in baronial affluence on their great estates, growing vast crops, hunting the deer, drinking their wine, ruling Carolina, and all but ruling the nation—but these were the first of their kind that I had ever seen and they made a deep impression on my mind. This was once Ralph Izard's mansion. Here he lived like the great country gentleman that he was (you can see his portrait, by Copley, in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston), and here upon one occasion no less a personage than the Marquis de Lafayette was entertained. Now only these ruins remained, neglected and forgotten, hidden in lonely woods, the home of the wild turkey, the lynx, and the deer. It was a place of fascinating but deeply melancholy memories, a place which told of decay and death and the passing of the Low Country's Heroic Age and of

A WOOD DUCK AND HER BROOD SWIMMING ON THE STILL WATER

the gay plantation life that was snuffed out forever when Sherman marched to the sea. The somber grotesque Anhinga, circling over the spot, had led me to it.



THE BIG SWAMP OWL SITS SERENE ABOVE THE MOON

Those wonderful days of the great plantations before the Civil War are not too far away to be remembered vividly. Many of the old houses, some of them built long before the Revolution, still stand and recall to the wayfarer the brilliance and elegance of that remarkable plantation civilization which flourished in the Low Country for so many years, then suddenly perished at the zenith of its prosperity. Among the negroes you may still find a few old men and women who can tell of the great days which have gone and of which they were a part; but, except by having recourse to musty books, it is hard to go back farther than this into the Low Country's romantic past. If any legends of an earlier period have survived among the negroes, they are mere fragments.

Thus some of the old men will tell you that the shouts of the big swamp owls are really the whoops of ghostly Indian hunters following the deer; but they do not know *what* Indians. Not one of all the splendid names of the red warriors of Carolina has come down to them. They have never heard of Canacaugh the Great Conjurer, Wommony the Prince of St. Ellens, Corane the Raven of Toxawa, Attakullakulla the Most Excellent Little Woodcutter, Owasta the Head Beloved Man, Shadoo the Captain of Edisto, Moytoy of Tellequo Emperor of the Nations, Sinnawa the Hawk's Head Warrior, or Ishiagaska of Pocotaligo, bearer of the Bloody Stick, the emblem of war. Attakullakulla's name in the myth of the big swamp owls would make it a myth worth while; but, as the negroes tell it, it is never Attakullakulla who is hunting and whooping in the night but merely "Injuns," nameless red men, impersonal and therefore rather unreal.

Yet one would think that some trace, some memory or legend of the Most Excellent Little Woodcutter (or Little Carpenter, as he was generally known), might have remained among the dusky people who have supplanted the copper-colored owners of this region. He was the greatest of all the red chiefs and, hill man though he was, he has left his trail in the Low Country and in old Charles Town. There he was seen many times in paint and feathers, going to and from the council chamber or dancing the Eagle-Tail Dance before His Excellency Lord Charles Montagu, by whom he was received in audience with his colleagues, the Raven of Tugaloo, Tiftoe of Keowee, Occonostota, known as the Great Warrior, and the Prince of Chote. At first

a minor chief of the Cherokees—that mighty nation of tall braves who, long before the arrival of the whites, had come out of the West to Carolina and exterminated a "moon-eyed people" they found living there — Attakullakulla, despite his dwarfish stature, became the most influential leader of the tribe. Though he was not above getting gloriously drunk upon at least one notable occasion—for which escapade his tribesmen "stripped and dry-scratched him with snakes' teeth to remind him of his bad conduct and make his blood good"—he was capable of noble enthusiasms. One might search the Indian annals in vain for anything finer than Attakullakulla's rescue—at risk of his own life—of Captain John Stuart, who was spirited out of the Cherokee camp by his old Indian friend and hunting companion and delivered safe and sound to his fellow countrymen after a perilous journey of nine days through the wilderness.

I have hunted, from time to time, for Indian lore among the Low Country negroes but with ill success; and, because pirates appeal to me even more than Indians, I have hunted for pirate lore also—with less hope and with even poorer results. But a poet friend of mine may possibly have found in the negro habit of making Indian ghosts out of owls an inspiration leading to a pleasing pirate fancy. The ornithologist will smile at finding his familiar *Rynchops nigra*, the skimmer, translated to the realm of the supernatural. But poets sometimes know more than ornithologists about birds, and this poet has discovered, in the occult way in which poets make their discoveries, that the beautiful long-winged skimmers of these shores are not ordinary birds but the spirits of high-born ladies captured long ago by pirates off this coast and compelled by the fierce buccaneers to walk the plank into the sea.

The sea took them, ending their torture, but before long it gave them up. Assuming the form of slender and graceful sea birds they winged their way back to the land, and you can hear them now crying plaintively in the dusk as they fly restlessly back and forth along the beaches of the barrier islands. There they must meet at times the ghosts of their murderers; for it is as certain as anything of the sort can be that the pirates also haunt these beaches and inlets and walk at night amid the sand hills of the islands which knew them so well in bygone years, and which still hide under their shifting dunes the chests of Spanish coin that the buccaneers are said to have buried.

Once there was wrecked on this coast a pirate vessel whose crew made their way into Charles Town and, swaggering about the streets, boasted that they had carried the Cross-Bones flag into the Red Sea and had plundered the treasure ships of the Great Mogul. The corsairs were free spenders, and the thrifty shopkeepers had no objection to taking the Great Mogul's gold in exchange for their goods. They made their picturesque and open-handed visitors welcome. But later, when Charles Town had become a thriving seaport with merchantmen of its own, the colonists found that the freebooters who had their lairs in the inlets up and down the coast could not be relied upon to confine their attention to the ships of the Great Mogul and the King of Spain.

Then began the war between the Colony and the sea rovers, a war which lasted for years and during which many thrilling battles were fought and many pirates hung in chains from lofty gibbets on the marshy shore of Shute's Folly, opposite the city. On one occasion the town lay almost under the guns of a pirate fleet commanded by Blackbeard and Stede Bonnet, who blockaded the port, captured many ships, and terrified the community with frightful threats of death to their luckless prisoners—among whom was Samuel Wragg, a member of the Council of the Province. That was the dark hour just before dawn, for shortly afterwards

THE GHOSTS OF PIRATES HAUNT THESE LONELY BEACHES

Blackbeard was killed in battle and Bonnet and his crew were taken and brought as captives to Charles Town.

Bonnet escaped but was captured again in the myrtle thickets of Sullivan's Island—the island where, many years later, Poe wrote "The Gold Bug." Tried before the stern judge, Nicholas Trott, the pirate listened (at first with perfect composure) to a carefully detailed description of the horrors of eternal damnation. "Consider," thundered the learned jurist, citing certain Scriptural passages, "that death is not the only punishment due to murderers, for they are threatened to have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone . . . words which carry that terror with them, that, considering your circumstances and your guilt, surely the sound of them must make you tremble, for who can dwell with everlasting burnings?"

Bonnet, before he became a pirate, had been a soldier. But the smell of the brimstone was in his nostrils as he heard Trott pronounce his doom, and his spirit broke. He begged pitifully for his life. "I heartily beseech you'll permit me to live," he wrote to Governor Johnson, "and I'll voluntarily put it out of my Power (to return to the ways of piracy) by separating all my Limbs from my Body, only reserving the use of my Tongue to call continually on, and pray to the Lord, my God, and mourn all my days in Sackcloth and Ashes." His plea, surely one of the most remarkable on record, was fruitless. Not long afterward he was led —almost insensible with terror—to the place of death where, forty-eight hours before his trial had begun, twenty-two men of his crew had been hanged; and where, a few weeks later, twenty-three buccaneers of Richard Worley's company, captured after a desperate battle just off the harbor mouth, were executed.

If the graceful skimmers, those winged ghosts of "pirate-tortured ladies," were afraid of meeting the ghosts of the buccaneers they would not fly over Charles-

ton in the dusk, as I have seen them flying, passing over the town from river to river a little southward of St. Michael's steeple. Somewhere between St. Michael's and the Battery, where the city's twin rivers join, stood old Charles Town's Execution Dock, a desolate place of marsh and mud where, in accordance with the old English law, pirates were put to death "within the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea." The exact spot cannot be fixed with certainty, for the city long ago grew beyond the ancient tide marks; but, as you walk southward from St. Michael's, you pass close by the place.

Was it a mere coincidence that, one evening when I was walking along that way, I heard plaintive cries in the gloom overhead and realized that skimmers were flying over? My poet friend had not divulged the secret then, and I did not know that these birds were really the wraiths of beautiful young girls whom the corsairs had captured in the old buccaneer days. But now that I know this to be true, I wonder whether it was chance which brought the skimmers there that night to utter their wailing cries in the dusk above the spot where Stede Bonnet and his men, and Worley's cutthroats, and many other rovers of lesser note expiated their crimes.

The great difficulty in the Carolina Low Country is to confine one's thoughts to the business in hand. We set out to hear dragon music—or, putting it more soberly, to hear alligators bellow—and we have been afloat for an hour on the lagoon where the dragons live. Yet scarcely a thought has been given to the dragons or their music. That is foolish, perhaps, but it will happen to you again and again in this strange lovely region which is as full of history and romance as a bit of old England; and yet, far from being a tamed, domesticated country like England, remains to-day one of the greatest surviving strongholds of wild nature east of the Rockies. Wherever one goes in the Low Country—in the woods, on the rivers, amid the marshes and rice fields, on the old baronies and plantations, on the wild, lonely sea islands, in the towns—one comes upon reminders of a rich, vivid, tragic past. From Anhingas and alligators one's thoughts wander to Indians and pirates, ladies in gay brocades, old battles, old legends; soon, instead of looking for 'gators, one is likely to be looking for ghosts.

Yet there *is* one 'gator in the tale. The snakebird had scarcely disappeared when the dragon that we had hoped to hear (or at least to see) came grimly out of the low-hanging mists. So slowly as to make not the slightest ripple on the water, he glided into the open from his hiding place behind a low peninsula of water growths. Perhaps our silence and stillness deceived him. At any rate, instead of sinking noiselessly out of sight he circled the boat at a distance of not more than fifteen yards—his huge, seemingly shapeless head and fully eight feet of his black, armored back showing above the surface.

I could almost have taken oath that he was more than twelve feet long—a veritable modern Fafnir—and I would have given much to hear him bellow, for he would have made the air shake with his hollow thunder. But as silently as he had come he passed on down the lagoon; and when he had gone, the inner man—which prefers hominy and bacon to 'gators and ghosts—admonished us severely that there had been enough of this philandering on an empty stomach and that fourteen miles lay between us and the breakfast table. Even as Stede Bonnet, poor wretch, had smelled brimstone from the Fiery Lake, we scented bacon across those fourteen miles—but with feelings very different from those of the pirate. Dipping our paddles into the water, we made a quick trip to the shore. Soon we were rattling, in our little horseless gig, along the road that "Mad Archie" traveled in the legend when he drove with his fair and flustered Paulina back to town.

OLD SAUL

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

I CANNOT think of any word
To make it plain to you,
How white a thing the hawthorn bush
That delicately blew

Within a crook of Tinges Lane;
Each May Day there it stood;
And lit a flame of loveliness
For the small neighborhood.

So fragile-white a thing it was,
I cannot make it plain;
Or the sweet fumbling of the bees,
Like the break in a rain.

Old Saul lived near. And this his life:—
To cobble for his bread;
To mourn a tall son lost at sea;
A daughter worse than dead.

And so, in place of all his lack,
He set the hawthorn tree;
Made it his wealth, his mirth, his god,
His Zion to touch and see.

Born English he. Down Tinges Lane
His lad's years came and went;
He saw out there behind his thorn,
A hundred thorns of Kent.

At lovers slipping through the dusk
He shook a lover's head;
Grudged them each flower. It was too white
For any but the dead.

Once on a blurred, wet, silver day
He said to two or three:
"Folks, when I go, pluck yonder bloom
That I may take with me."

But it was winter when he passed,
The road wind-wrenched and torn;
They laid upon his coffin lid
A wreath made all of thorn.

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

III—*Jonathan Swift*

BY ERNEST BOYD

AFTER the cloistered fame of Milton and the too remote and overpowering glory of Shakespeare, the luminous English eighteenth century opens for us with a work whose vitality and enduring popularity place it beyond the need of artificial academic respiration. *Gulliver's Travels* is a living classic of such universal appeal, it has been spread abroad in so many editions and translations, that it has taken on something of the anonymity of a legend or folk tale, existing outside of critical time and space. Children all over the world have followed Captain Gulliver's adventures amongst the Lilliputians, and their elders have watched or shared their amusement without pondering too deeply on the significance of the innocent work. Thus it has been passed off as a juvenile masterpiece, and classed with the dreary *Pilgrim's Progress* and the moralizing *Robinson Crusoe* as a book for the edification of the young. In maintaining this polite fiction great assistance has been derived from the literary mandarins, who have made a bogey of Jonathan Swift and have entreated all who would listen to avert the eyes chastely from the horrors concealed beneath the deceptive surface of Swift's works.

The method by which this end has been accomplished is twofold: Swift's own life has been held up as an awful warning, and his work has been put away on the top shelves of the library, amid shuddering allusions intended to console us for the substitution of popular bowdlerizations of *Gulliver's Travels*. "No fouler pen than Swift's has soiled our literature. His language is horrible from first to last. He is full of odious images, of base and abominable allusions. It would be a labor of Hercules to cleanse his pages. His love-letters are defaced by his incurable coarseness. . . . It is a question not of morality, but of decency, whether it is becoming to sit in the same room with this divine. . . . In this matter Swift is inexcusable." Thus in characteristic terms does one of these "bloodless persons of good taste"—to borrow an appropriate French phrase—undertake to frighten away the unwary. Having done so, he then meditates upon the irony of fate which has turned into "a child's book and a suitable Christmas present" a work which was Swift's "gospel of hatred, his testament of woe, upon which he expended the treasures of his wit, and into which he instilled the concentrated essence of his rage."

The great ironist himself would have thoroughly appreciated this irony, but it may be doubted if he would have had much difficulty in explaining it. The recoil from his ideas fits in very naturally with this conception of human intelligence: "Expect no more from man than such an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my description of the Yahoos more resembling." One of the first things Swift did not expect from such an animal was intellectual courage, and intelligence was not precisely the outstanding characteristic of "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." Con-

sequently, the contortions of the commentators who have relegated *Gulliver's Travels* to the nursery are not without their humor. "It has no moral, no social, no philosophical purpose. It was the mere ebullition of cynicism and misanthropy. A savage *jeu d'esprit*. And as such wise men will regard it." Against this dictum of Professor Churton Collins there stands, of course, the awkward fact that Swift's greatest contemporaries admired and appreciated this work; that the most intelligent and civilized of all literary worlds—that of the Eighteenth Century—had no hesitation in enjoying "so merry a book," which "was universally read—from the Cabinet Council to the Nursery," to quote the author of *The Beggar's Opera*. Moreover, as a horrified critic of to-day reminds us, "Maids of Honour chuckled loudest over those very passages for which buyers [of modern editions] will look in vain." In the circumstances, all that the professor can say is: "At no period distinguished by generosity of sentiment, by humanity, by decency, could such a satire have been universally applauded. Yet so it was. The men and women of those times appear to have seen nothing objectionable in an apologue which would scarcely have passed without protest in the Rome of Petronius."

This disarming innocence concerning the Rome of Petronius would seem to imply that Professor Collins read his *Satyricon* in an edition as effectively denaturized as those currently sold of *Gulliver's Travels*. Perish the Eighteenth Century, provided injustice be done to Swift! As he himself said, "when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him." He lacked that discretion which he defined as "a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intelligence, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence." His attitude towards life did not allow of his being fitted into any of the categories to which Anglo-Saxon optimism incessantly strives to reduce all the spiritual currents of English literature: constructive energy, moralistic good sense, and a genial tonic humor. Although his birth in Ireland was an accident, he was the first great Irishman in English literature, for his Anglo-Irish origins are typical of almost all the best-known Irish men of letters who have succeeded him down to our own day. It is not for nothing that we find in him so many of the qualities that have come to be particularly identified with Anglo-Irish literature—from the political challenge to England in his own writings (and in those of his contemporary, Bishop Berkeley) to the paradoxes of Oscar Wilde, the rationalistic irony of Bernard Shaw, and the harsh Rabelaisianism—without the mirth of Rabelais—of James Joyce.

In the year 1667, when Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin, Milton published *Paradise Lost;* but the Puritan epoch, as well as the last faint echoes of Elizabethan poetry, had disappeared when the eighteenth century opened and it was most appropriately not until then that Swift's first book was published, *A Tale of a Tub*, in 1704. He thus inaugurated the Augustan Age, which was the age of great English prose, during which modern literature—as it is commonly understood to-day—was born in the novel, the essay, and the periodical. The first of the moderns, Swift belonged peculiarly to that age of reason which, in spite of all that has intervened—the rise of Romanticism, of industrialism, of democracy—is the nearest classical period to our own time, nearer than nineteenth-century Victorianism, and with an immediate appeal to us which none of the earlier periods of English literature can have for any but scholars. It was a time, like the present, of questioning and skepticism, of transition. Deism and free thought were stripping religion of its mysticism and the phi-

losophers were seeking new principles; while moral, ethical, and political concepts were subjected to the deflating process of rational analysis illuminated by wit. Poetry contented itself with rigid classic formulæ, for prose was the instrument which was perfected to correspond to the intimate needs of a society which found its fullest expression in satire, criticism, and journalism. It was an age without faith—consumed by a desire for clarity, logic, and exact thinking; but below the surface one discerns the deep undertone which was to swell out, as the Eighteenth Century closed, into the American and French Revolutions and the mystical romanticism and humanitarianism of the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Then came the dark night of industrial democracy, and plumbing and profits became the natural tests of progress and civilization.

All the elements of the eighteenth century seem to reach their maximum of intensity in the person of Jonathan Swift. The contrast between latent passion and inexorable reason produces in him a profound and tortured spiritual antithesis, and the drama of feeling and thought reaches heights of tragedy in his life, of which little or nothing transpires in his works. Swift never betrays himself; he never loses his hold upon his emotions. His prose is the tersest and lightest; more perhaps than Defoe and Dryden, he is the father of modern English. (He anticipates the great pessimists of modern literature—Leopardi, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche—)for his doubts are deeper and more radical than those of Voltaire and the French philosophers who made the French Revolution possible. While the form of his work, the ease of his wit are essentially of his own century, his doubting scrutiny sees far beyond temporary, local, and surface foibles; and while he portrays these he also tears aside all the veils of sentiment and fiction which disguise mankind and conceal us from ourselves. When he reduced the human race to the level of Yahoos he gave us a word with which we still describe the elemental creature which slumbers in all of us and emerges on such little provocation that we usually disguise its collective manifestations, at least, with some lofty ideal. As in literature, so in life, we cannot stand a truth which "banishes from decent households a fourth part of one of the most brilliant and delightful of English books," to quote Sir Edmund Gosse's criticism of the last part of *Gulliver's Travels*.

As the supreme expression of an age which was a defiance of all the ideals and conventions of the modern industrial era, but which curiously corresponds to this present time of transition when the moralities, no less than the practical achievements of that era, have been definitely shaken out of their complacency—Swift is a problem for the champions of utilitarian Christianity. The bulk of his writings are inaccessible, and on the literary map their whereabouts is indicated by the ancient superscription of fear and ignorance: "Here are lions." We may have him as the author of a child's book or not at all; and in order to dampen whatever enthusiasm or curiosity might prompt the average reader to go further, Swift's personal career has been exhibited with much rumbling of stage thunder and melodramatic indignation and wiping away of crocodile tears. Apart from the literary handbooks—which provide what might be termed the broadcasting of the actual performances—we have the performers themselves, including some of the most celebrated stars in the repertory: Macaulay, and Thackeray, and others known to owners of five-foot bookshelves. These gentlemen have pictured Swift as a godless parson, a disappointed place-hunter, a political opportunist, a coarse bully, and a blackguard in his relations with women; ending his days in the solitude of his deanery at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, haunted by the terrors of madness, his body racked with pain. In short, a

solemn example to us all of the dreadful retribution which is the due of those who presume to question the divine plan in Nature.

The decisive proof of his infamy has been seen in his three love affairs, none of which has met with the approval of posthumous critics, although at the time (so far as our evidence goes) no particular indignation or comment was excited by them. The first and briefest was with a young lady in the North of Ireland, whom he named Varina, and to whom he proposed marriage while he was the unhappy Rector of Kilroot, an Ulster parish full of Papists and Presbyterians—both equally obnoxious to Swift. Varina rejected him, but some years later—when he was appointed to a more substantial living—she wrote reminding him of her existence and suggesting that she was obviously designed to be his lawful spouse. He did not think so, and suggested that she was hardly fitted to be the wife of a poor parson. She accepted the suggestion and there ended Swift's first and only offer of marriage. He has received as little credit for it as for his subsequent failure to make such an offer in circumstances which have perplexed, fascinated, and irritated all his commentators ever since. In fact, so perverse are the ways of commentators that the very absence of all mention of marriage has impelled some of them to invent one. As there were two ladies in this later case, this invention has the double charm of making an honest woman of one, and of making Swift out to be a scoundrel towards the other, while proving that he could not have acted otherwise.

The situation arose out of his intimacy with Esther Johnson who had been, like himself, a protégée of Sir William Temple, and whom he had first met as a young man just over age while she was a child of six. Esther, having grown up into a very beautiful girl, received in her turn a classical name, Stella, and in that capacity she has become one of the heroines of English literature and almost of English fiction. She came to live in Dublin with her chaperon, and between these ladies and Swift there developed a relation which still defies the searchers after simple facts—since the absence of simplicity in facts is intolerable. Stella would not marry any of her worthy but obscure suitors and preferred to be the one great passion of Swift's life, the one intimate in his confidence and affections, rather than to lapse into the oblivion of a regular and respectable existence apart from him. The *Journal to Stella*, which records this *amitié amoureuse*, is a document unique in confessional literature, and so remarkable an account of the relations of a great man and an unusual woman that even Swift's fiercest detractors become sentimental over it and are kind enough to grant that the inventor of the "little language" in which they caressed each other was a human being. From that to assuming he was a married man was but a step.

The gossip and hearsay upon which this assumption is based will be found in most of the biographies and will supply the cynical with curious reading. Even the biographers who have too much sense to decide in favor of law and order adopt a non-committal attitude with the emphasis in that direction. This enables them all to raise cries of horror when Swift becomes entangled with the third lady to whom he lent a classical name, Vanessa. Vanessa was an intellectual young woman but, I regret to say, she had "a baby face" (according to Swift), and a boyish form, and a third point in common with many of her successors to-day—a decided indifference to the ideals of Mr. Volstead. Their friendship began in the usual way, but it soon developed in a way which is also not unusual, and their correspondence shows him alternately scolding and petting, humoring and flattering her—trying to satisfy her with intellectual friendship and to evade the obvious implications of her every word and attitude. In the poem "Cadenus and

Vanessa" in which this philandering was recorded, Swift wrote:

> But what success Vanessa met,
> Is to the world a secret yet.
> Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
> Talks in a high romantick strain;
> Or whether he at last descends
> To act with less seraphick ends;
> Or, to compound the business, whether
> They temper love and books together;
> Must never to mankind be told,
> Nor shall the conscious muse unfold.

The lines very fairly reflect the actual situation, and Vanessa specifically absolves Swift from being responsible for the fact that the affair drifted beyond the limits which he had assigned to it. The melodramatists insist that Vanessa discovered Swift was married by writing to Stella and asking the question, and that, as a result of a subsequent scene with Swift, she died of a broken heart. They regard this as a proper punishment for such unheard-of wickedness on the part of a married man.

There is every reason to suppose that the marriage was as apocryphal as the story of Vanessa's death. She, like Stella, seems to have preferred her relationship with Swift to all the comforts of a home, and every scrap of direct testimony from the ladies themselves runs contrary to the convenient theory. For some reason this attitude on the part of Stella and Vanessa is never considered, and Swift is blamed, first, for having offered to marry Varina and been refused; second, for not marrying Vanessa, when he is alleged to have been already married to Stella; third, for not acknowledging his marriage to Stella, thereby hastening her death. The only person who was confessedly unhappy was Vanessa, and her unhappiness—as she admitted—was due to the overpowering love which she had for Swift and his avowed inability to reciprocate it. Nevertheless a vast amount of indignation and pity has been aroused by the plight of Stella—immortalized in the *Journal* and contented, as she well might be, to be the closest friend and confidant of the most brilliant figure of his time.

An aspect of the case which Swift's innumerable censors have failed to consider is one which cannot but interest us, now that we are all psycho-analysts or psycho-analyzed. I refer to the deduction that Swift's mother may not have really been his parent, and that Sir William Temple was very probably his father. The relations between Jonathan and his mother, to say the least of it, were unconventional. His nurse ran off with him from Dublin to England when he was one year old, and his mother left him there for three years on the pretext that he could not stand the journey back. She was a "beautiful, but flighty and peculiar woman" and on one occasion, when she came to Dublin to see her son, she took lodgings and, after asking the landlady if she could keep a secret, informed the good woman that the rooms were for the purpose of "receiving the visits of a gallant," who was simply the Reverend Jonathan Swift, Rector of Laracor, near Dublin. It is further significant that when Jonathan was leaving college she should direct him to the care of Sir William Temple—an important personage, high in the councils of State—who made no demur but took the greatest interest in him and looked after him. A contemporary document in *The Gentlemen's Magazine* of November, 1757—when Stella's mother was still alive and also Sir William Temple's heir—declared that Swift "was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella" and did not discover it until he proposed to marry her. Linking this with the scene, often related, of how Swift passed a friend coming out of the library of the Archbishop of Dublin, and how the Archbishop said, "you have just this moment passed the most miserable man on earth, but as to the cause of that misery you must never ask a question," one arrives at the conclusion that this was the occasion when Swift discovered that he and Stella were both the children of Sir William Temple. The

article in an important and reputable magazine was not refuted when there were first-hand witnesses to do so, and we have the now illuminating statement in Swift's own words that "the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife was the only woman in the world who could not be his wife." Emphasis upon the adverb "only" in the second clause of that sentence brings us to the point where we may ask if Swift did not precede Byron, with Stella in the place of Augusta Leigh, but without a Harriet Beecher Stowe to air the scandal in a family periodical.

The irony of the protests against the ambiguity of Swift's relation to Stella —especially because of his failure to publish the banns—becomes, in the circumstances, a counterpart to the irony of the fate of *Gulliver's Travels*. Nowadays, for all our avidity for scandal, how easily our authors thrive on a tithe of the gossip, suspicion, and hostility which Swift and Stella aroused! I submit, with newspaper headlines in mind (true sign of greatness in this era of democracy), that Swift has claims upon the attention of the plain people. It is unfair of the professors to allow the general public to be fobbed off with "gift book" editions of one work, and to depict him as a foul-mouthed fellow who carried on with women as though he were an important movie star, but without sharing the latter's creditable enthusiasm for more and better marriage, and to deprive him of the pitiless publicity with which the aforesaid enthusiasm is associated. Instead, they shake their heads over the apparently unparalleled example of his unwillingness to marry, and hint at dark mysteries culminating in insanity—the advantage of this being that it can then be argued that the first two books, relating Gulliver's adventures among the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians, are charming, benign fantasies; humanity seen through the two ends of a telescope. But the third book, with the floating island of Laputa, where the imbecility of pedants is seen in all its glory—with Glubdubdrib, where the glorious dead are resurrected and reveal the absurdity of the true causes of their renown in the best Shavian style; with Luggnagg, where the Struldbrugs upset the romanticism of *Back to Methuselah*—the third book, it seems, marks the beginning of Swift's mental decline. As for the fourth, where we encounter the Houyhnhnms, the horses that are so superior to the humans, the Yahoos—it is dismissed as the filthy product of a diseased body and a diseased brain.

This notion of insanity has been widely used to discredit Swift, just as it has been charged, with a sneer, against Nietzsche that he died insane—the intention being to suggest that they need not therefore be taken too seriously. Yet even this point has never been so well established as to permit the assumptions based upon it. The medical testimony has favored the theory that Swift's disease was "not a case of gradually developing insanity, which might have affected his reason, even while its development was proceeding; but a case of specific malady, which tortured him during his life, and which ultimately produced a definite injury to the brain, but which up to that point in no way obliterated his reason." This disease—which has been analyzed by Oscar Wilde's father, Sir William Wilde, and many other physicians—eventually produced paralysis, and it was not until then that "the brain, already weakened by senile decay, at length gave way, and Swift sank into the dementia which preceded his death." In other words, here is a man who died at the age of seventy-eight, after years of ceaseless literary activity, as the nineteen volumes of his amazingly varied work testify; yet it is argued that his achievement is marked by insanity—although his literary activity ceased, through old age and ill health, many years before his brain even began to be seriously affected.

What, it might naturally be asked, is

the formidable character of Swift's work which renders necessary the insinuation that only one who was insane could have written it? Is it merely that it was in places obscene or disgusting? That has been alleged—especially in relation to *Gulliver's Travels*—but the more honest exegetists have frankly recognized that "the Augustans were free-spoken, and to a certain extent also foul-spoken," and it has not been argued that Sterne, Smollett, or John Cleland were mad. Indeed, one highly indignant but conscientious professor records that Swift's satire "in its broader aspect" was keenly relished. "The Queen and the Princess of Wales were in raptures with it. One noble lady facetiously identified herself with the Yahoos; another declared that her whole life had been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and in treating the best as her foes. And so surely could Swift rely on the most disgusting passages of his work being to the taste of the ladies of the Court, that in a private letter to one of the Maids of Honour he not only referred facetiously to one of its most indecent passages, but added to the indecency." From this we are to conclude that the moral degradation of the period was complete—not, if you please, that the Eighteenth Century had its conventions, and that it is as unreasonable to expect Swift to conform to any others as it would be to call a woman shameless to-day because she wears fewer and shorter clothes than her grandmother did.

In the absence of any such thing as an objective standard of obscenity the application of moral tests to literature, without reference to the person concerned and the prevailing standards, usually leads to illogical and incoherent censorship. The bowdlerization of Swift may be counted, therefore, not as an effort to save us from the ravings of a lunatic but as one of the necessities of the false principle invoked, with the insinuation of madness thrown in as a makeweight to bolster up the case. Even the professional moralists do not pretend that the authors of books which offend their pruriency are insane. Swift must have committed a graver offense than "The Lady's Dressing Room" or "Strephon and Chloe" in an age which read Cleland's *Fanny Hill* and Mandeville's "Virgin Unmasked" and "The Fable of the Bees"—an age which might have subscribed to the lines which the author of *The Beggar's Opera* wrote for his own epitaph:

> Life is a jest: and all things show it.
> I thought so once, and now I know it.

To mention Gay and that charming piece—in which Swift is supposed to have had a hand—is to come at once to the fundamental objection to Swift as he appears to his nineteenth-century censors: "the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, the heart burning with hatred against the whole human race," to quote the most celebrated summary of the indictment. The light paradoxes of *The Beggar's Opera* have annoyed very serious persons, but they are as superficial and harmless as the humor of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. There is a topsy-turvy morality in this "Newgate pastoral" but its thrusts at society are as painless as the allusions to the House of Lords in "Iolanthe." But we find that Swift's satire is more destructive; it is, in fact, so deadly that successive generations have labored, as he would expect them to, in order by various devices to deflect his blows. He stands in the same relation to Gay and the other wits of his time as Bernard Shaw stands to Gilbert or to Oscar Wilde. England was enchanted by the happy melodies and playful fancy of Gilbert and Sullivan, and smiled at the epigrams of Oscar Wilde, but when the author of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* turned that boasted "normal" vision of his upon the institutions and society around him, his gibes and mockery were resented.

It is interesting to compare these two Anglo-Irish writers, who never lose an

opportunity of reviling Ireland and of working rebelliously for her interests as against those of England. "His deficiency on the side of what we commonly call sentiment is not less remarkable. Sentiment is never likely to be found in any degree where the transcendental instinct is lacking. But the total atrophy, or rather non-existence, of both in a man of strong affections and of acute susceptibility to emotional impression is an anomaly rare indeed. . . . Its expression in language he regarded as cant, its expression in action as affectation and folly. For him life had no illusions, man no mystery, nature no charm. . . . His sole criterion as a critic and judge was unsublimated reason. . . . In his estimate of life and the world generally he saw everything in the clear cold light of the pure intellect. From no mind of which we have expression in record had the Spectres of the Tribe, the Den, the Forum, and the Theatre been so completely exorcised. But, as the eyes of the body may be blinded by excess of light, so the eyes of the mind may by excess of reason be blinded—by the very power that gives them sight." These words were written when Shaw was still the obscure Socialist author of "Widowers' Houses," and they occur in the last full-length study of Swift to appear in English. How often were they to be applied, with minor variations, to Shaw during the greater part of the following thirty years which witnessed his gradual rise to success and popularity. By a pleasant coincidence that popularity finally culminated in something akin to Swift's. The scourge and terror of the orthodox provides as good an evening's laughter in the theater as *Gulliver's Travels* in the nursery or drawing-room.

Bernard Shaw now amuses where he once horrified; but not so Swift, when his own ideas are presented as he conceived and expressed them. Swift had no faith or panacea; Shaw had, and it has proved his undoing, thereby absolving future professors from the task of making him obscure and inaccessible through expurgation and the thousand-and-one devices of pedantry for rendering literary virtue hateful. With an effort we now remember that Shaw labeled his work as Socialism, and delayed his reception at the hands of the general public until everybody was assured that the Home was not about to totter, and that the Servile State had no such charms with which to soothe the British breast as the Fabian Society pretended. His propaganda became obsolete long before his audience could be persuaded, and now he is confronted by a generation which is neither interested in nor frightened by what he offered as the constructive side of his philosophy. He is a skilled dramatic craftsman who can furnish an excellent show. His ideas are accepted in so far as they respond to the skepticism and iconoclasm of the times. We look to him for confirmation of our doubts, not for solutions to our insoluble problems.

As the greatest of doubters and iconoclasts Swift is supreme, and it is in their flight from his merciless irony, his superb irreverence, and his magnificent contempt for the incurable imbecility of the human race that the orthodox have done everything possible to frustrate his influence. A dead rebel is usually a picturesque figure, just as pacifists in the ranks of one's enemy in wartime appear as truth-seeking idealists, entirely unlike the unpatriotic domestic product of the same kind. English literature has had many such romantic characters whose pleas for anarchy, free love, vegetarianism, communism, universal peace, and other similar abominations excite later idealists to deep enthusiasm and kindle a benign, almost tearful smile of understanding condescension in even the sternest academic pillars of society. Jonathan Swift gives no opportunity for this liberalism by proxy; he offers no chances for easy magnanimity. He is so much alive, so inescapable a menace to all the illusions and humbug essential to what we deem our happiness that one

may suppress him but he cannot be explained away. Hence that blessed word "insanity," which covers a multitude of cynicisms. Had he only advocated some dogma, however revolutionary, time would have proved it as futile as all things and retrospective tolerance would have acquitted him of wickedness, if not of heresy, now fortunately harmless.

Swift's contribution to the literature of Utopias has nothing of the fervor of the Encyclopædists and those romantic inventors of the idea of Progress who, as another dean, also accused of cynicism—Dean Inge—points out, enslaved three different philosophies to what is in the last analysis a question of statistics or, as I have said, plumbing and profits. The Houyhnhnms, not the Yahoos, are perfectible. Lemuel Gulliver, when he returns from his travels, finds no joy in seeing his wife and children again. He can only gradually accustom himself to the contact of his fellow men, and when he at last resigns himself to the society of the usual lords, politicians, cut-throats, lawyers, and fools, he has for ever renounced all projects for the improvement of the Yahoos of the United Kingdom. The sarcasm of Voltaire, the sentimental apostrophes of Rousseau, the smiling skepticism of Montaigne are mild reformist platitudes beside the ruthless misanthropy of Swift, but there is an echo of him in the merciless last chapter of *Penguin Island*, where Anatole France's vision of the future is a not very inspiring point in that vicious circle known as the story of mankind.

Swift, then, committed the unpardonable sin of disbelieving in human perfectibility, and of expressing that disbelief in terms so memorable that timid souls are shocked and terrified by his reversal of Dante's descent into hell, for no stars are visible to restore hope to the soul. Like all pessimists he is charged by complacent optimists with reflecting his own personal misery and discontent, and of mistaking these for a picture of the world. That Swift was often unwell, and that—towards the end of his life—he was a very sick man (both physically and mentally), is as undeniable as the fact that the authors of glad fiction and manuals of right thought are frequently bilious. But nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that a disillusioned view of life is the mark of disappointment and personal unhappiness. Adapting Tennyson, one might say there lives more joy in honest cynicism than in half the creeds for which hollow-eyed and gloomy fanatics die or struggle on behalf of progress. Swift once said that "the latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former," and the consequent adjustment of one's disbelief in human nature produces that happy equilibrium known as skepticism, which is erroneously believed to reflect discontent. One must lose a great number of illusions before existence, above the vegetable state, becomes tolerable.

In the enormous range of Jonathan Swift's writings there is ample proof of this, and overwhelming evidence against the theory—so sedulously fostered—that he was a gloomy, morbid malcontent whose one moment of pleasant fancy was the composition of the Lilliput and Brobdingnag parts of *Gulliver's Travels*. The variety of his interests, the delightful irony of his humor, and the fertile wit and mischief of his subtle intellectual play, added to the famous Irish pamphlets—which have easily survived their immediate object, unlike most political pamphlets—are all a sufficient answer to his detractors. They show a man who up to the age of sixty years was incessantly active, alert, and stimulating, and who unostentatiously did more good of a practical kind than most romantic humanitarians brooding and weeping over the injustices of the world. He had no belief in the abstraction Justice, but the "Drapier's Letters" actually abolished the definite injustice of Wood's halfpence in Ireland. He had the greatest contempt for the plain

people of Ireland, but his "Modest Proposal" remains to this day one of the greatest indictments of England's exploitation of them. If he left his fortune to found a Hospital for Lunatics and Incurables for the nation that needed it most, the tangible fact of his gift is not diminished by its being accompanied with a sardonic witticism rather than with a pious platitude.

The essays, pamphlets, letters, and occasional pieces of all kinds which are preserved in the collected editions of Swift's works are seldom seen by others than specialists, and the average reader must be content with an expurgated *Gulliver's Travels* and a nodding acquaintance with such writings as *A Tale of a Tub*, *The Battle of the Books*, and the *Journal to Stella*. It is upon that supposition that the legend of Swift has flourished—a legend well calculated to make most of us rely upon our childhood memories of Captain Gulliver to serve us all our lifetime. Yet, much that delights the heart of this unregenerate age has its counterpart in Swift, to a degree which encourages the belief that at no time since the close of his own age has there been an audience better fitted to appreciate him that now. The essay on "Polite Conversation," with its priceless dialogue, is as effective a record of inanity as the Discussion on Death in the *Book of Burlesques* of H. L. Mencken; it is an authentic "clinical note." On June 20th, 1709, in *The Tatler*, Swift faced the now palpitating question in advanced circles: Can Men and Women be Friends? His advice to a common heman, who complains, "it is my misfortune to be six feet and a half high, two full spans between the shoulders, thirteen inches diameter in the calves; and before I was in love, I had a noble stomach, and usually went to bed sober with two bottles"—his advice to this victim of the higher feminism has a flavor of *actualité*. "This order of Platonic ladies are to be dealt with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. . . . A Platonne is not to be touched with panegyric: she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says." The effect of this procedure having been illustrated, Swift concludes that "she will fall in with the necessities of mortal life, and condescend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, imprisoned in so much body, and urged by such violent desires."

There is the humor of a Gilbert and Sullivan libretto in the elaborate fooling of the "Scheme to make an Hospital for Incurables," with its schedule of the cost of maintaining incurable knaves, incurable scolds, incurable scribblers, incurable liars, and so forth: "incurable fools are almost infinite; however at first I would have only twenty thousand." Another typical piece of satire is the "True Narrative" of how London behaved when it was believed that the end of the world had come, how "no less than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen" were ferried over to Lambeth to petition that a short prayer might be penned, as there was none in the service for such occasions, but "as in things of this nature it is necessary that the Council be consulted, their request was not immediately complied with." The whole town became seriously religious, but "all the different persuasions kept by themselves, for, as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other." The grave irony of this is as irresistible as the conclusion of the argument against "The Abolishing of Christianity" wherein he says, "I do very much apprehend that, in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East India stock may fall at least one *per cent*. And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a

loss, merely for the sake of destroying it."

One has only to dip at haphazard into Swift's writings to realize that the picture of him as a malevolent hypochondriac rests on nothing more substantial than the common superstition that a skeptic must be abnormal and miserable. His capacity for seeing himself in perspective does not even absolve him; and while it has been solemnly demonstrated that he was a good churchman, he is not credited with seeing the eternal humor of "a set of men suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use, toward the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six." His Latin epitaph upon himself is quoted with pitying concern, but it must be read in conjunction with the poem upon his death in which he describes, with the most cynical good humor, how the news is received and credits his three best friends with remembering him for one month, one week, and one day, respectively.

The horrible physical pain of his last years must excite pity, but Swift's life and achievement are above the cheap melodramatics with which they have been clothed. A great English critic, but naturally not a pedagogue, stands almost alone in his appropriate if brief treatment of Jonathan Swift. With an irony Swift would have admired Hazlitt wrote, "There is nothing more likely to drive a man mad than the being unable to get rid of the idea of the distinction between right and wrong, and an obstinate, constitutional preference of the true to the agreeable." And he answered the sentimental moralists by saying, "nothing solid, nothing valuable is left in his system but virtue and wisdom. What a libel is this upon mankind!"

Swift was the embodiment of his age, and it was an age which, as a whole, found itself subjected in some degree to the same reproaches as he—which may be summed up in the word materialism. The Augustans were not, we are told, idealists; they had none of the exaltations, romantic and revolutionary, which possessed the eighteenth century at its close. By that time the illusion of progress had become so well fixed in certain minds that to suggest doubts as to the beneficent results of the French Revolution was to incur the anathema of the millenium-makers.

Nowadays we can measure exactly how beautifully that Revolution and all its accompanying cant served the spread, not of liberty, but of industrialism and that form of democracy which is the negation of the only kind of freedom that is conceivable—that which fosters the development of intelligent individuals. "Some men," said Swift, "admire republics, because orators flourish there, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but my opinion is that one tyrant is better than a hundred." The day of the rabble was approaching and Swift described the Yahoos. In the dark years of his slow death an ardent youth from Switzerland named Rousseau made his appearance in Paris, preparing a message on Equality, to which Swift's posthumous "Directions to Servants" reads like a grimly ironical retort. He once assessed the number of superior persons in Britain at twenty-five, and at one thousand those "who have a tolerable share of reading and good sense." The estimate is a little over-generous, but let it stand, for it represents the audience to which Jonathan Swift addressed himself and to which he will always appeal: the happy few whose happiness consists in accepting the ironies of life and rejecting its illusions.

THE MAN WITH TWO BEARDS

A Father Brown Detective Story

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THIS tale was told by Father Brown to Professor Crake, the celebrated criminologist, after dinner at a club where the two were introduced to each other as sharing a harmless hobby of murder and robbery. But as Father Brown's version rather minimized his own part in the matter, it is here retold in a more impartial style. It arose out of a playful passage of arms in which the professor was very scientific and the priest rather skeptical.

"My good sir," said the professor in remonstrance, "Don't you believe that criminology is a science?"

"I'm not sure," replied Father Brown, "do you believe that hagiology is a science?"

"What's that?" asked the specialist sharply.

"No, it's not the study of hags and has nothing to do with burning witches," said the priest smiling. "It's the study of holy things—saints and so on. You see, the Dark Ages tried to make a science about good people. But our own humane enlightened age is only interested in a science about bad ones. Yet I think our general experience is that every conceivable sort of man has been a saint. And I suspect you will find that every conceivable sort of man has been a murderer."

"Well, we believe murderers can be pretty well classified," observed Crake. "The list sounds rather long and dull but I think it's exhaustive. First, all killings can be divided into rational and irrational, and we'll take the last first because they are much fewer. There is such a thing as homicidal mania or love of butchery in the abstract. There is such a thing as irrational antipathy, though it's very seldom homicidal. Then we come to the true motives; of these some are less rational in the sense of merely romantic and retrospective. Acts of pure revenge are acts of hopeless revenge. Thus a lover will sometimes kill a rival he could never supplant, or a rebel assassinate a tyrant after the conquest is complete. But more often even these acts have a rational expectation. They are hopeful murders. They fall into the larger section of the second division; of what we may call prudential crimes. These again fall chiefly under two descriptions: man kills in order to obtain what the other man possesses, either by theft or inheritance, or to stop the other man from acting in some way; as in the case of killing a blackmailer or a political opponent or, in the case of a rather more passive obstacle, a husband or wife whose continued functioning as such interferes with other things. We believe that classification is pretty thoroughly thought out and, properly applied, covers the ground. But I'm afraid it sounds rather dull; I hope I'm not boring you."

"Not at all," said Father Brown, "if I seemed a little absent-minded I must apologize; the truth is I was thinking of a man I once knew. He was a murderer; but I can't see where he fits into your museum of murderers. He was not mad; nor did he like killing. He did not hate the man he killed; he hardly knew him and certainly had nothing to

avenge on him. The other man did not possess anything that he could possibly want. The other man was not behaving in any way which the murderer wanted to stop. The murdered man was not in a position to hurt or hinder or even affect the murderer in any way. There was no woman in the case. There was no politics in the case. This man killed a fellow-creature who was practically a stranger and that for a very strange reason, which is possibly unique in human history."

And so, in his own more conversational fashion, he told the story. The story may well begin in a sufficiently respectable setting—at the breakfast table of a worthy though wealthy suburban family named Bankes, where the normal discussion of the newspaper had for once been silenced by the discussion about a mystery nearer home. Such people are sometimes accused of gossip about their neighbors: but they are in that matter almost inhumanly innocent. Rustic villagers tell tales about their neighbors, true and false, but the curious culture of the modern suburb will believe anything it is told in the papers about the wickedness of the Pope or the martyrdom of the King of the Cannibal Islands, and in the excitement of these topics never knows what is happening next door. In this case, however, the two forms of interest actually united in a coincidence of thrilling intensity. Their own suburb had actually been mentioned in their favorite newspaper. It seemed to them like a new proof of their own existence when they saw the name in print. It was almost as if they had been unconscious and invisible before—now they were as real as the King of the Cannibal Islands.

It was stated in the paper that a once famous criminal known as Michael Moonshine (and many other names that were presumably not his own) had recently been released after a long term of imprisonment for his numerous burglaries; that his whereabouts was being kept quiet, but he was believed to have settled down in the suburb in question which we will call, for convenience, Chisham. A résumé of some of his famous and daring exploits and escapes was given in the same issue. For it is a character of that kind of press, intended for that kind of public, that it assumes its readers have no memories. While the peasant will remember for centuries an outlaw like Robin Hood or Rob Roy, the clerk will hardly remember the name of the criminal about whom he argued in trams and tubes two years before. Yet Michael Moonshine had really shown some of the heroic rascality of Rob Roy or Robin Hood. He was worthy to be turned into legend and not merely into news. He was far too capable a burglar to be a murderer. But his terrific strength and the ease with which he knocked policemen over like ninepins, stunned people and bound and gagged them—gave something almost like a final touch of fear or mystery to the fact that he never killed them. People almost felt that he would have been more human if he had.

Mr. Simon Bankes, the father of the family, was at once better read and more old-fashioned than the rest. He was a sturdy man with a short gray beard and a brow barred with wrinkles. He had a turn for anecdotes and reminiscence; and he distinctly remembered the days when Londoners had lain awake listening for Mike Moonshine as they did for Spring-heeled Jack. Then there was his wife, a thin dark lady who was very modern if not very young. There was a sort of acid elegance about her, for her family had much more money than her husband's, if rather less education; and she even possessed a very valuable emerald necklace upstairs which gave her a right to prominence in a discussion about thieves. There was his daughter Opal, who was also thin and dark and supposed to be psychic, at any rate by herself; for she had little domestic encouragement. Spirits of an ardently astral turn will be well advised

"I WARN YOU MY BEES DO NOT ONLY MAKE HONEY. THEY STING."

not to materialize as members of a large family. There was her brother John, a burly youth particularly boisterous in his indifference to her spiritual development, and otherwise distinguishable only by his interest in motor cars. He seemed to be always in the act of selling one car and buying another; and by some process hard for the economic theorist to follow, it was always possible to buy a much better article by selling the one that was damaged or discredited. There was his brother Philip, a young man with dark curly hair, distinguished by his attention to dress—which is doubtless part of the duty of a stockbroker's clerk; but, as the stockbroker was prone to hint, hardly the whole of it. Finally there was present at this family scene his friend Daniel Devine, who was also dark and exquisitely dressed, but bearded in a fashion that was somewhat foreign and therefore, for many, slightly menacing.

It was Devine who had introduced the topic of the newspaper paragraph, tactfully insinuating so effective an instrument of distraction at what looked like the beginning of a small family quarrel; for the psychic lady had begun

the description of a vision she had had of pale faces floating in empty night outside her window, and John Bankes was trying to roar down this revelation of a higher state with more than his usual heartiness. But the newspaper reference to their new and possibly alarming neighbor soon put both controversialists out of court.

"How frightful!" cried Mrs. Bankes. "He must be quite a newcomer; but who can he possibly be?"

"I don't know any particularly newcomers," said her husband, "except Sir Leopold Pulman at Beechwood House."

"My dear," said the lady, "how absurd you are—Sir Leopold!" Then after a pause she added, "If anybody suggested his secretary, now—that man with the whiskers. I've always said ever since he got the place Philip ought to have had—"

"Nothing doing," said Philip languidly, making his sole contribution to the conversation. "Not good enough."

"The only one I know," observed Devine, "is that man called Carver who is stopping at Smith's Farm. He lives a very quiet life but he's quite interesting to talk to; I think John has had some business with him."

"Knows a bit about cars," conceded the monomaniac John. "He'll know a bit more when he's been in my new car."

Devine smiled slightly. Everybody had been threatened with the hospitality of John's new car. Then he added reflectively: "That's a little what I feel about him. He knows a lot about motoring and traveling and the active ways of the world; and yet he always stays at home pottering about round old Smith's beehives; says he's only interested in bee culture, and that's why he's staying with Smith. It seems a very quiet hobby for a man of his sort. However, I've no doubt John's car will shake him up a bit."

As Devine walked away from the house that evening his dark face wore an expression of concentrated thought. His thoughts would perhaps have been worthy of our attention even at this stage, but it is enough to say that their practical upshot was a resolution to pay an immediate visit to Mr. Carver at the house of Mr. Smith. As he was making his way thither he encountered Barnard, the secretary at Beechwood House, conspicuous by his lanky figure and the large side-whiskers which Mrs. Bankes counted among her private wrongs. Their acquaintance was slight and their conversation brief and casual. But Devine seemed to find in it food for further cogitation.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "excuse my asking, but is it true that Lady Pulman has some very famous jewelry up at the House? I'm not a professional thief but I've just heard there's one hanging about."

"I'll get her to give an eye to them," answered the secretary. "To tell the truth, I've ventured to warn her about them already myself. I hope she has attended to it."

As they spoke there came the hideous cry of a motor horn just behind, and John Bankes came to a stop beside them—radiant at his own steering-wheel. When he heard of Devine's destination he claimed it as his own; though his tone suggested rather an abstract relish for offering people a ride. The ride was consumed in continuous praises of the car, now mostly in the matter of its adaptability to weather.

"Shuts up as tight as a box," he said, "and opens as easy—as easy as opening your mouth."

Devine's mouth at the moment did not seem so easy to open and they arrived at Smith's farm to the sound of a soliloquy. Passing the outer gate Devine found the man he was looking for without going into the house. The man was walking about in the garden with his hands in his pockets, wearing a large limp straw hat—a man with a long face and a large chin; the wide brim cut off the upper part of his face with a shadow that looked a little like a mask. In the background were a row

of sunny beehives along which an elderly man, presumably Mr. Smith, was moving accompanied by a short commonplace-looking companion in black clerical costume.

"I say," burst in the irrepressible John before Devine could offer any polite greeting, "I've brought her round to give you a little run. You see if she isn't better than a *Thunderbolt*."

Mr. Carver's mouth set into a smile that may have been meant to be gracious but looked rather grim. "I'm afraid I shall be too busy for pleasure this evening," he said.

"How doth the little busy bee—" observed Devine equally enigmatically. "Your bees must be very busy if they keep you at it all night. I was wondering if—"

"Well," demanded Carver with a certain cool defiance.

"Well, they say we should make hay while the sun shines," said Devine. "Perhaps you make honey while the moon shines."

There came a flash from the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat as the whites of the man's eyes shifted and shone.

"Perhaps there is a good deal of moonshine in the business," he said, "but I warn you my bees do not only make honey. They sting."

"*Are* you coming along in the car?" insisted the staring John. But Carver, though he threw off the momentary air of sinister significance with which he had been answering Devine, was still positive in his polite refusal.

"I can't possibly go," he said. "Got a lot of writing to do. Perhaps you'd be kind enough to give some of my friends a run if you want a companion. This is my friend Mr. Smith. Father Brown."

"Of course," cried Bankes, "let 'em all come."

"Thank you very much," said Father Brown, "I'm afraid I shall have to decline; I've got to go on to Benediction in a few minutes."

"Mr. Smith is your man then," said Carver with something almost like impatience. "I'm sure Smith is longing for a motor ride."

Smith, who wore a broad grin, bore no appearance of longing for anything. He was an active little old man with a very honest wig—one of those wigs that look no more natural than a hat. It's

"I'VE SEEN A GHOST!" OPAL EXCLAIMED

tinge of yellow was out of keeping with his colorless sort of complexion. He shook his head and answered with amiable obstinacy:

"I remember I went over this road ten years ago in one of those contraptions. Came over in it from my sister's place at Holmgate and never been over that road in a car since. It was rough going, I can tell you."

"Ten years ago!" scoffed John Bankes, "two thousand years ago you went in an ox-wagon. Do you think cars haven't changed in ten years—and roads, too, for that matter? In my little bus you don't know the wheels are going round. You think you're just flying."

"I'm sure Smith wants to go flying," urged Carver, "it's the dream of his life. Come, Smith, go over to Holmgate and see your sister. You know you ought to go and see your sister. Go over and stay the night if you like."

"Well, I generally walk over, so I generally do stay the night," said old Smith. "No need to trouble the gentleman to-day particularly."

"But think what fun it will be for your sister to see you arrive in a car!" cried Carver. "You really ought to go. Don't be so selfish."

"That's it," assented Bankes with buoyant benevolence. "Don't you be selfish! It won't hurt you. You aren't afraid of it, are you?"

"Well," said Mr. Smith, blinking thoughtfully, "I don't want to be selfish and I don't think I'm afraid. I'll come with you if you put it that way."

The pair drove off amid waving salutations that seemed somehow to give the little group the appearance of a cheering crowd. Yet Devine and the priest joined in it only out of courtesy, and they both felt it was the dominating gesture of their host which gave it its final air of farewell. The detail gave them a curious sense of the pervasive force of his personality.

The moment the car was out of sight he turned to them with a sort of boisterous apology and said, "Well—!"

He said it with that curious heartiness which is the reverse of hospitality. That extreme geniality is the same as a dismissal.

"I must be going," said Devine. "We must not interrupt the busy bee. I'm afraid I know very little about bees; sometimes I can hardly tell a bee from a wasp."

"I've kept wasps too," answered the mysterious Mr. Carver.

When his guests were a few yards down the street Devine said rather impulsively to his companion, "Rather an odd scene that, don't you think?"

"Yes," replied Father Brown, "and what do you think about it?"

Devine looked at the little man in black and something in the gaze of his great gray eyes seemed to renew his impulse.

"I think," he said, "that Carver was very anxious to have the house to himself to-night. I don't know whether you had any such suspicions?"

"I may have my suspicions," replied the priest, "but I'm not sure whether they're the same as yours."

That evening, when the last dusk was turning into dark in the gardens round the family mansion, Opal Bankes was moving through some of the dim and empty rooms with even more than her usual abstraction; and anyone who had looked at her closely would have noted that her pale face had more than its usual pallor. Despite its bourgeois luxury, the house as a whole had a unique shade of melancholy. It was the sort of immediate sadness that belongs to things which are old rather than ancient. It was full of faded fashions rather than historic customs; of the order and ornament that is just recent enough to be recognized as dead. Here and there Early Victorian colored glass tinted the twilight; the high ceilings made the long rooms look narrow; and at the end of the long room down which she was walking was one of those round windows to be found in the buildings of its period. As she came to about the

"DON'T LET ANYBODY MOVE," SAID CARVER IN CLEAR, COURTEOUS TONES

middle of the room she stopped—and then suddenly swayed a little as if some invisible hand had struck her in the face.

An instant after there was the noise of knocking on the front door, dulled by the closed doors between. She knew that the rest of the household were in the upper parts of the house; but she could not have analyzed the motive that made her go to the front door herself. On the doorstep stood a dumpy and dingy figure in black which she recognized as the Roman Catholic priest whose name was Brown. She knew him only slightly but she liked him. He did not encourage her psychic views—quite the contrary; but he discouraged them as if they mattered and not as if they did not matter. It was not so much that he did not sympathize with her opinions as that he did sympathize but did not agree. All this was in some sort of chaos in her mind as she found herself saying, without greeting or waiting to hear his business:

"I'm so glad you've come. I've seen a ghost."

"There's no need to be distressed about that," he said; "it often happens. Most of the ghosts aren't ghosts and the few that may be won't do you any harm. Was it any ghost in particular?"

"No," she admitted with a vague feeling of relief; "it wasn't so much the thing itself as an atmosphere of awful decay—a sort of luminous ruin. It was a face. A face at the window. But it was pale and goggling and looked like the pictures of Judas."

"Well, some people do look like that," reflected the priest, "and I daresay they look in at windows sometimes. May I come in and see where it happened?"

When she returned to the room with the visitor, however, other members of the family had assembled and those of a less psychic habit had thought it convenient to light the lamps. In the presence of Mrs. Bankes, Father Brown assumed a more conventional civility and apologized for his intrusion.

"I'm afraid it is taking a liberty with your house, Mrs. Bankes," he said. "But I think I can explain how the

business happens to concern you. I was up at the Pulmans' place just now when I was rung up and asked to come round here to meet a man who is coming to communicate something that may be of some moment to you. I should not have added myself to the party, only I am wanted apparently because I am a witness to what has happened up at Beechwood. In fact it was I who had to give the alarm."

"What has happened!" repeated the lady.

"There has been a robbery up at Beechwood House," said Father Brown gravely, "a robbery and, what I fear is worse, Lady Pulman's jewels have gone. And her unfortunate secretary, Mr. Barnard, was picked up in the garden, having evidently been shot by the escaping burglar."

"That man," ejaculated the lady of the house, "I believe he was—"

She encountered the grave gaze of the priest—and her words suddenly went from her, she never knew why.

"I communicated with the police," he went on, "and with another authority interested in this case; and they say that even a superficial examination has revealed footprints and finger-prints and other indications of a well-known criminal."

At this point the conference was for a moment disturbed by the return of John Bankes from what appeared to be an abortive expedition in the car. Old Smith seemed to have been a disappointing passenger after all.

"Funked it after all at the last minute," he announced with noisy disgust. "Bolted off while I was looking at what I thought was a puncture. Last time I'll take one of these yokels—"

But his complaints received small attention in the general excitement that gathered round Father Brown and his news.

"Somebody will arrive in a moment," went on the priest, with the same air of weighty reserve, "who will relieve me of this responsibility. When I have confronted you with him I shall have done my duty as a witness in a serious business. It only remains for me to say that a servant up at Beechwood House told me that she had seen a face at one of the windows—"

"I saw a face," said Opal, "at one of our windows."

"Oh, you are always seeing faces," said her brother John roughly.

"It is as well to see facts even if they are faces," said Father Brown equally, "and I think the face you saw—"

Another knock at the front door sounded through the house, and a minute afterwards the door of the room opened and another figure appeared. Devine half rose from his chair at the sight of it.

It was a tall erect figure with a long rather cadaverous face ending in a formidable chin. The brow was rather bald and the eyes bright and blue, which Devine had last seen obscured with a broad straw hat.

"Pray don't let anybody move," said the man called Carver in clear and courteous tones. But to Devine's disturbed mind the courtesy had an ominous resemblance to that of a brigand who holds a company motionless with a pistol.

"Please sit down, Mr. Devine," said Carver, "and with Mrs. Bankes's permission I will follow your example. My presence here necessitates an explanation. I rather fancy you suspected me of being an eminent and distinguished burglar."

"I did," said Devine grimly.

"As you remarked," said Carver, "it is not always easy to know a wasp from a bee."

After a pause he continued: "I can claim to be one of the more useful though equally annoying insects. I am a detective and I have come down here to investigate an alleged renewal of the activities of the criminal calling himself Michael Moonshine. Jewel robberies were his speciality; and there has just been one of them at Beechwood House which, by all the technical tests, is obvi-

ously his work. Not only do the prints correspond but you may possibly know that when he was last arrested, and it is believed on other occasions also, he wore the simple but effective disguise of a red beard and a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles."

Opal Bankes leaned forward almost fiercely.

"That was it," she cried in excitement; "that was the face I saw—with great goggles and a red ragged beard like Judas. I thought it was a ghost."

"That was also the ghost the servant at Beechwood saw," said Carver slowly.

He laid some papers and packages on the table and began carefully to unfold them. "As I say," he continued, "I was sent down here to make inquiries about the criminal plans of this man Moonshine. That is why I interested myself in bee-keeping and went to stay with Mr. Smith."

IT HAD THE LOOK OF A FISH NOSING AT THE PORTHOLE OF A SHIP

There was a silence and then Devine started and spoke: "You don't seriously mean to say that nice old man—"

"Come, Mr. Devine," said Carver with a smile, "you believed a beehive was only a hiding place for me. Why shouldn't it be a hiding place for him?"

Devine nodded gloomily and the detective turned back to his papers. "Suspecting Smith, I wanted to get him out of the way and go through his belongings; so I took advantage of Mr. Bankes's kindness in giving him a joy ride. Searching his house, I found some curious things to be owned by an innocent old rustic interested only in bees. This is one of them."

From the unfolded paper he lifted a long hairy object almost scarlet in color—the sort of sham beard that is worn in theatricals. Beside it lay an old pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles.

"But I found something also," continued Carver, "that more directly concerns this house and must be my excuse for intruding to-night. I found a memorandum with notes of the name and conjectural value of various pieces of jewelry in the neighborhood. Immediately after the note of Lady Pulman's tiara was the mention of an emerald necklace belonging to Mrs. Bankes."

Mrs. Bankes, who had hitherto regarded the invasion of her house with an air of supercilious bewilderment, suddenly grew attentive. Her face looked ten years older and much more intelligent. But before she could speak the impetuous John had risen to his full height like a trumpeting elephant.

"And the tiara's gone already!" he roared, "and the necklace—I'm going to see about that necklace!"

"Not a bad idea," said Carver as the young man rushed from the room, "though of course we've been keeping our eyes open since we've been here. Well, it took me a little time to make out the memorandum, which was in cipher, and Father Brown's telephone message from the House came as I was near the end. I asked him to run round here first with the news and I would follow; and so—"

His speech was sundered by a scream. Opal was standing up and pointing rigidly at the round window.

"There it is again!" she cried.

For a moment they all saw something,

something that cleared the lady of the charges of lying and hysteria not uncommonly brought against her. Thrust out of the slate-blue darkness without, the face was pale—or perhaps blanched by pressure against the glass—and the glaring eyes encircled as with rings gave it rather the look of a great fish out of the dark-blue sea, nosing at the port-hole of a ship. But the gills or fins of the fish were a coppery red—they were in truth fierce red whiskers and the upper part of a red beard. The next moment it had vanished.

Devine had taken a single stride towards the window when a shout resounded through the house, a shout that seemed to shake it. It seemed almost too deafening to be distinguishable as words; yet it was enough to stop Devine in his stride and he knew what had happened.

"Necklace gone!" shouted John Bankes, appearing huge and heaving in the doorway and almost instantly vanishing again with the plunge of a pursuing hound.

"Thief was at the window just now," cried the detective, who had already darted to the door, following the headlong John who was already in the garden.

"Be careful!" wailed the lady, "they have pistols and things."

"So have I," boomed the distant voice of the dauntless John out of the dark garden.

Devine had indeed noticed, as the young man plunged past him, that he was defiantly brandishing a revolver and hoped there would be no need for him so to defend himself. But even as he had the thought came the sound of two shots as if one answered the other and awakened a wild flock of echoes in that still suburban garden. They flapped into silence: and the silence seemed unnaturally long.

"Is John dead?" asked Opal in a low shuddering voice.

Father Brown had already advanced deeper into the darkness and stood with his back to them, looking down at something. It was he who answered her:

"No," he said, "it is the other."

Carver had joined him and for a moment the two figures, the tall and the short, blocked out what view the fitful and stormy moonlight would allow. Then they moved to one side and the others saw the small wiry figure lying slightly twisted as if with its last struggle; the false red beard was thrust upwards, as if scornfully at the sky, and the moon shone on the great sham spectacles of the man who had been called Moonshine.

"What an end!" muttered the detective Carver. "After all his adventures, to be shot almost by accident by a stockbroker in a suburban garden."

The stockbroker himself naturally regarded his own triumph with more solemnity, though not without nervousness.

"I had to do it," he gasped, still panting with exertion. "I'm sorry: he fired at me."

"There will have to be an inquest, of course," said Carver gravely. "But I think there will be nothing for you to worry about. There's a revolver fallen from his hand with one shot discharged; and he certainly didn't fire after he'd got yours."

By this time they had assembled again in the room and the detective was getting his papers together for departure. Father Brown was standing opposite him, looking down at the table as if in a brown study. Then he spoke abruptly:

"Mr. Carver, you have certainly worked out a very complete case in a very masterly way. I rather suspected your professional business, but I never guessed you would link everything up together so quickly—the bees and the beard and the spectacles and the cipher and the necklace and everything."

"Always satisfactory to get a case really rounded off," said Carver.

"Yes," said Father Brown, still looking at the table, "I admire it very much."

Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

"WHAT AN END!" MUTTERED THE DETECTIVE. "AFTER ALL HIS ADVENTURES"

Then he added with a modesty verging on nervousness:

"It's only fair to you to say that I don't believe a word of it."

Devine leaned forward with sudden interest. "Do you mean you don't believe he is Moonshine the burglar?"

"I know he is the burglar but he didn't burgle," answered Father Brown. "I know he didn't come here or to the great house to steal jewels, or get shot getting away with them. Where are the jewels?"

"Where they generally are in such cases," said Carver. "He's either hidden them or passed them on to a confederate. This was not a one-man job. Of course my people are searching the garden and warning the district."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Bankes, "the confederate stole the necklace while Moonshine was looking in at the window."

"Why was Moonshine looking in at the window?" asked Father Brown quietly. "Why should he want to look in at the window?"

"Well, what do you think?" cried the cheery John.

"I think," said Father Brown, "that he never did want to look in at the window."

"Then why did he do it?" demanded Carver. "What's the good of talking in the air like that? We've seen the whole thing acted before our very eyes."

"I've seen a good many things acted before my eyes that I didn't believe in," replied the priest. "So have you, on the stage and off."

"Father Brown," said Devine, with a certain respect in his tones, "will you tell us why you can't believe your eyes?"

"Yes, I will try to tell you," answered the priest. Then he said gently, "You know what I am and what we are. We don't bother you much. We try to be friends with all our neighbors. But you can't think we do nothing. You can't think we know nothing. We mind our own business. But we know our own business and we know our own people. I knew this dead man very well indeed; I was his confessor and his friend. So far as a man can, I knew his mind when he left that garden to-day; and his mind was like a glass hive full of golden bees. It's an understatement to say his reformation was sincere. He was one of those great penitents who manage to make more out of penitence than others can make out of virtue. I say I was his confessor; but indeed it was I who went to him for comfort. It did me good to be near so good a man. And when I saw him lying there dead in the garden, it seemed to me as if certain strange words that were said of old were spoken over him aloud in my ear. They might well be—for if ever a man went straight to heaven it might be he."

"Hang it all," said John Bankes restlessly, "after all he was a convicted thief."

"Yes," said Father Brown, "and only a convicted thief has ever in this world heard that assurance, 'This night shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.'"

Nobody seemed to know what to do with the silence that followed until Devine said abruptly at last:

"Then how in the world would you explain it all?"

The priest shook his head. "I can't explain it at all just yet," he said simply. "I can see one or two odd things but I don't understand them. As yet I've nothing to go on to prove the man's innocence except the man. But I'm quite sure I'm right."

He sighed and put out his hand for his big black hat. As he removed it he remained gazing at the table with rather a new expression, his round straight-haired head cocked at a new angle. It was rather as if some curious animal had come out of his hat, as out of the hat of a conjuror. But the others, looking at the table, could see nothing there but the detective's documents and the tawdry old property beard and spectacles.

"Lord bless us!" muttered Father Brown, "and he's lying outside dead in

a beard and spectacles." He swung round suddenly upon Devine. "Here's something to follow up, if you want to know. *Why did he have two beards?*"

With that he bustled in his undignified way out of the room. But Devine was now devoured with curiosity and pursued him into the front-garden.

"I can't tell you now," said Father Brown. "I'm not sure, and I'm bothered about what to do. Come round and see me to-morrow and I may be able to tell you the whole thing. It may already be settled for me and—did you hear that noise?"

"A motor car starting," remarked Devine.

"Mr. John Bankes's motor car," said the priest. "I believe it goes very fast."

"He certainly is of that opinion," said Devine with a smile.

"It will go far as well as fast to-night," said Father Brown.

"And what do you mean by that?" demanded the other.

"I mean it will not return," replied the priest. "John Bankes suspected something of what I knew from what I said. John Bankes has gone; and the emerald and all the other jewels with him."

Next day Devine found Father Brown moving to and fro in front of the row of beehives, sadly but with a certain serenity. "I've been telling the bees," he said. "You know one has to tell the bees. Those singing masons building roofs of gold. What a line!" Then more abruptly: "He would like the bees looked after."

"I hope he doesn't want the human beings neglected, when the whole swarm is buzzing with curiosity," observed the young man. "You were quite right when you said that Bankes was gone with the jewels; but I don't know how you knew, or even what there was to be known."

Father Brown blinked benevolently at the beehives and said:

"One sort of stumbles on things and there was one stumbling-block at the start. I was puzzled by poor Barnard being shot up at Beechwood House. Now even when Michael was a master criminal he made it a point of honor, even a point of vanity, to succeed without any killing. It seemed extraordinary that, when he had become a sort of saint, he should go out of his way to commit the sin he had despised when he was a sinner. The rest of the business puzzled me to the last; I could make nothing out of it except that it wasn't true. Then I had a belated gleam of sense when I saw the beard and goggles and remembered the thief had come in another beard with other goggles. Now of course it was just possible that he had duplicates; but it was at least a coincidence that he used neither the old glasses nor the old beard—both in good repair. Again it was just possible that he went out without them and had to procure new ones; but it was unlikely. There was nothing to make him go motoring with Bankes at all. If he was really going burgling he could have taken his outfit easily in his pocket. Besides, beards don't grow on bushes. He would have found it hard to get such things anywhere in the time.

"No; the more I thought of it the more I felt there was something funny about his having a completely new outfit. And then the truth began to dawn on me by reason, which I knew already by instinct. He never did go out with Bankes with any intention of putting on the disguise. He never did put on the disguise. Somebody else manufactured the disguise at leisure and then put it on him."

"Put it on him!" repeated Devine. "How the devil could they?"

"Let us go back," said Father Brown, "and look at the thing through another window—the window through which the young lady saw the ghost."

"The ghost!" repeated the other with a slight start.

"She called it the ghost," said the little man with composure, "and per-

haps she was not so far wrong. It's quite true that she is what they call psychic. Her only mistake is in thinking that being psychic is being spiritual. Some animals are psychic. Anyhow she is a sensitive; and she was right when she felt that the face at the window had a sort of horrible halo of deathly things."

"You mean—" began Devine.

"I mean it was a dead man who looked in at the window," said Brown. "It was a dead man who crawled round more than one house, looking in at more than one window. Creepy, wasn't it? But in one way it was the reverse of a ghost: for it was not the antic of the soul freed from the body—it was the antic of the body freed from the soul."

He blinked again at the beehive and continued. "But I suppose the shortest explanation is to take it from the standpoint of the man who did it. You know the man who did it—John Bankes."

"The very last man I should have thought of," said Devine.

"The very first man I thought of," said Father Brown, "in so far as I had any right to think of anybody. My friend, there are no good or bad social types or trades. Any man can be a murderer like poor John; any man, even the same man, can be a saint like poor Michael. But if there is one type that tends at times to be more utterly godless than another, it is that rather brutal sort of business man. He has no social ideal, let alone religion; he has neither the gentleman's traditions nor the trade unionist's class loyalty. All his boasts about getting good bargains were practically boasts of having cheated people. His snubbing of his sister's poor little attempts at mysticism was detestable. Her mysticism was all nonsense; but he only hated spiritualism because he thought it was spirituality. Anyhow, there's no doubt he was the villain of the piece; the only interest is in a rather original piece of villainy. It was really a new and unique motive for murder. It was the motive of using the corpse as a stage property—a sort of hideous doll or dummy. At the start he conceived a plan of killing Michael in the motor, merely to take him home and pretend to have killed him in the garden. But all sorts of fantastic finishing touches followed quite naturally from the primary fact: that he had at his disposal, in a closed car at night, the dead body of a recognized and recognizable burglar. He could leave his finger-prints and foot-prints; he could lean the familiar face against windows and take it away. You will notice that Moonshine ostensibly appeared and vanished while Bankes was ostensibly out of the room looking for the emerald necklace. Finally, he had only to tumble the corpse on to the lawn, fire a shot from each pistol, and there he was; it might never have been found out but for a guess about the two beards."

"Why had your friend Michael kept the old beard?" asked Devine thoughtfully. "That seems to me questionable."

"To me who knew him it seems quite inevitable," replied Father Brown. "His whole attitude was like that wig he wore. There was no disguise about his disguises. He didn't want the old disguise any more but he wasn't frightened of it; he would have felt it false to destroy the false beard. It would have been like hiding; and he was not hiding. He was not hiding from God; he was not hiding from himself. He was in the broad daylight. If they'd taken him back to prison he'd still have been quite happy. He was not whitewashed but washed white. There was something very strange about him; almost as strange as the grotesque dance of death through which he was dragged after he was dead. When he moved to and fro smiling among these beehives, even then—in a most radiant and shining sense—he was dead. He was out of the judgment of this world."

There was a short pause and then Devine shrugged his shoulders and said, "It all comes back to bees and wasps looking very much alike in this world, doesn't it?"

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part VI

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XXIV

AT Brakey Bottom Daniel's welcome was very much what he had expected. His mother kissed him and reproached him for having gone away; Christopher—whose good looks had become more striking in the last two years—gave him some languid attention. Emmy swooped in cordial competence upon Thomas Helier, and the children were friendly and noisy, even after it was discovered that Uncle Daniel had not brought any sweets.

"You don't seem to have brought anything at all except yourself and the kid," said Len. "Where's your luggage?"

"Following to-morrow from Lewes."

"How are you off for money?"

"I've got a shilling."

"And how d'you propose to live on that?"

"I don't propose to live on it—nor on you neither, so don't worry. To-morrow I'm going out to look for work."

"And it's precious hard to find."

"I know that—but I'll find it somehow. I'll take anything that's going."

"You're lucky to have been out of all our troubles," said Leonard; "we've had some fine times here without you, and not a word from father since he sailed."

"Oh, your father," groaned Kitty—"he take me away from my dear country and my dear family and then he leave me. Did your uncles send me any message, Daniel?"

Daniel gave what ought to have been the messages of Uncle Philip and Uncle Eugene but were not.

His mother sat by him while he had his supper—the others had finished theirs—and he told her about the Pêche à Agneau and his cousins and a little about Moie Fano and Rose. But she did not really listen much; her mind was full of her own trouble. She spoke of Tom Sheather as if he had deserted her six months after their marriage, instead of after thirty years.

"Oh, you men are cruel and faithless to us poor women who work for you."

"No, Mum, we ain't," said Christopher, who was sitting at the table beside his mother. He rubbed his head against her shoulder—but she pushed him away.

"You do not love me—you are courting."

"What, Chris courting? Who is she?"

"She's Mary Wright at Exceat, and soon I shan't have even him left—" and her tears flowed.

"You will—you will," cried young Christopher. "Maybe I shan't marry her, and if I do she'll have to say you'll live along of us."

"That always leads to trouble—the wife is always jealous of her husband's mother."

"Well, I don't know as I shall marry her. I haven't asked her yet and, seeing the way most marriages turn out, maybe I never will. Why, your girl, Dan, that you used to be so struck on—Belle Shackford that was—reckon she leads poor Ernley Munk a proper life—reckon he wouldn't be so sorry to have his single days again."

"What! ain't they happy?"

Kitty shrugged her shoulders.

"As happy as most, maybe—but there's few men wouldn't like to see their single days again soon after marriage. They all go off and leave us sooner or later."

"But there's been no trouble—no quarrel—has there?"

"Not that I know of—but most-like a lot that I don't."

Daniel could not be sure whether his mother was speaking from the bitterness of her own grievance or whether she really had grounds for her suspicions. He decided to let the matter drop for the moment, but Chris pursued it rather mercilessly:

"I remember how gone you used to be on her, Dan. Three years ago you'd have wanted to punch my head if I'd told you that you'd soon be marrying another woman."

"Yes, thank God it all come to nothing!" cried Kitty, "and it is somebody else's son who marries a woman who is not a lady."

"What are you talking about, mother?"

"Well, no one can say Belle Shackford was ever a lady. I know how a lady should behave: and other people know—that is why they did not let their rooms for this September at the Crown. She's a big scrambling thing—and she let the visitors see her with her hair down. . . . I myself see her with her hair hanging on her cheeks like straw and her dress all undone at the back, so as you could see right through to her stays."

"Come, Ma—" broke in Em Sheather, who had begun to clear the table—"I reckon Daniel's tired after his journey and wants to go to bed. I've had to put you in with the children. Danny—I know you don't mind, and I haven't got room for you anywheres else."

The next morning Daniel went over to Bullockdean. He wanted to see Mr. Marchbanks and to see Ernley, and perhaps Belle. He would go to the rectory first, but before he went to it he must pass between the two inns that stared at each other across the village street. There they were—the George and the Crown. The creak of their signs in the wind seemed a familiar music, but he knew that the hearts of both had changed.

The Crown had changed outwardly too. It had grown a new wing, of red brick like the rest of the house, with clematis and Virginia creeper already beginning to hide its crude contrast with the mellow, timeworn bricks of the old dwelling. The George had not changed—it looked cracked and mean as ever, and peering through the taproom window Dan saw the bar as it always had been, except for a strange young man in his shirt-sleeves, serving Messrs. Hobday and Hitch's beer to a couple of silent farmhands.

He went up the village to the rectory. Here were more changes, though perhaps they were less changes than intensifications. The house seemed more deeply sunk than usual into its orchard and garden—due, Daniel censoriously felt, to his successor's defective pruning—its roof and its lawn had a shaggy, unkempt look, and the Rector kept a pig, judging by the smell that floated round from the backyard. Daniel rang the bell disapprovingly.

After a time the door was opened by Mr. Marchbanks himself.

"What! Daniel!" he cried—"I didn't know you were back yet. Come in."

"I came back last night."

"But you haven't written to me for a year."

"No more I have," said Daniel sheepishly.

"Well, come in and have some dinner. I'm just getting it ready. Jess Harman has gone into Lewes."

The kitchen was pleasant with the smell of frying bacon. Daniel took the pan while the Rector laid the table; he also made some tea, and with that and bread and cheese they had a fine dinner—which Brakey Bottom would have despised. The Rector told him about

the struggles he had had in church and parsonage since Daniel went away. Tommy Pilbeam, his immediate successor, had lapsed from house and altar after a few months, and since then there had been a difficult variety of doubtful youths, till at last, in self-defense, Mr. Marchbanks had become his own gardener and sacristan.

"That's why the place looks so awful," he said ruefully. "I can cope with the church but the garden is beyond me. Jess Harman's a splendid girl but she's got more than enough to do indoors—and I'd arranged to sell the pig when I heard you were expected home."

As he finished speaking the door opened and Jess walked in, elegantly dressed in a saxe-blue coat and skirt and a picture hat trimmed with a wreath of silk roses to which, either from neglect or pride, the price ticket still adhered.

"I heard down at Auntie's that you'd come home, Daniel," she said as she shook hands, "so I thought I'd run back and have a look at you."

Evidently she saw no necessity to maintain the relations of employer and employed out of working hours. She sat down beside Daniel and fired a round of Bullockdean news.

"Reckon we're all glad to see you home," she finished, "and uncommon glad to see you here. The place has been all mussed up by those louts of boys and we're looking to you to put us straight again."

"But I don't see how he's to do it," said Mr. Marchbanks—"he's living over at Brakey Bottom."

"Why can't he live here? You've eleven empty rooms, as I scrub the floors of only. You could let him have one of those, or the lot if he likes."

"But how about furniture?"

"Reckon we could manage that. It isn't as if he'd need much—he's not used to anything special."

"But I've got a baby with me, you know," said Dan deprecatingly.

"So you have!—that'll be just sweet. I could do with a kid to mind. Look here"—she addressed her employer—"if you let him have a room, furnished, and his meals, and I look after the kid, then he can work the outside for us and you needn't pay him nothing. I don't say it's grand but it'll do while he looks around for something better. What about it, Daniel?"

"Reckon it ud suit me very well. But I dunno how Mr. Marchbanks feels about it."

"Oh, I should be delighted. I wish I could offer you a proper job, but this ud be better than nothing."

They discussed details and at last everything was settled, since all three were eager that the plan should materialize. Daniel thought it a first-class plan since it would spare him dependence on Len's anxious charity during the search for work, which he felt would probably be a long one; and when he got work it meant that he would be able to afford quite a good sum every week for his mother, and wipe off the stigma he wore in her eyes.

That afternoon Daniel cleaned the pigsty and then (very necessarily) himself, and afterwards set off towards Brakey Bottom to make his final arrangements with Len and spend his last night in the disturbing if beloved society of Len's children. But on his way he would call at the Crown.

When he came to the inn for the second time he saw that in the new wing was a properly equipped front door, with a bell and a letter box, but somehow he shrank from approaching it and turned to his old entrance through the bar, even though he knew it would be closed against him.

He knocked and the door was opened by Maudie Harman.

"Hullo! Daniel!—this is good. I heard you'd been in the village but I never thought you'd come around here. How are you?"

She ushered Daniel into a long low room with French windows, cream walls, saddle-back armchairs. It was hung

with sporting prints, and with his own eyes he saw the glories of Ernley's electric light. Maudie switched it on to make the splendor complete.

"There now! See what the Crown has got to! I'm lucky to be still here. I feel the next thing ull be a barman in a white coat and cocktails."

A whimpering sound came from the room above.

"Babies," said Maudie, as she went out—"we have 'em too. Everybody's got 'em now, seemingly."

She had not been gone a minute before steps sounded in the passage and the next moment Ernley was in the room, gripping both Daniel's hands in his own.

"Thank heaven you're back. This is splendid, Dan. And you've not changed a bit—except that you look bigger, somehow. And now I suppose you're out of a job. What do you propose to do?"

"I was wondering if you'd take me on as a barman."

"The devil you did. But—joking apart, Daniel—it's a rotten job looking for work these days. I know many a good chap who's been landed on his uppers. I'm damn lucky to have this place—though sometimes I feel I'd like to burn it down."

"But you're doing well, ain't you?"

"We're doing famously. Think—we're let for Christmas already. . . . Hullo, Belle!"

"Hullo, Daniel," said Belle.

Dan rose scramblingly out of the armchair as she came into the room.

His first impression was that Belle had changed—she had a sleek trimmed look about her, somehow, different from her old rich blowsiness. Her hair was all smooth and coiled—it must have been in a forgetful moment that Kitty Sheather had seen it hanging on her cheeks like straw; her dress had elegant lines and no immodest gapes, her ankles were silk and her feet shining. Dan had a supreme sensation of awkwardness, of being just a common boy—a common country boy in common clothes with common, clumsy manners—as he scrambled out of the leathern armchair, treading on his hat which he had laid beside him on the floor. His hand, clean with that painful scrubbed cleanness which is so much more damning than dirt, was in Belle's: and then he knew that she wasn't really sleek and trimmed—she only looked it. She had only brushed herself up a bit in his honor and in honor of the Crown; she was really just the old Belle in spite of her changed life and looks, just as he, in spite of his, was just the old Daniel.

"I'm pleased to see you again, Belle," he said, gripping her hand.

"And I to see you, I'm sure."

She gave a nervous giggle and he wondered how he ever could have thought her fine.

"I heard your babies crying a minute ago," he said, friendly, "you've got a pair of 'em, I'm told."

"Yes—Jill and Peter. You have one too, haven't you, Daniel?"

"Yes—Thomas Helier, named after his two grandfathers. I'll show him to you, Belle, some day. You'll let me see yourn, won't you?"

Ernley laughed.

"They're not much to look at—I think all children under twelve should be farmed out. It's too humiliating to be reminded at every turn that the early stages of one's life were so entirely animal."

Daniel thought Ernley's attitude unthankful. After all, the problems of existence seemed wondrously settled for the landlord of the Crown. He looked round the comfortable room with the saddle-back armchairs and the sporting prints on the walls—he looked at Ernley, and detected just the faint sketching of a curve under his waistcoat—and then at Belle with her glowing face under her gleaming hair, and thought of her as Ernley's wife, as Ernley's rich and comfortable possession. . . . And there was he, without a home or money or a job or a wife . . . some words were ringing in his

ears—"And yet the dogs shall eat the crumbs. . . ."

"A penny for your thoughts," said Ernley jocosely.

"You're welcome—I could do with it. I was only thinking I was a bit unlucky—that's all."

"Yes, you've had a pretty stiff time in some ways. But it ull change—you're not the sort to keep down. I wish I could think of something for you, though. I've a plan in my head for buying the stream field and starting a few head of poultry and a couple of cows—'Eggs and milk from the home farm,' you know—but it won't be for a great while yet. Can't Len give you a bit of work, just for your board and keep?"

"No—he's doing that for Christopher."

"Well, he'll house you till you've found something, I reckon."

"I'm going to live along of Mr. Marchbanks."

"The devil you are. Well, you must manage your own affairs."

"What's the matter with this?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't care for Marchbanks, that's all. Visitors don't like his sort—they like a family at the rectory. Marchbanks doesn't even live like a gentleman."

Daniel rose to go, feeling ruffled at Ernley's criticism of his benefactor. Also it would be past tea time at Brakey Bottom. . . . As he rose he met Belle's eyes.

"Won't you stay?" she said, "and have a cup of tea with us and see the children."

But her eyes weren't saying that. They were saying, "Please go—I can't bear to see you, all poor and homeless as you are, while I have silk dresses and silk stockings. I'm very sorry for you, Danny, so please go."

XXV

The next morning Daniel moved his son and his other belongings over to Bullockdean, borrowing the Brakey Bottom trap. His family were obviously relieved to find that he was making some sort of a home for himself, though they too were inclined to be contemptuous of the poverty and celibacy of Bullockdean parsonage. As it happened, Dan's life at the parsonage involved much of what Len would have thought menial if he had known its details. He had started with the idea that he would look after the pig and garden, clean the boots, and carry the coals, while Jess Harman worked indoors with the scrubbing, dusting, cooking, and the care of Thomas Helier. But after a week or two their positions altered. Dan had always been secretly fond of housework, and on an occasion when Jess was away again in Lewes it was discovered that he was very much the better cook of the two. Not in vain had he cooked for his Rose at Moie Fano. . . . Also, he had learned to make coffee in the same school, and for months Mr. Marchbanks had been drinking Jess's tea as the lesser of two evils. . . . So after some friendly discussion the matter was resettled. Jess still had charge of Thomas Helier—except at nights, when she went home to her Auntie's—also of the cleaning and bed-making: but instead of cooking she took over the lighter part of Dan's gardening job, pushed the lawn-mower and trimmed the borders, while he stood in the kitchen with her sacking apron tied round his waist and his sleeves rolled above his elbows, spelling out slowly from the cookery book which guided his more ambitious efforts.

On the whole the scheme worked well. Daniel liked living with Mr. Marchbanks and liked working for him. Their friendship was a sound one for it was accompanied by a certain shyness which made each appreciate and respectfully leave standing the barriers between them. On one side was Eton and Oxford and a theological college—on the other was the son of the inn, the chucker-out of drunken men, the country boy work-

ing with his hands (never quite clean), his mind holding the confused dregs of a board-school education. They met on the common ground of their poverty, both living by contrivance from day to day—Dan bringing his friend the gift of his willing service, and in return sitting at his feet for the greater necessities of life, the good things he had forgotten while he was in Sark.

He was fond of Jess Harman, too, and they went through the day's work as comrades. Soon all difference disappeared between the male and the female tasks and Mr. Marchbanks never knew whether it was Dan or Jess who would feed the pig or make the beds or mow the lawn or take Thomas Helier out in his pushcart. Jess had produced the pushcart from some unknown source, also the furniture she had promised for their bedroom—a camp bed, a crate, a packing case or two, a few hooks, a jug and basin, and a chair.

As October wore on into November, Daniel became anxious on the score of his unemployment. It is true that he worked hard for his keep but he was not actually saving the Rector's money, as he knew that he and the child together cost more than the few shillings Mr. Marchbanks would have paid Tommy Pilbeam or Freddie Pont for the outside work. Thomas Helier was a glutton for milk, and Dan knew that he himself ate a terrible lot—he couldn't help it. He called at the Labor Exchange in Lewes two or three times a week, and regularly studied the advertisement columns in the East Sussex *Herald* and the Sussex *Daily News*. But it was a bad time to be out of work—winter was at hand, with stagnation on the farms, and everywhere money was short, economy rife, and labor profuse and rampant.

He soon gave up the hope of finding work on a farm or at an inn, and in time his ambition sank even below the status of Corporation employee which Len had despised. He was not proud—he would stick at nothing. All the same he could not help wondering what his brothers and his mother, or even Jess and Mr. Marchbanks, would think when at last he found a job as conductor of a motor bus plying between Newhaven and Uckfield.

The first person he told about it was Belle. When he came back from the motor-bus company's offices in Lewes, Mr. Marchbanks was out and Jess was sweeping in some distant part of the house, having left Thomas Helier asleep in his soap-box cradle. Daniel was an adventurous father and, unimpressed by the advantages of a sleeping child, he decided to take his son out for an airing in the pushcart. To be rudely awakened, to have your woolly cap crammed over your head by a well-meaning but male hand, and finally to be strapped sitting up into a pushcart intended for a child three times your age, is an accumulation of pains not to be suffered in silence—and Thomas Helier was not silent.

"What are you doing, Dan?" shouted Jess out of an upstairs window as they went down the parsonage drive.

"Taking out the kid."

"That's plain enough—poor little mite! Why couldn't you leave him alone? He was sleeping beautiful."

"It ain't healthy for him to be always indoors."

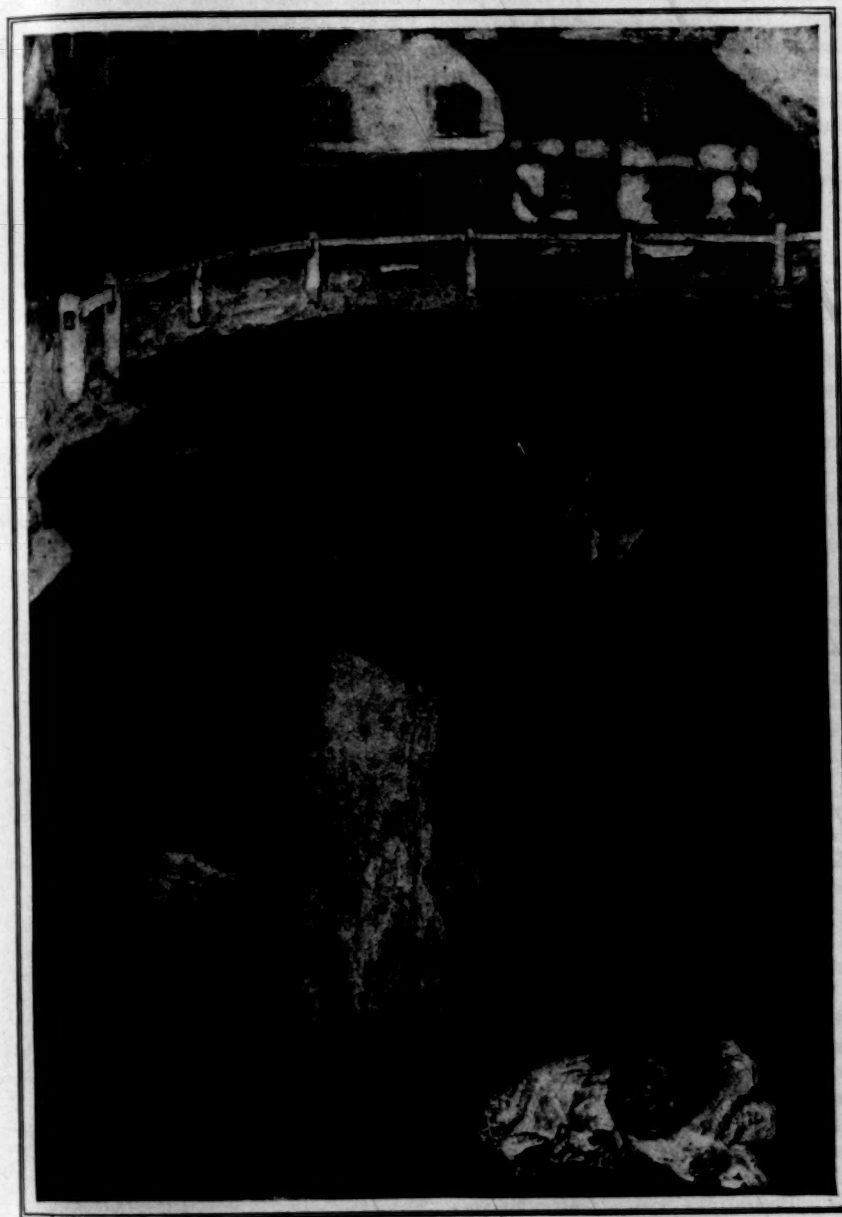
"He ain't always indoors. You are a meddler, Daniel."

"Well, he's my own child. I can do what I like with him."

"Oh, hark to that now! There's a Christian father! Poor little soul, his cap's right over his face. Really, I'll be thankful when you've got a job and won't come interfering. . . ."

Dan walked out of earshot, rather haughtily, and as soon as he saw he was out of eyeshot too, he stopped and pulled the baby's cap off his eyes, tickled his neck, and otherwise tried to propitiate him. But Thomas Helier still howled mightily, and at that moment Belle appeared.

"Hullo, Daniel!—and you've got the baby!"



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"POOR LITTLE SOUL. HE ISN'T COMFORTABLE," SAID BELLE

She came and stooped over the push-cart. Dan wished she could have found his son in a more engaging mood, but he saw that her eyes were both eager and tender as she looked into the crimson, furious little face.

"Poor little soul! He isn't comfortable. May I lift him out, Daniel?"

"Of course you may, Belle."

"He isn't old enough really to sit up in a pushcart. There, there, my beautiful—I've got you. Isn't that better, my gem?"

The soft curve of her arm was under Thomas Helier's backbone—his yelling suddenly died down.

"Is this the first time you've seen him?" asked Daniel.

"Oh, I've seen him about now and then, but this is the first time I've held him—there's a sweet—there's a lovely boy."

"I never knew you was fond of children," said Daniel idiotically.

"I don't know that I ever thought about them much till I had them of my own. You like my Jill and Peter, don't you?"

"Reckon I do, though I haven't seen much of them either."

"You haven't seen much of any of us. I expect you've been busy."

"Yes—I've had a lot to do for Mr. Marchbanks, and I've been looking for work besides."

"Haven't you heard of anything yet?"

"I've just got a job this morning."

"What sort of a job?"

"Oh, a grand job. I'm to be conductor on the Downs Omnibus Company's bus between Newhaven and Uckfield. I shall wear a fine coat with brass buttons. You'll be proud to know me."

He laughed without malice. She was wearing a fur coat and a velvet cap pulled low over the golden hanks of her hair. Beside her was a man who was glad to get thirty shillings a week as conductor of a country bus—a man who had loved her, whose arms had held her before she wore fur and velvet.

"Well, I'm glad you've found something, though I wish it had been better. Will your hours be long?"

"Nine till seven—and I've got to get to and from Newhaven."

"It sounds heavy—but I suppose you'll have half a day off and your Sundays."

"Yes, I'll have that."

"You must come and see us when you're free. Ernley was saying only yesterday that he's scarcely seen you since you came back to Bullockdean."

"I've been cooking for them at the rectory and doing a lot of work besides, as well as going in to the Labor Exchange three times a week. I've meant to come round a dunnamany times. Now I've got a job, maybe I'll be able to look in now and then after supper."

"Come and have supper with us."

"Reckon you'll have too grand suppers for me these days."

"Don't talk nonsense, Daniel. We won't have it with the visitors—not that we think you aren't 'grand' enough, but we'd much rather be by ourselves."

"Don't you like the visitors?"

Belle shrugged her shoulders and laughed a little ruefully.

"I dunno—they scare me, somehow—at least our sort do. Such ladies and gentlemen! Dan, I wasn't meant to be a hotel-keeper's wife."

"It's a difficult job, but you look very well in it, Belle."

"Do I?" she asked almost eagerly—"do you think I've improved?"

"Yes—you're more elegant somehow. And I like your clothes—not but that I didn't like the old ones."

"Oh, they were rubbish, and I was always untidy. I'm often untidy still, but Ernley's taught me a lot. He's dreadfully particular about what I wear and what I look like."

"Well, reckon he must be pleased anyway."

She seemed touched by his goodwill.

"Dan, you don't—I mean, you've quite forgiven me for the way I treated you all that time ago?"

Perhaps she ought not to have said it

till they had knit together more strands of their severed acquaintance, but she could not help it.

"It wasn't forgiving I had to do, but forgetting," he said slowly.

"But you've done that."

"Yes, I've done it now—sure enough."

There was a moment's awkward silence. Then he said:

"Anyways, I'm uncommon glad we're friends again. It was terrible being shut of you and Ernley. . . . I must come around and see old Ernie as soon as ever I can."

"Come and see him now. He'll be in by tea time, and till then we can sit in the nursery and watch the babies. I'd like to see how mine and yours get on together."

The idea pleased Daniel and they walked on towards the Crown, Belle still carrying the peaceful Thomas Helier. It was rather wonderful, Daniel thought, that after all she should carry his child in her arms.

The nursery at the Crown was in the new wing. It was a beautiful room with a frieze of nursery rhymes and a crawling-pen beside the fire. Dan's eyes opened wide at the sight of it and of the nurse in uniform.

"Lord, but you are fine, Belle! Reckon this is a grand place for kids . . . and look at their toys, too."

He realized for the first time that Thomas Helier had no toys. He was rather young for any, it is true; nevertheless Dan experienced his first real pang of envy as he looked at the shelf on which sat a teddy-bear, Pip and Squeak, and other more indefinite animals.

Belle sat down by the fire with Thomas Helier on her knee and held up a woolly ball before him. He stretched out his hands and kicked delightedly. It was wonderful how she managed him, thought Daniel—better than Jess, better certainly than his poor father.

Her own children were two fair, sturdy little creatures—one about two years old, the other the same age as Thomas Helier. They wore little silk smocks which made Dan painfully conscious of his son's limitations as a well-dressed baby. It was a pity that he would kick in that ecstatic way and show what inevitably suggested comparisons. He tried to straighten his legs upon Belle's lap but Thomas Helier only kicked harder, while otherwise grossly testifying his delight in the situation.

"What a darling he is!—come and look at him, Jill. Look at the dear little baby."

But the little Munks were as uninterested as small children usually are in one another. Their curiosity centered in Daniel.

"Tick-tick," demanded Jill.

"Ain't got none," said Dan.

But Jill's experience did not so far include man as apart from watch. Once more she demanded:

"Tick-tick."

"Don't bother him, darling—he hasn't got a tick-tick. But he's got a dear little boy just Peter's age. Come and look at him."

"Ugh," said Jill at the sight of Thomas Helier. Then she gripped Dan's trouser leg and repeated "tick-tick."

Both Dan and Belle laughed.

"Aren't children funny?" said Belle. "I'm glad you're laughing, Daniel. But don't let her worry you—I'm afraid I don't always realize what a nuisance she is. Ernley says these two annoy the visitors, and the trouble is I can't see it, so don't stop it."

He noticed that she seemed unable to speak of Ernley without some sort of self-depreciation.

"Well, you can't keep children in a house as if they was rabbits," he remarked sagely; "they're bound to spannel about a bit."

"Oh, Ernley doesn't mind for himself. It's for the visitors. You've no idea what a difference it's made, him having charge of this hotel. While his father was alive and ran it he didn't bother about it much, but now it's all the

world to him. . . . Hark! there he is, I believe," as a motor-cycle was heard in the street. "We'll go downstairs if it is, Daniel, as he likes to find his tea ready."

The motor-cyclist proved to be Ernley, and he was delighted to see Daniel, and they all three had a comfortable, friendly tea together in the smoking room of the Crown. They talked about Dan's new work, which amused Ernley very much, till at last Dan began to have uneasy thoughts of Thomas Helier's bedtime and Jess Harman's wrath at its delay.

"Reckon I must be taking the kid back home. Thank you, Belle, for the cup of tea—glad to have seen you, Ernley."

Ernley tried to keep him but Belle knew the importance of a baby's bedtime, and herself fetched Thomas Helier and packed him as comfortably as might be into the pushcart. Then at the last moment she stooped and put beside him the woolly ball.

"Let him take it home. He loved playing with it so."

For a moment Dan had no voice to thank her. Thomas Helier's reproach among babies had been taken away—and taken away by Belle, with a gesture which made him realize how little of her he had really lost.

XXVI

During the first months of his new work Dan had not much time to spare for calling at the Crown. He was generally so tired when he came in of an evening that he could think only of supper and bed. His Wednesday afternoons were full of long arrears of work in house and garden, and his Sundays were spent at Brakey Bottom. But shortly before Christmas he unexpectedly met Ernley in Lewes High Street. It was a rainy night and he had just come off the last bus, which had been run into Lewes for repairs, when he saw him turn the corner out of Station Road. Munk hailed him with eagerness:

"Hallo, old Daniel—it's good to see you. Where are you going?"

"I'm just starting home."

"Come in and have a bite of something with me, and I'll run you back in the side-car. I've wanted a talk with you this age, but I never seem to see you anywhere."

"I've been wonderful busy on the bus."

"I bet you have—and you look as if it suited you. You're a marvellous chap, Daniel."

A few minutes later they were sitting in the warmth of the coffee-room, the day's rain steaming off Daniel's clothes. They had chops and tomatoes, with porter, followed by treacle roll and coffee. Daniel was in high spirits—it was months since he had had such a meal on a week day, and he was pleased to find that he and Ernie had slipped back so happily into the old relationship. Distrust and jealousy were gone and Ernie was talking to him as in the old times, laying down the law on politics, racing, farming, and innkeeping—chiefly the last.

Afterwards they had coffee and Ernie had two brandies. These seemed to turn his conversation into more personal channels. He finished a sentence he had begun before dinner:

"It's so good having you back again and finding that we've got over all that muddle—you and me—about Belle, you know."

"Yes, I'm glad of that."

"When I heard you were coming back I wasn't sure how you'd have got over it. You'd been away two years and you'd married another girl, but somehow I'd an idea you might come back feeling pretty much the same—about me, I mean . . . thinking I'd taken Belle from you and suchlike."

"I never thought you'd taken her from me, Ernie—she'd left me before she went back to you."

"But she left you because of me—she told me she did. It seems that I was troubling her more or less all the time. Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's queer."

Dan had a sudden memory, so acute as to be almost a vision, of himself facing Belle in the little parlor at Three Cups Corner: and for the first time since his return some of the misery of those days came back to him. He felt his love for Belle driving through his heart—not as an actual reality but as a memory too much alive. He said no more but sat in silence, smoking one of Ernley's cigarettes.

Munk dropped the stump of his own into his coffee.

"Damn it all, Dan—now you're at it I can talk to you. There's no one else I can talk to, for I never was much of a chap for making friends. Now, when you saw Belle and me together, what did you think of us?"

"I thought—I thought you were all right. Don't tell me I was wrong."

"You weren't very sharp. But of course—Oh, I suppose one tries to hide these things."

"What things?"

"That one's making one's wife unhappy."

"You ain't never telling me that!"

His heart began to beat quickly with sickness and anger.

"Yes, I am. Did you think I'd stopped doing it just because I'd married her? No—I haven't. I've gone on like I always did. But the queer thing is that though marriage hasn't changed me, it's changed her. She's become something different. You know what Belle always used to be—the wild roving kind, out for passion. I never thought she'd turn into the mother kind of woman—children first, husband nowhere. . . ."

"Come, Ernley—that isn't true."

"Maybe it isn't. That's just what's wrong with me. I exaggerate everything. The truth is that Belle's turned into a thoroughly good wife and mother, and I don't appreciate it."

"That wild kind often does—it's what they're out after all along, though maybe they don't know it."

"Then she ought to have married you."

"What nonsense! She didn't love me."

"She'd have loved you if you'd married her. I know it's my own fault that she didn't, and it's right I should be punished for it—but not right that she should be."

"It seems to me you're talking some unaccountable rubbish. Belle ud never have been happy along of me—I'm too quiet for her. But she'd be happy enough along of you if you weren't always criticizing her, and pulling out your feelings to look at 'em and make other people look at 'em when they don't want to."

"I'm sorry, Dan. I know you don't want to, but you must. If you don't, Belle will have to. It does me good to have things out, and it's such ages since I had anyone to talk to—openly. I can't talk to Belle. She thinks I'm unnatural because I don't care for spending all my spare time in the nursery."

"You'll never tell me you ain't fond of those kids."

"Oh, I am—I am. But I don't want them always—hearing them when I don't see them. I want my wife."

"Well, reckon you've got her."

"But not as I'd like to have her. I want my old Belle as she used to be."

"No one ud be madder than you if you had."

"I don't mean looking and behaving as she used to. But I want my old fires lit."

Dan shivered. Ernley went on:

"I know it's not her fault, but I feel they'd have gone on blazing if she hadn't changed like this—run all to wifehood in a way I'd never have thought. . . . Perhaps I shouldn't have minded so much if the change had been of another kind—if she'd turned sleeker and more sophisticated. D'you remember Pearl?"

Dan nodded grimly.

"Well, she was my ideal woman—outwardly. I shouldn't have quarreled with Belle if she'd taken to that sort of

thing. But she's as untidy as ever—only without the blaze, somehow. I can't see love in this jog-trot way. You can—that's why she'd better have married you."

"Adone do, with your talk of Belle marrying me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"So I ought—and if she had married you I shouldn't have been any happier. For the queer thing is that I love her."

"I don't see as it's at all queer."

"Not that I should be able to stand outside like this and curse and criticize—and yet feel that somehow, in spite of it all, I could never live without her?"

Dan put out his cigarette with an unsteady hand.

"Have another?"

"No, thanks."

"You're not mad with me, are you, Daniel? It's not quite my fault. We're all such insects when we try to live . . . flies dancing over stagnant water—that's love—a dance of flies."

Daniel rose to his feet.

"Well, I must be going now."

"I have made you angry then."

"Only a bit."

"I tell you it's not my fault—unless being what I am's my fault, as I daresay it is. What you are doesn't matter in love, but it matters in marriage. Women ask so much more of marriage than a man does. God knows what Belle wants. She hasn't got it, anyway."

Dan felt in the midst of Ernley's speech as a man feels who sinks slowly into a swamp. With an effort he threw himself out of it.

"All she wants is for you to be kind and good to her, and speak kind, and care for her and the children, and understand all the trouble she has with them and the place. She doesn't want much, but maybe more than you can spare from yourself."

The color rose in Ernley's cheek and for a moment they faced each other in an angry silence. Then Munk spoke, quite calmly:

"Don't let's quarrel, Dan. I couldn't bear another separation. I'm sorry if I've upset you about Belle—I know I exaggerate things. If you'll stay my friend you'll help us both a lot."

The appeal found Dan's vulnerable part. His wrath collapsed and he felt a little ashamed of it.

"I'm sorry I spoke rough—but hearing you talk on and on like that . . ."

He said no more, and they went out together.

After a sleepless night Daniel went through the next day little more than half awake. The hum and rumble of the bus swept him into a drowsiness which was sometimes actual sleep. He slept standing on his platform for brief dangerous minutes.

He was half asleep again when he walked up Bullockdean street at the end of the day, and it was as in a dream that at the rectory gate he met Belle Shackford. She was certainly Belle Shackford, and not Belle Munk, for she came to him out of the moonlight looking exactly as in the old days—all her sleekness gone. Her hair was rough and towish under the moon, which was bright enough to show him also her careless tam o'shanter cap and the piece of dyed cat-fur that lay at odds upon her shoulders.

"Hullo, Belle!" he greeted her. "Where have you been?"

"Over to Batchelors. Lucy's been giving a party."

"You don't tell me you've walked back all by yourself?"

"Why not?—it isn't far by the Down and the moon's lovely. Ernie wanted to fetch me but I knew he was busy, it being so near Christmas, and I'm always a bit nervous when he comes over to Batchelors—he and my Dad don't hit it off."

She sighed, almost as if she regretted Batchelors with its toiling, quarreling ways. Then she asked:

"How are you getting on, Dan?"

"Oh, well enough—it's hard work but healthy."

"Do you get Christmas off?"

"Only the day."

"Well, you must come and see us some evening when you're free—what about supper? You promised us weeks ago that you'd come to supper."

Daniel hesitated. He felt unwilling in part—in part too eager.

"Do come," said Belle.

"Well, I'd like to. . . ."

"Wednesday's your afternoon off, isn't it. Come next Wednesday."

Daniel struggled in himself. He asked in himself, "Who'll I meet?—Belle Shackford or Belle Munk?" But all he could say outwardly was:

"Thank you kindly. I'd like to come."

XXVII

Daniel knew he was a fool to go to supper at the Crown. If he was beginning to feel like this again about Belle, he ought to keep away from her. There was no good telling himself that he was going to see Ernie—he had plenty of opportunities for seeing Ernie without his wife. No—he might as well be honest—he was going because he wanted to see Belle, and also—to be frank as well as honest—because it would be a treat to have supper at the Crown. He wondered what they would have to eat . . . chops, sausages, cutlets . . . a fowl, even. . . . And he would be able to sit and talk to Belle, to watch her mouth when she laughed, and the big column of her throat, and her hair that would be like spun sugar in the glow of the new electric light. . . . He was a fool to think of going, but of course he went.

When Wednesday came he devoted nearly an hour to his preparations. First he had a comprehensive wash at the sink, then he changed into his Sunday clothes, put on new-blacked boots, and sleeked his hair with some hair cream specially bought in Lewes. It would never do to appear a shabby fellow.

The Crown was brilliantly lighted up—pouring the reflections of its electric light into the road and across it into the dim, lamplit windows of the George. He went up to the doorbell and faced the parlormaid, who brought him into the Munks' private sitting room, where they both waited. To-night Belle surprisingly wore black, and Dan was abashed not only by the return of her sleekness but by the deepening of her beauty. The black made her skin like milk and her hair like honey—it gave her an air of pale delicacy which he had never seen her wear before. It was a delicacy of color rather than of outline—in outline she was still the richly molded, splendid Belle whose bigness he had loved.

They spoke together rather awkwardly till dinner was ready—for it was certainly dinner and not supper to which he had been invited. It was served in the hotel dining room, where the visitors already sat in high-class dispersal, and Dan's eyes opened wide at the sight of the two waitresses in black-and-white uniforms who brought in the soup.

"Lord, Ernley, but you have come on!"

Ernley smiled complacently.

"Yes—we haven't done so badly. As I used to say to poor Dad—'It pays to launch out a bit.' We were quite full for Christmas, though we're slacking again now."

It struck Daniel that Ernley was looking extremely prosperous in spite of his inward distress. There was certainly a curve under his waistcoat and his jaw was thicker. But his heart was lean withal—except when he talked about the hotel he had all his old questing bitterness.

"Egad, you're a lucky fellow, Dan. You look straight ahead of you and don't worry about what's at the side. If you had this pub now there'd be nothing else you'd want."

"Reckon there would be a fat lot I'd want," said Dan, who resented this description of himself.

"Well, I mean a wife and children

with it, of course. You wouldn't go wanting to look beyond the horizon. You'd be satisfied with the common business of life. I believe you're satisfied now, even as you are."

"I ain't, but I haven't got it in me to make a fuss about things like you."

Ernley seemed pleased at this and laughed. Dan was beginning once more to find him irritating but he would not let his feelings betray him any further. Not only was he Ernley's guest, eating his very good food, but he did not want to give any added distress to Belle by goading her husband. He watched Belle secretly while he ate, watched for any expression of her face or speech which should betray her feelings. Was Ernley really making her unhappy as he thought he was, or was she merely accepting him with that motherly toleration which is so often the female response to male unreasonableness?

He could not tell, for she sat very nearly silent. Indeed, the conversation being little more than a monologue by Ernley, it would have been difficult for her to do otherwise. But he noticed that she did not smile—as she might have, pityingly or comprehendingly—though this again he should not have expected, for it had never been Belle's way to smile at men, except in allurement.

After supper—which though a little distressing on the human side had been most comforting in the matter of food and drink—they returned to the sitting room where Belle took out some sewing and Ernley went on talking.

In the midst of Ernley's talk a waitress came in and told him that he was wanted on the telephone. He threw his cigarette into the grate and went out, leaving Daniel and Belle to entertain each other on lower intellectual levels. No sooner had he shut the door behind him than Belle looked uneasy.

"I think I hear the children," she said, and going to the door she opened it and listened. The house was silent, save for Ernley's distant voice on the telephone. She came back into the room but did not return to her old chair—sitting down instead on one nearer the door, which she had left open.

"I don't hear any kids," said Daniel.

"No."

The monosyllable came blankly, and he suddenly realized that she was listening intently—listening to Ernley's voice.

"The children are very quiet as a rule," she continued, then shut her mouth and listened again.

Dan had a sudden dreadful intuition that she doubted the innocence of Ernley's telephone call. She was trying to overhear as much of it as she could. From where he sat he could hear nothing but a voice, but probably from her position by the door she could distinguish words. This suspicion so appalled him that if Belle wanted his silence she could not have been better served. She had never been subtle in her methods and he soon became convinced that she was listening, for beyond making a few random remarks about the children, she scarcely opened her mouth while Ernley was away.

After a time she evidently heard him put down the receiver, for she shut the door and strolled back to the chair she had been sitting in when he went out. Dan sat rigid with embarrassment and misery, and had not even succeeded in making a remark about the weather when Ernley came in.

"Well," said Belle at once, "who was your call from?"

"Barker," said Ernley, "he was ringing me up about that sherry."

"But the shop's closed."

"He rang me up from his home."

"Do you generally call him 'kid'?"

Dan felt his skin go like a goose's, not so much for Ernley's being snared in a delinquency as for the manner of Belle's snaring. He saw Munk's face grow hard, though he answered quietly:

"I certainly don't call him that."

"But I heard you. You said, 'Don't be silly, kid;' and then 'Good-night, kid,' at the end."

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

DANIEL SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT BELLE WAS LISTENING INTENTLY TO ERNLEY'S VOICE

Belle had always been crude in her methods—Dan had been present at many a scene like this in the old days—but it was the first instance he had known since her marriage. Ernley turned crimson and Dan blushed with him and for him.

"You must have good ears," he said, "to hear so distinctly through two shut doors."

"I need 'em in this house."

"Well, I feel this is a matter more interesting to you than to Daniel, who probably doesn't care how I address my wine merchant. Did you ever go to Barker's, Dan, when you were in business?"

"I dunno—we—we were a tied house, you know," stammered poor Dan.

"For your wines, I mean, of course." Ernley seemed annoyed at his failure to assist in the diversion. "I suppose you stocked wines."

"Yes, we stocked wines in a manner of speaking—sherry and port and such."

Ernley discoursed on port and sherry as he had formerly discoursed on German reparations. But the rest of the evening was sheer agony to Daniel. He knew that Belle was only waiting for him to be gone before she re-opened her attack. Her parting lips and heavy brow were an earnest of the storm that would break when she had her husband to herself. She sat silent, huddled and lumpish, her eyes fixed sullenly on Ernley. Sometimes Dan almost felt sorry for Munk when he thought of what he would be put through in the next hour or so. But more often he was angry and not sorry. Ernley had almost certainly not been talking to his wine merchant and he richly deserved to be told off. Dan was outraged and disgusted at the idea of his slightest unfaithfulness to Belle. If he made her unhappy through being unsympathetic and tiresome, that was bad enough; but if he distressed her through any treacherous friendship with another woman, Ernley was nothing but a swine.

Ten o'clock struck and Daniel rose to his feet with muttered excuses. It wouldn't do any good to stop on, so he'd better go and let them get it over. But as he went out he felt sorry and ashamed for them both.

Once in the dark and empty street he pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Whew! that had been dreadful—that glimpse of married life. . . . Ernley a philanderer and Belle a shrew. He had suddenly been shown the dark side of both his friendship and his love. Ernley, that companion of so many years, had appeared before him as a gross and selfish man: unhappy and yet spoilt by prosperity, thinking of nobody but himself, and already—after barely three years of marriage—fallen into deceit. Belle—whom even since his return he had seen as all maternal kindness, the wanton ripened and sweetened into the mother—he had seen tonight on the level of vulgar jealousy and suspicion, dragged by them below the decencies of common reticence . . . exposing her husband before the man who had once loved her.

He had reached the parsonage gate but felt too much shaken to go in at once and face the questions of Mr. Marchbanks and Jess Harman. They would want to know what sort of evening he had spent and he wasn't yet in a fit mood to tell them. He walked up the lane which, just beyond the parsonage, shriveled into a cart track and led under some skew-blown thorn trees to the open Down.

As he walked into the great spread loneliness of Heighton Hill, Dan's heart was full of offence because the love story of Belle Shackford and Ernley Munk had not yet been given its happy ending. He had lost her not to joy but to sorrow. He felt that she was unhappier with the man she had chosen than she would have been with the man who was not her choice. Ernley had not the power to make any woman happy—he was too self-centered, too restless, too exacting. Daniel remem-

bered him as he had been in courtship—that courtship which had been one long series of quarrels and reconciliations. In marriage he was just the same—it had not changed him. But marriage had changed Belle—it had made her a wife, whereas Ernley was still only a lover.

He told himself that she was happy in her children. But he could have given her those . . . and he would not have stood apart from them, contemptuous and fault-finding, as Ernley stood. Ernley would have preferred to be without them, he did not like this change in Belle—he did not really want a wife but a mistress. He wanted his old fires rekindled—damn him for a silly fool!—and since Belle could not do so he was carrying the torch elsewhere.

Dan was always wretched when he hated. The emotion of hate caused him such acute pain that whenever it was raised in him his whole being seemed to concentrate on putting it down. Now he reminded himself of all Ernley had endured in the War, the experiences that had given him not only the pain of old wounds to harry him but also had left his mind torn and gashed. Daniel knew how, still in dreams, Ernley groveled in the craters of no-man's land, cowering and sweating till the inevitable crash came which brought both the full horror of his dream and a terrified awakening. Ernley's mind bore old wounds like his body—wounds both of mind and body which Daniel had been spared by his better luck and his duller constitution. You must judge him morally as you judged a cripple physically. . . . And Belle, too, had been very trying. It was maddening to be suspected . . . even if you were guilty . . . there had been something vulgar and womanish in her method of reproach. . . . But Daniel could not judge Belle, and thoughts of her brought him back into all his rage at Ernley. It was Ernley's fault that she had behaved in such a low fashion—she had been driven to it by his conduct, by her own desperate efforts to defend her marriage. She was in despair, poor Belle, and had been unable to keep up her disguises. Ernley was not worthy of her big, generous soul—he did not appreciate the graces it had acquired through marriage. Dan thought of her stooping over Thomas Helier with the woolly ball in her hand.

XXVIII

The first weeks of the new year were depressing. It was mortal cold on the bus. Thomas Helier was cutting his teeth and turned night into day at the parsonage.

Daniel did not go again to see Ernley and Belle. He kept away unhappily and self-consciously, feeling that he could do no good either by going or by staying away. Curiosity urged him to go; apprehension kept him away. Now and then he met Belle or Ernley in the village, and they exchanged greetings and perhaps a few more meaningless words, but there was no re-opening of confidence on Ernie's part, no return of motherly sweetness on Belle's. They were both aware of the insight he had had that night into their home life, and fought shy of him in consequence.

Daniel learned most about them from the young man at the George. The new tenants at the George were going out on Lady Day. Their tenancy had been a failure.

"Who's coming in here after you?"

"I dunno. Maybe someone out of Hobday and Hitch's. But I'll tell you what I've heard. I've heard as how Munk over there is thinking of buying the George."

"I wonder if he'll do it."

"Well, there's no telling. He's a clever sort of man, and ambitious. I believe he'd end up big some day if it wasn't for his marriage."

"You think that ull stop him?"

"Well, a man's missus means a lot to his getting on or his getting out, and by all reports the missus at the Crown is a bit of a trial."

"How d'you know that?"

"I don't know it, but I've heard it. Maudie Harman often steps across here and has tea with my wife, and she's told us that they have some fine rows now and again. But most likely you know more'n I do, seeing you're friends."

Dan uneasily scraped his foot among the sawdust.

"I don't think there's anything much wrong. She ain't used to hotel life, being a farmer's daughter. But I haven't been near 'em since New Year."

"Well, seemingly she's having a jealous fit now. She's got an idea he's after another girl, Maudie says."

"And ain't he?"

"Maudie doesn't think so. There's a young woman he takes out a bit—one he used to know before his marriage. But Maudie doesn't think there's anything in it."

"How the devil does she know?"

"By his temper. He's always as cross and difficult as he can be, and a man ain't like that when he's just got a new girl."

"It must be jolly over there," sighed Daniel, "her jealous and him contrary."

The young man nodded.

"There's nothing for pulling a man and a woman down like an unhappy marriage. But you and me know that married life has no call to be like that, don't we, Mr. Sheather?"

Daniel and the young man exchanged some opinions and confidences on marriage, a subject on which they were both of the same mind.

Early in March a tide set into the affairs of Daniel which definitely altered their course. The start was nothing more exciting than the Downs bus company altering their time-table, but this very ordinary piece of spring tactics resulted in their employee's complete uprooting. The first bus was scheduled to leave Newhaven at seven instead of nine. Work was starting earlier on the farms and it became necessary for most of the Newhaven-dwelling laborers in the Ouse Valley to be at their posts by half-past seven at the latest. Therefore the Downs Company put on an extra bus which should run as far as Lewes only, and be back to take up its normal traffic at nine o'clock.

It would be extremely difficult and trying for Dan, who had not yet saved enough money to buy a bicycle, to be in Newhaven by seven. The rest of the company's employees lived in the town but this was out of the question for young Sheather, who had to stick to his free lodging at Bullockdean parsonage if he was still to send half his wages to his mother at Brakey Bottom. He could, of course, apply for transfer to another route—several buses left Lewes in northward and westward directions at fairly reasonable hours—but he realized that his home at Bullockdean put him at a disadvantage even for these, and he was terrified of losing his job by interfering with the conditions of his employment.

The problem was in this state when an unexpected solution of it came from Brakey Bottom itself—through Chris jilting his Mary Wright. The exact reasons for this catastrophe were obscure but Dan was not altogether surprised. As it happened, Chris was now in a good position to marry. The Squire of Hoddern Place, on the other side of Telscombe, had taken a fancy to him and had engaged him as chauffeur. He was having him taught to drive his Austin landaulette—Chris having had hitherto only an experimental acquaintance with Fords—and had promised him a good cottage to live in as well as generous wages. There was never a better opportunity for Chris to marry his Mary Wright, but in point of fact his Mary Wright lived on unwed at Exceat while Chris brought his mother to the comfortable eight-roomed cottage beside the garage at Hoddern gates. Kitty Sheather had won at the last.

Dan felt contemptuous and indignant but could not fail to realize the blessings of what had happened. His mother

would now be provided for, comfortable and happy for life. There would no longer be any need for Daniel's fifteen shillings a week—he could have them for his own and buy with them the freedom to live where he liked. He decided almost immediately to move into Newhaven. If he did not move he might lose his job, and once more he was restless to be away from the Crown. There was no need to go across the water this time. Once he was in Newhaven he would not have to dread these occasional evening meetings with Belle—he would not have to hear the village gossip about her and Ernley. His work would fill his days and his evenings would be devoted to Thomas Helier. He had made up his mind to take the child with him—he could easily find some motherly woman who would take charge of him while he was at work.

He was sorry to be leaving Mr. Marchbanks and the parsonage, and knew that his services would be missed both in the garden and in the church. But if he stayed on he would have no time with his new early hours, either for housework or for serving the altar, and if he lost his job he would come once more upon his friend's hands and purse. No, he must clear out, everything seemed to demand it, and he'd better start at once to find some decent place to go to.

Mr. Marchbanks approved of his decision. He did not say much but Dan knew he was glad that he was going out of reach of Belle. Neither did Jess Harman seem to mind his going away—certainly as not much as he would have thought—but in one respect her opposition surprised him: she was indignant at his taking Thomas Helier with him.

"You'd never, Daniel! The poor little thing! You can't take him to a strange place and then leave him alone all day."

"Well, I can't leave him here."

"Why not? I'd look after him—and take him home along with me at nights. I know Auntie ud let me."

"Thank you, Jess. But I couldn't allow it. He's an unaccountable nuisance here at the parsonage—it'll make up to Mr. Marchbanks a bit for my going if he don't have the kid yelling at all hours."

"He doesn't yell at all hours. You shouldn't talk so! Poor little mite—he'll die with nobody but you to look after him."

"He won't have nobody but me to look after him. I'll go to a place where they'll undertake it, or maybe put him into a creech while I'm working."

"Why not put him out to a baby-farm at once and have done with it. And him, too, poor little innocent!"—and Jess Harman walked out, tossing her chin.

Emmie, his sister-in-law, took much the same view of the matter. She had begged Dan to let her have the baby at Brakey Bottom. Of course he knew that Thomas Helier would probably be happier there than in a "creech" or with his father, but there was something at the bottom of Dan's heart which absolutely refused to let him part with him. Whenever he thought of it he seemed to see his Rose Falla looking up at him from her big low bed in Sark, and murmuring with dying lips—"*notre Helier.*" He must not be unfaithful to that union which he still had with her in the child. In Thomas Helier, Rose was still alive, still able to receive his love and cherishing. She no longer slept under her white French stone but lay in his arms and received his kisses. He could not leave her behind in Bullockdean—in another grave.

Moreover, Thomas himself was now an engaging infant who, if he occasionally yelled in the stresses of bodily development, knew his father and approved of him, signifying the same by various gross noises which were very nearly words. It would be good to find Thomas Helier to welcome him home at the end of the day, when Bullockdean was seven miles up the valley, when both the tavern and the church were strange, and Belle Munk—who was half Belle Shackford—no longer walked in twilight down the street.

XXIX

Daniel was not long in finding a convenient lodging. He took a room in Greville Row, a small blind row running out of Bridge Street. The houses were mean and slatey, but from his window he had a view through chimneys of the masts of ships. Also, his landlady seemed a pleasant woman and favorably disposed towards Thomas Helier, which even a brief experience of lodging-hunting told him most landladies were not.

Into these new quarters he moved at the end of March, ready for April's changes. The first evening was one of unparalleled misery. Indoors he missed his company—Jess Harman talking and working, Mr. Marchbanks reading and smoking—and outdoors he missed the clear pure ridges of the Downs against the sky and the low northward horizon where the sky met the Brooks in the midst of the Gate of Lewes. Here he felt cramped and lonely—cramped by the four walls of his room and landscape of masts and chimneys that shut out all but the topmost reaches of the sky; lonely with no company but that of Thomas Helier, who lay in his cot, chewing and sucking Belle's woolly ball.

The next day, after an early breakfast of tea and bread and butter, he was off to his work leaving Thomas Helier to the care of the landlady till it was time to take him to the "creech," which did not open till nine. This especial creech was run by a local welfare committee on highly scientific and hygienic principles. When Dan called for his offspring at six o'clock he found him in an unwonted atmosphere of fresh air and pine-tar soap. His clothing had obviously been put in a sterilizer, and on the whole he seemed almost too antiseptic to handle with a pair of workworn hands, not innocent of car oil. But the matron and her assistant were both exceedingly cordial and kind. Dan was a relief to them in their day of inefficient yet obstinate mothers, stuffed with worn-out maxims and old-wives tales. They gave him a feeding chart for Thomas Helier and all sorts of practical and intimate information. They told him that he was just the proper weight for his age and much better looked after than many a baby who came to them from a mother's care. He went off glowing with pride while Thomas, full of good cheer, pulled off his father's cap half a dozen times on the way home and threw it on the pavement, thus providing him with introductions to any number of women if he had cared to know them.

After that first day he was not so lonely. His work filled up eleven hours and his early rising made him want to go early to bed. He had supper every night with his landlady and her husband, while his Sundays and Wednesday afternoons were mostly spent at Hoddern with his mother, though he still paid occasional visits to Brakey Bottom.

Of Bullockdean during this time he saw nothing beyond its distant cluster of houses from the Lewes road. Once or twice Mr. Marchbanks came to see him in Newhaven and they sometimes went to the pictures together on Wednesday afternoons. On other Wednesdays Jess Harman would come in and go to the pictures with him—but neither she nor Mr. Marchbanks ever gave him any news of Belle. Perhaps they would if he had asked, but he never did.

(To be concluded)

THE LION'S MOUTH

A NEW ENGLAND PORTRAIT

BY KATHRYN WORTH

SHE faces life across a willow plate
And makes her buckler of a Wedgwood jar.
How can you crush by any sort of fate
A soul that sits behind a samovar,
Drawing ancestry round it like a shawl?
She has to harbor paying guests at last
Within the lilac-guarded house whose every wall
Tells of the twice three generations that are past.

Yet she can wear her service like a crown
And condescend with every silver spoon.
Sitting at tea, she will describe the gown
She wore for Grant one long-gone afternoon.
You cannot call her keeper of a boarding place
Who rings herself with aureoles of race!

THOUGHTS ON TRADING IN A TYPEWRITER

BY ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

I NEVER really meant to do it anyway. The repair man came to tinker the escapement on my typewriter—an old-fashioned Winchester of the magazine type—and we got to talking, and before I knew what he was about he had brought me a new one to try—a novel-style Kenilworth. I suppose I was hypnotized by the glitter of the thing; anyway, I did not regain consciousness till I had signed on the dotted line of a contract that accepted my old machine as first payment ($7.50) on a long-range, rapid-fire indebtedness. When he picked up the old typewriter to carry it off, and my feelings nearly overcame me, I supposed it was mere nervousness from the shock of the operation; but the fact is they have been coming over me more and more ever since.

I don't suppose everyone would feel that way. I know, for example, a popular writer in the semi-professional class who trades typewriters as fast as a Kentucky cousin of my grandfather used to swap horses. He says airily that a typewriter pays for itself anyway in a week or two. I daresay his do, but they don't pay for him; he has another job that does that. I had my old machine for twelve years and I think it nearly paid for itself—with such manual help as I could give it; but it wore itself out in the process. "It doesn't owe me anything," I said to myself as the agent dumped it into the back of his flivver, but the thought haunts me wrong end to—do I owe anything to it? Perhaps I ought to write this, "Ode to a Typewriter," and begin it:

"Oh thou . . ."

I ought to have turned the old creature into the paddock for the rest of its natural life.

I could weep over the thought of that poor old machine trying to do office work. Fancy the air of faded gentility with

which it will either suppress or express the fact that it has seen better days. Picture its sheer inefficience at billing when it knows naught but cooing. Suppose I should chance to enter one of those festering sinks of commerce and find it toiling at its loathly task, could I look it in the eye? Would it blush and turn aside? Should I falter and avoid its appealing gaze? On what terms could we meet in such a situation after the long intimacy through which it has shared every inmost secret thought and passion that I ever intended for publication? Better had I slain it mercifully with my own hand! If I were to see it embalmed I might endure the thought of its unchanged peace. I might find solace if I could hope that they would renew its youth by transplanting glands from some younger machine. But I am pursued by the horrid suspicion that they will mercilessly pluck out its useful parts to rejuvenate some varnished trull and cast the residue on the junk heap.

How different the fate I intended for it! How often my inner eye has seen it in the museum of the future among its peers: the quill of a Keats, the celluloid shaft of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the bottomless rubber reservoir of a Harold Bell Wright! I ought to have put it under a bell glass on the mantlepiece. How else should posterity ever know? Now, even should it (happily or unhappily) preserve its entity and appear in the window of a second-hand dealer marked "A bargain at $7.50," or words to that effect—imagine the cold eye of a future Pierpont Morgan falling on it and passing it by in scorn! Think what he would miss! Just as if you were to stumble over a rum bottle and kick it aside, thinking it was empty, and never know it was the identical bottle the parrot was singing about—or the dead man—or somebody—in *Treasure Island*. He wouldn't know that it was the very machine that wrote the "Ode to Bolshevism" (the one that begins, "Oh thou . . ."), and the "Ode to a Bootlegger" (the one that begins, "Oh thou who . . ."), and the "Ode to Volstead" (the one that begins, "Oh thou who shalt be eternally . . ."), not to mention "The Enchanted Vacuum Cleaner, a Fairy Trifle," and that immortal fancy, "Where the Cow Slips, there Slip I." Of course I don't mean to say that these works are famous now, but I know they will last because I am preserving them myself. They are right here in the drawer of this desk, and the manuscripts are in excellent condition. Only two or three editors have read them; at least, I think they did.

The new machine is so infallible that it makes me nervous. It has an air of conscious superiority which it wears like a halo. I feel sometimes that I simply can't live with it if it is to be sniffily reminding me of my shortcomings all the time; it is too much like "domesticating the recording angel." The old one never pretended to be infallible, and I didn't either; it never learned to spell; I never could cure it of stuttering or teach it to keep its teeth brushed. Yes, we had our faults. For example, since it always skipped a space with the release of the shift key, I always came down on the back spacer with one finger as I came up on the shift key with the other. The result is that now I always pile the second letter on top of the capital; then I talk to my machine as an illustrious predecessor of mine talked to his:

So offt a daye I mot thy werk renuwe,
It to correct, and eke to rubbe and scrape,
And al is thurgh thy necglygence and rape.

I suppose it is unreasonable of me, since its only fault is that it writes "true after my making," but that only brings us back to the original question: Ought I to do it at my age? Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.

And, speaking of rubbing and scraping, the old machine was muffled in the drifted crumbs of rubber and paper from years of experimental search for the *mot juste*. It was as comfortable as an old pipe well crusted. The new one is

like not daring to smoke in your grandmother's parlor. It is all black and shiny like a horsehair sofa, and looks as if it weren't good for anything but a wedding or a funeral. It makes me feel that I ought to get the right word the first time, or else have a butler to brush up the crumbs after each poem. Then too, I miss certain laparotomy operations I used to perform periodically with a long slender screwdriver; they gave a certain intimacy to our relationship that I don't feel nowadays—sentiment if you will, but there it is.

Perhaps it is not too late even yet. Possibly if I were to plead earnestly with that agent—but no; $7.50 is seven fifty; with two months at compound interest it would buy me a pair of socks. Sorry, old thing, but really I can't afford it.

(*Memo.* To the Proofreader: Please watch your step; I am writing on the new machine.)

A SONNET TO BELLE AND BETTY

(*After the manner of W. Shakespeare*)

BY KATE WATERS

WHEN I have fears lest I should be a bore
And tease my friends with ceaseless, idle praise
Of two young nieces whom I do adore
With all their pretty, cunning ways;
When I expound their virtues one by one
And tell with glee their scraps of childish wit,
Their beauty—and my story being done,
Fatuous, I go all over it;
When I dilate on golden hair or brown
And speak of dimpled elbows without end—
When I tell their perfections to the town
I wonder that I ever have a friend:

Save that I know that those who have seen *you*
Delighted, humble, worship with me too.

WE COLLEGE-BRED MEN

BY BURGES JOHNSON

I BELONG to an old and exclusive club. The membership is generally intelligent and open-minded, and I take as great pleasure in it as ever I did. It is not really snobbish; but like other select societies it has acquired an *aura*. Outsiders peer curiously through this mist: sometimes with a jealous gaze, or with indifference, or with great respect, but not always discerningly. Because of this our members are prone to a certain self-consciousness and the acceptance of inbred notions about themselves. This club that I refer to is the ancient and honorable company of College-Bred Men.

Two chance remarks about us startled me on different occasions a few years ago and I have never since been able to forget them. The first was uttered by William Dean Howells, that man of gentle and perfected culture. "I never find myself in the company of assembled college graduates," he said, "without feeling as though I were somehow not properly dressed."

The second was voiced by an English publisher—a scholarly man, if I know what the phrase means—ripe in years, modest, but fired by a real devotion to the best ideals of his profession. He was visiting a great American university and had been surrounded by a group of scholars, each expert in a different field. He seemed able to meet each one on terms of a full understanding, discussing with all of them the bodies of literature on which they based their teaching. As he was coming away he said wistfully, "That was a delightful experience! I never find myself in such a company without regretting that I am not an educated man."

Because of these remarks from the outside I have often felt a certain humility at commencement time, when some fervid orator was addressing me and my fellows as though we were the very elect. I find myself gazing furtively about at the others, fearful that someone may betray me and wondering just what it was that happened, during a certain four years when I was an unlicked cub, which transformed me from common clay into the graceful and delicately tinted ornament I have become. Underneath it all is a sneaking suspicion that I am just the same old two-and-sixpence that I was before I went to college, polished in places, a little thinner from much circulation, and wiser in experience.

In fact, a doubt is growing in my mind as to the soundness of much of the doctrine that is a part of our club code. There is for instance this common belief that a college adds to a man more than he already had of native abilities. "It made us what we are to-day; it should be satisfied" is the chorus. Am I coming to be a traitor to our creed if I wonder whether a college education really *adds* anything at all to a man? If it is effective it helps him to find and to organize what he has got. Aside from that, I suspect there comes out of the mill exactly what went into it. If I am right, then a college owes the quality of its graduates very largely to the character of its sub-freshmen. Assembled alumni should not so generally boast that Major-General Howitzer graduated from dear old Siwash—but rather that the General's shrewd old father had chosen it as the place for his boy. The more popular theory is harmless enough, except for this: it may lead a body of graduates to be over-fearful of changes in the conduct of the college that made them. It is a dangerous thing, they feel, to alter the machinery of creation. But if that machinery is not creative, but rather a cutting and polishing process, then it must be completely readjusted from time to time to fit changing types and generations of students. The diamond-cutters of Amsterdam might go far toward destroying a fine lump of coal.

Another current of opinion in our club has carried me along with it until I have suddenly found myself pausing to question. It is that the college owes a debt to its graduates which it must discover new means of paying.

What debt can a college possibly owe its graduates? Should it be grateful for the fame that comes to it by reason of their success in the world? That seems to me no debt at all. The present worth of a college is measured by what it is now doing and can do; it must not busy itself about its past. Its business is the future, in peculiar measure.

What does it owe them in return for their material gifts? Colleges must have money, and bodies of alumni with their growing group-consciousness are generously and increasingly giving it.

Graduate generosity has various stimulants. To many a man, college symbolizes his own youth. He revisits the campus and lives again in spirit four years of joyous and irresponsible playtime or regains some of his youthful ideals and ambitions; and he is grateful for such rejuvenation. College offers to others an opportunity of allying themselves with some force that is making for the spiritual progress of the world. A man will often grope vaguely for such opportunities until in his own college he suddenly discovers a power that will actually claim him as closer than an ally in this cause—almost as a son, in fact—if he will but admit the tie. Another stimulant is still harder to define. Man craves immortality. If he himself cannot live on he can at least become a part of something that will. So he gives of his substance to permanent foundations of all sorts. But if the college *turns aside* from its great business to do something for him in return, it ceases by just that much to justify his giving. It should not use its machinery for his comfort or

benefit until it can show that it actually has surplus energy which is being wasted. College service to its graduates must be a by-product.

Surely any college owes a great debt to its graduates for the moral courage that comes from their loyalty and support. But that debt can be paid only by undeviatingly "carrying on."

It is a sentimental picture that reunion orators paint of a threefold army—faculty, students, and alumni—marching forward co-operatively together under one banner (whatever that banner may be) with the college president as leader. But there is something wrong with the picture. The college must march ahead if it is to justify the support of its graduates; and even that much of an army, under our American system, too often kills its leader with overwork. If the graduates wish to organize and by their combined encouragement urge the college on to a finer accomplishment, they must raise up their own organizers and leaders; their generous giving of means and courage and their congenial association with one another must bring their own sure reward. We college-bred men possess the power to urge our colleges on and also the power to bother them greatly. It would be a pity if many of us came to feel that we could buy the right to be a bother!

I am honestly devoted to my ancient and honorable club. Its rooms are filled with good fellowship and happy reminiscence. But I think we have come to share a sort of masonic secret; and the secret is this: that some of us ought never to have gone to college at all. To many of us the experience meant only a wider circle of friends and acquaintances—it was no more than a social melting pot. To some it meant only the acquirement of bad habits of mind or manners. As for learning, some of us stared the Sibyl in the face and knew not what questions to ask; some of us never even saw her. But to some of us she whispered, and the syllables still echo in our minds and take on richer significance as time passes.

Education is something that we dig out; not something that is thrust upon us. And not everyone gets it who goes where it may be gotten. Too many in our club are still basing advice to their own sons upon the belief that education is something they will get if they are pleasantly exposed to it.

Our college, if it was a good college, did the best it could to place certain materials within our reach. But it could grave no common mark upon all our varied surfaces, except a superficial one—cutting deep only when the material invited. Good colleges are now dealing more wisely with the question as to who shall come in, despite the increasing pressure. They know now that too many are applying just because they want to join the club, and that those should be directed elsewhere who might better use their time in some other way. I hope that in the future my club is going to lose some of its *aura*, but that there will be more real justification for pride in belonging to it.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

WORLD'S END AND MEANWHILE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THAT the April number of this magazine comes out may be accepted as a sign that the world did not come to an end on the sixth of February, as was so confidently expected by a few people, and so widely advertised in the newspapers. Coming along after the eclipse of the sun, the end of the world would have been timely enough in these parts where the eclipse was visible, for that of course reminded one that all affairs of Earth are transitory, and not so durable as they look to us. Nevertheless, to the Easy Chair, Earth's finish in February did not look likely. Predictions of the end of the world almost always disappoint expectation. Apparently people can compute eclipses. We have all seen eclipses which they predicted and we know that they were true to the time-table. But as to the end of the world there has been no one who has guessed right since Noah, for that was substantially what Noah predicted. The world did not exactly end, but it did end for the people whom Noah knew about, except those who sailed with him.

Somehow the Flood has been coming nearer to us. It says in the Bible that it rained for forty days and nights—and no doubt it did rain—but according to contemporary judgment the main job of causing a large-sized flood is handled by geological disturbances: continents sinking, continents rising; water spilled off here, water shut in there; a new arrangement of land, and of course a lot of people drowned. Nobody seems to object very much in these times to relating Noah's Flood to the sinking of a continent like Atlantis, or something of that sort. There was a flood. Noah with due notice might have built a ship and out-floated his world, as the Bible says. Theoretically it was possible. How much of the Bible story is fact and how much is legend it is not easy to say, except for a Fundamentalist, but in the main it looks like a story based in fact, for we practically know that, first and last, the end of the world has come for many, many people on this earth.

One may wonder how Noah's contemporaries bore it. It must have been quite like the loss of the *Titanic*. Were there folks on rafts in Noah's time who commented on Noah, and criticized him? No doubt there were. It is hard to think of any eye-witness of the Flood from outside of the Ark taking a cheerful or even a reasonably philosophical view of it. It was trying. Even Noah himself, after it was all over, felt the need of relaxation. Of course it was wet, probably stormy. People on rafts or in tree-tops would get so miserable physically, from wet clothes and lack of creature comforts, that their spirits would be much affected by it. But theoretically the prospect of the end of the world ought not to bother any really well-informed person, for it would be a great riddance of troublesome problems and people. It is just as Emerson said to the Millerite who told him the world would end in ten days: "No doubt we

shall get along just as well without it." We ought to, and when we realize that we ought to, perhaps we shall be better able to endure the vicissitudes and imperfections of a world still with us, and widely felt to be too much so.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the great prevalence of dissatisfaction with life as it is lived. There is an immense amount of action, particularly organized action, and vast differences of opinion as to whether most of it is doing any good. The Drys have moved heaven and earth to stay the flow of rum, and the Wets are sure that the harm which has been done by limiting free will and bringing law into contempt far more than offsets the gains of unwilling abstinence. In politics nowadays there is a more novel ailment than the ordinary ruction between opposed parties, to wit, the suspicion grown widespread that neither party is much good, and that government itself is such an imperfect instrument that there ought to be a consultation of doctors about it. The disposition, which at one time seemed to be gaining a little heat, to collect war debts from Europe is petering out and nowadays has come to be no more than lukewarm. Just as in the late presidential campaign it was impossible to get people interested about issues, so now they decline to be excited about foreign debts. Most of them do not want to think about the foreign debts. It is too complicated a subject. If their taxes are a little less they like it, but if they do think about the subject at all they begin to doubt whether our taxes can profitably be reduced by collecting money from Europe.

Where is all that fury of sentiment which finally developed over Mr. Wilson and the League of Nations? There is nothing like that now on any subject. Most of the leading promoters of it are dead, and those who remain talk to yawning listeners. Things are not going badly. These States are not failing altogether just now in their duty to Europe. They are furnishing money in useful quantities to that continent. They have sent extremely good men over there to render specific services. The way they have accomplished it has done us credit, but as for a general, all-pervading interest in anything—even in Europe—it does not exist. What interest there is runs to details. Hereabouts there is a vast deal of building going on: road building, cathedral building, immense construction of abodes for schools and colleges, also of human habitations. The minds of men seem to have got away from general ideas and to be fastened just now on particulars.

Perhaps that is just as well. There is a time for all things and this seems to be the time for organization and construction. When we are carried away by a great idea and have a big job on our hands—as we had in the War—construction goes to grass. Everything not necessary to the accomplishment of the great purpose is cut out. The construction that is going on now is partly a War result. Besides that, there is another aspect of it: when people's nerves are bad, doctors set them to work with their hands. That is soothing and helpful; it applies to the ordinary routine of life; we all feel more or less the need to do something with our hands that we may the better do something with our heads. Manual training and golf are forms of recognition of that need. Society builds and organizes because use must be found for idle energy and idle money. Presently there may come along something that will sweep through all this construction and give purpose and motive to it. Do you remember how in the War days, as one traveled or drove about the country, he took a new notice of mills and factories and the accumulated apparatus of our civilization as so much power to win the War? So we go on now accumulating apparatus, for ends that are not clear yet, but which certainly has some sort of destined use.

For civilization does really require a very considerable apparatus. We are

not yet stocked up as well as Europe with objects interesting and stimulating to look at. We ought to be, and at the present rate of construction it will not be long before we are. We cannot provide ourselves with antiquity over night, but time works ceaselessly and will fetch antiquity without extra charge if only we make due provision of objects proper to become antiquated.

Meanwhile all this constructive effort does not go on without outcries. The big New York cathedral, whereof the building has started up again so prosperously, seems to some people entirely out of date—a useless fabrication not adapted to our day or to twentieth-century needs. But, of course, nothing so handsome as that cathedral will be when it is finished is ever useless. For beauty's sake alone it is worth the effort it calls for, and it may serve a very valuable turn in increasing unity among all varieties of religious people. It is unusual for anything like that to be accomplished without disagreement, and probably the cathedral will not be finished without some friction. But that is all in the day's work. Great expansion must be expected to arouse friction. It means readjustment, changed relations, the increase of this and the decrease of that and more administration.

Consider the case of Harvard College, which for fifty years past has been trying to keep its place in a rapidly growing country. Fifty years ago it was a college of national renown. In that half century colleges and universities have multiplied in the land, received immense endowments or liberal allowances of tax-money, and taken strong root, and old colleges which had no special advantages of some kind have lost in relative importance. Those that were not willing to take that loss have had to bestir themselves, and they have bestirred themselves. They have spread their organizations in the West, they have vastly increased their endowments, laying under tribute their graduates and anyone else who had money to part with. In fifty years most of them have quadrupled or more in size and they are still adding, scrambling for more money, organizing their graduates, advertising by their prowess in sports, and all the time building and undertaking new exploits in education. In all that they are like the rest of the country—some of them a little ahead of it. As for Harvard, one hears that it is full of dispute, that a certain proportion of its graduates are very dissatisfied with what it is now doing—that everything about it is criticized: its new Business School; its loss of Mr. Baker, the dramatic teacher, who was carried off by Yale; its recent deficiencies in the major sports; the disposition to put the standard up a little so as to reduce the number of lazy scholars. That college was the loser last year in all the major sports. Graduates who are chiefly interested in those concerns are sure the University is in a most unhealthy state. The loss of Mr. Baker produced a violent eruption of criticism. The gift of a large endowment to the Business School by another Mr. Baker, not yet a member of the Harvard faculty, suggested to a considerable cohort of observers that Harvard was turning to materialism and that the concerns of the mind and spirit were on the way to take places subordinate to more practical and material details of knowledge. Apparently the gentlemen who have been organized for purposes of money getting and construction have come to feel, not unnaturally, that their wishes must count for something in the administration of the University. And so discussion abounds in Cambridge and about it, and what does it all come to? Simply to this: that construction there and in the Boston district has come to a point where discussion has naturally broken out about what it is all for. What sort of life, what sort of character, what sort of ability shall all these vast endowments and buildings and organizations aim at?

That same question lies ahead for all of us. Here we are building all sorts of things, improving all the means of communication, piling up money, piling up education as we understand it, accumulating even knowledge, and driving straight on towards discussion of the question—what is it all about, what sort of a life are we planning for, what basis has it got, and shall we like it when we get it?

Every rich country can build; every rich country has built. The world abounds in such construction, some of it in ruins, some of it underground, some of it handsome but inoperative, a great deal of it still useful and busy. Building will go on and so will expansion. If there is money they always do. They went on in Germany for thirty years before the War to a marvelous extent. Some time since they went on in Nineveh, Babylon, India, Egypt, China, Africa, Ceylon, Yucatan, Mexico, and various parts of South America. It is a dull week for the newspapers nowadays that does not announce the discovery of some forgotten city. Thus, building is more or less instinctive and inevitable. It comes along when the materials for it are available. The great question for us is whether our turn at it will produce something which will endure, and whether human life will prosper in the apparatus we are contriving for it. Whether, in short, the soul of man will profit by that apparatus, or the contrary.

That is the whole question—the soul of man. If the soul prospers the apparatus will keep going and do good. If it does not, the apparatus will go to pot. In Germany, so lately, the apparatus was wonderful. It included a certain kind of learning, very remarkable in its department. But the soul did not prosper. That country put its entire trust in its apparatus and presently it fell down with a very heavy jolt —one, indeed, that shook the world. We do not want any more of those jolts; especially we do not want them here. In this large, fairly comfortable continent a thousand years of progressive life is a moderate expectation. We have a great deal, we are getting more all the time, but we are far from being in agreement about what we are headed for, whether we ought to get there, whether the means we are using are helpful to get us where we ought to go. They say of Harvard College just now that it is full of blocs, each of which sees its own interest big and wants to be sure that it gets its share of the common fund. That is also the way of the country at large—it is full of blocs, no one of which wants any other bloc to get ahead of it. Very well; and what is the remedy? Is it in more organization, more money raising, more construction, more and better machines, more "education," as the training for all these activities is now called?

No. God, who was not in the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire is not in the factory or the machine shop, or in salesmanship or advertisement. He remains, as heretofore, in the still small voice. Organization, construction, and all those useful things are like the operations of the body. When they need to be quickened or corrected or improved in some way, the doctors (if they are skillful) can usually do it. But when you see sick people to whom the doctors can bring nothing better than alleviation, and often not even that, then you say they need an infusion of new life and you wonder how they are going to get it. Sometimes they do get it and you see them get well, and recover energy, and go on and finish their course.

And so it is with the world. Organization and all that may benefit it but won't cure it. The cure has got to come from something that will increase knowledge and revive faith. Such succor to a troubled world usually has come from irregular and even disputable sources, and it may do so again.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

IN

THE FOURTH AND LAST COMPETITION

OF THE

HARPER SHORT STORY CONTEST

The Editors announce the following awards in the last of the four quarterly competitions of the HARPER'S MAGAZINE *Short Story Contest, which closed December 31, 1924:*

FIRST PRIZE *of $1,250.00 to Wilbur Daniel Steele, for* "WHEN HELL FROZE."

SECOND PRIZE *of $750.00 to Charles Caldwell Dobie, for* "WILD GEESE."

THIRD PRIZE *of $500.00 to Phoebe H. Gilkyson, for* "THE AMATEUR."

Two stories received honorable mention: "The Blue Bead," *by Rose Wilder Lane, and* "An Army with Banners," *by Katharine Fullerton Gerould.*

Of the three Judges—Meredith Nicholson, Zona Gale, and Bliss Perry—two selected "When Hell Froze" *for first place. The other Judge placed this story fourth and* "The Blue Bead" *first.*

The point system of scoring, decided upon in advance, gave second place to "Wild Geese" *(with one second choice and two third choices) and third place to* "The Amateur" *(with one second, one third, and one fourth). Mrs. Gilkyson, be it noted, is a new contributor to* HARPER'S.

The prize stories will appear in the next three issues of the Magazine.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

HAVE Ed Briscoe and his kind, who want to "get rid of this democratic bunk," become a portentous force in American life? Are we drifting "from liberalism to reaction, from reasonableness to intolerance, from inquiry to abhorrence of knowledge, from humanitarianism to brutality"? Are anti-evolutionism, the K. K. K., Will Hays, and child-beating all symptoms of a new tendency in our thought? These questions are brilliantly answered in the leading article of the month by ***Duncan Aikman*** of the editorial staff of the El Paso *Morning Times*, who has contributed several papers recently to the *American Mercury*. If he is right, something ought to be done about the first half of the last line of the national anthem.

Englishman by birth, American by adoption, sea-going engineer, novelist and essayist, ***William McFee*** makes this month a welcome return to HARPER'S. His picture of Cartagena of the Indies is written with the same sure touch which made *Command* a delightful serial two or three years ago. He is now living at Westport, Connecticut, engaged in writing a novel and in lecturing; and he promises to contribute in due course other South American sketches.

Where are the feminists and suffragists of yesteryear? They have gone home, says ***Elizabeth Breuer,*** of New City, New York (who has fought many a suffrage battle), to face the most difficult and discouraging problem of all: a problem which cannot be solved by organizing committees or marching in parades, which comes to each woman in a different form, and which each woman must solve for herself. We commend "Feminism's Awkward Age" to women who know they have not solved this problem, to women who think they have solved it, and to open-minded men. Mrs. Breuer was Director of the Red Cross Bureau of Magazines during the War, and since then has served in a number of editorial positions.

When the Judges' decisions reached our office in the third competition of the Short Story Contest, it was discovered that the point system of scoring agreed upon in advance brought two stories into a tie for Second and Third Prizes: "The Hands of the Enemy," by Charles Caldwell Dobie, and "A Captain Out of Etruria," by a new contributor, ***A. R. Leach,*** of Parkersburg, West Virginia. Each was awarded a Second Prize of $750. Mr. Dobie's story was published last month; Miss Leach's appears in this issue.

The sugared words exchanged from time to time between French and American diplomats about America's historic debt to Louis XVI take on a slightly ironic tone to the reader of ***Philip Guedalla's*** portrait of the king who aided the struggling Colonies. Mr. Guedalla has something to say about motives, and says it in his most pointed style. Is there anyone to-day who can match him, epigram for epigram and metaphor for metaphor, at the sheer art of brilliant writing? The Oxford wit of a dozen years ago, who became a barrister and later a historian, is following *The Second Empire*, *A Gallery*, and *Supers and Supermen* with a series of portraits of the Fathers (willing and unwilling) of the American Revolution. In HARPER'S for last December he sketched George Washington, and he will soon have something to say, as incisively as ever, about two other men but for whose peculiar qualities of statesmanship we might still be living under the British flag: Lord North and George the Third.

During the War ***James Norman Hall*** was an aviator and wrote thrilling accounts of

his adventures. After the War he drifted off to the islands of the Pacific and with another ex-flyer, Charles Nordhoff, produced *Faery Lands of the South Seas*, a book which had no small share in whetting the public taste for the literature of escape *via* Tahiti. Years have passed, Mr. Hall still lives at the other end of the world—and now suddenly he sends us a paper written out of his experience seven or eight years ago in France. War stuff, they say, is dead, and nobody wants to read it. But "What Price Glory" has already proved that every rule has its exception, and we believe Mr. Hall's "Memoir of a Laundry Slip" will prove it again.

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The second story of the month is from the skillful pen of ***William Gerhardi,*** the young writer whose first novel, *Futility*, a study of Russian life, aroused critical enthusiasm and wide public attention a few years ago. Mr. Gerhardi is now living in Austria.

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The Low Country of South Carolina is like no other region in the United States. Its wild life is unequalled east of the Rockies and its history, told in many a stately ruin buried in jungle growth, is romantic in the extreme. Its ablest chronicler is ***Herbert Ravenel Sass*** of the Charleston *News and Courier*, naturalist and antiquarian, who contributes this month one of his remarkable studies of the region he knows so intimately.

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By way of making complete the variety of articles for this month, we turn from Ed Briscoe, child-beating, Colombia, feminism, Marie Antoinette, the guillotine, aërial nose-dives, and alligators to ***Ernest Boyd's*** extremely "New Way with Old Masterpieces"—the subject of his third critical assault being Dean Swift. Mr. Boyd, it will be recalled, is an Irishman who served many years in the English Consular Service and is now living in New York. In his present series he is throwing aside all the stereotyped formulæ with which generation after generation of professors have surrounded the great works of English literature, and is applying to them modern critical standards, let the academic fur fly where it may. Next month he will disturb the slumbers of Lord Byron.

The month's verse comes to us from three of the four points of the compass. ***Alice Corbin,*** otherwise Alice Corbin Henderson, of Santa Fé, New Mexico, is the author of several volumes of poetry and the compiler, with Harriet Monroe, of an anthology; ***Sarah N. Cleghorn*** writes essays, stories, and verse at Manchester, Vermont, in the intervals between her indefatigable labors on behalf of world peace and socialism; and ***Lizette Woodworth Reese,*** who retired in 1921 from the teaching of English at Western High School in Baltimore, where her most notable poem, "Tears," now adorns a bronze tablet.

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Honors of The Lion's Mouth are shared between two newcomers to our pages—***Kathryn Worth,*** of New York City, and ***Kate Waters,*** of Arlington, Maryland—and two professors of English whose writings are a more familiar pleasure: ***Robert Palfrey Utter*** of the University of California, and ***Burges Johnson*** of Vassar College.

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Carle J. Blenner, whose charming painting is reproduced on the cover of the Magazine, was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1864. He was educated in Germany and at Yale University, and later studied for six years at Julien Academy, Paris. For several years he exhibited at the Paris Salon; since that time he has been represented in current American exhibitions and has won many prizes. He lives in New Haven, Connecticut.

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It is pleasant to be assured of one's respectability. A contributor of two or three recent articles informs us that he would like to write another one, and concludes his letter as follows:

My desire to reappear in your pages may seem forward and unseemly, but the situation is this: my brief connection with HARPER'S MAGAZINE gave me, for the first time in history, a certain standing in the eyes of my wife's relatives. Previously they had said, "Why, this bird is only a roughneck fiction writer"; but when I came out in HARPER'S their attitude changed as radically as if I had inherited money. Now they say, "Ah, we knew no respectable magazine would long tolerate his low productions." So if the suggestion above seems agreeable to you I would like to refute them. (Obviously the refutation of one's wife's relatives is an important item in the pursuit of happiness.)